MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. IV. MARYVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 1.

PHOTO BY FREDERIC L. WEBB, '02.

ON CEDAR CREEK.

A CHARMING BIT OF CAMPUS SCENERY.

For beautiful scenery our college grounds can not be surpassed by any in the country. They are elevated and undulated; covered with groves of evergreens and a noble forest through which flow two beautiful streams, Cedar Creek and Duncan's Branch. From early spring till late autumn a profusion of flowers greets the eye, and in those old woods in any season the nature lover will find a new charm with each ramble.

AUTUMN.

"The autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying."

Autumn,—grand, silent, sad, and glorious,—that season of farewells when flower and leaf, insect and bird, all speak their departure, over which Tennyson meditates and questions the—

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

We, too, have looked upon "happy autumn fields." From our study window we have gazed from the campus away northwest to the Cumberland Mountains, lost in wonder at the wealth of color displayed in autumn's royal robes. In the exuberance of youth, wrapped up in a present joy, we have not thought of "the days that are no more." The past, with all its lost opportunities, was forgotten, the present was everything to us, standing there entranced by the tranquil beauty of nature.

Walking southeast of our study, we can see autumn in his saddest moods. Just beyond the football field there is a virgin forest which might be "the home where the weird sisters dwell." Everything is so still and creepy. Chinks of blue, but dimly seen through the tops of the trees in summer, are now becoming wider. The leaves no longer race upward for sunlight, but droop like wearied laborers seeking rest. Hither and thither come the falling leaves, twirling through the air and covering up the foothpaths of the forest. Footfalls crush the dried leaves into mournful music, and lengthening shadows add a sombre hue to the solemn requiem of an autumn day.

Would you see autumn in his gayest and happiest moods? Here, on our own campus, east of the track that leads through the forest, and near to the spring, there is an open space where stand the ruins of an old homestead. Take up a position on the knoll when the skies are clear and the sun is westering. Looking east, you will find yourself overlooking a valley studded with oak, hickory, pine, maple, chestnut and wild cherry, all blending together in a gorgeous wealth of color. Away in the distance is Look Rock kissing the sky and bathed in a blue mist. The hills are flecked and barred with gold; while the golden yellow, the russet brown, the orange and garnet of the maple make an autumn picture suggestive of the holiness and beauty and the beauty of holiness. Happy autumn scenes! You soothe us in your restfulness; we are stilled in your silence; you cheer us in your harmony, and make us hopeful in your death.

MAE.

THE AMERICAN STUDENT IN PARIS.

Perhaps there is no city in the world more truly cosmopolitan than that which the French themselves delight in calling "the world's metropolis." Here flock wanderers from all quarters of the globe and from all classes of society, many of them to be swallowed up and made a part of that most conglomerate mass of humanity known as Parisians—for the Parisian is by no means necessarily a Frenchman—while others, though living in the midst of this surging throng and feeling the stimulus of its pulsing life, can never be said to form an integral part of it, for their motives and ideals have not been radically changed by its influence. Unless one be anxious to shine in the highest social circles, where it is said the laws of etiquette far outrank those of the famous Medes and Persians for rigidity, he will be able to enjoy a large amount of personal freedom and live practically as he pleases; and this, of course, attracts Americans, who consider personal freedom their natural heritage and resent the attempts of a

fatherland government to pry into their individual affairs.

Like all great cities, Paris is made up of several smaller cities, whose inhabitants differ considerably as regards pursuits and manner of life. The large American population is divided between the region about the Arc de Triomphe and Trocadero, and the "Quartier latin." In the former is situated the American Embassy, which forms the center of American society life in Paris, and draws about it most of those Americans who are merely on pleasure bent, but it is to the latter, immortalized by the pen of Du Maurier, that we wish to turn our attention. This quarter extends along the left bank of the Seine, with rather uncertainly defined eastern and western boundaries, taking in the territory south of the river as far as the Boulevard Montparnasse. The Luxembourg Gardens divide it into two parts, the most northerly of which has as its central point the Sarbonne, the College de France, the Ecole de Medecin and other buildings in the vicinity, which form a part of the University of Paris, while in the southern section are situated the art schools. However, the university and art students meet on common ground in the beautiful Luxembourg Gardens, and on the broad and shady boulevards, Montparnasse and St. Michael, or "Old San Mick," as it is more familiarly dubbed by its frequenters. Probably the greater number of the Americans studying in Paris are artists; for this reason the American Girls' Club, which provides a good home at reasonable rates, under the management of a competent woman, for thirty or more American girls, was located near the Boulevard Montparnasse. There an American is welcome to go any afternoon to drink a cup of tea, and enjoy the privileges of the library and reading rooms. In the neighborhood of this club is an American chapel, where services are held in English every Sunday.

As there is no institution similar to this club in the vicinity of the Sorbonne, university students are obliged to seek temporary homes in the "pensions" or private boarding houses, which abound in this quarter, or in private families. Very fair accommodations can be secured at a slightly lower rate than is paid for similar ones in New York City, though the rates are probably somewhat higher than those in most of our other cities. In an average sized "pension," of from twelve to fifteen boarders, one will probably find himself sitting down to the table with representatives of half a dozen or more nationalities, among which, after the omnipresent Americans and Englishmen, the Germans and Russians will probably be most largely represented. The babel of tongues may at first seem a little confusing, but you will probably soon discover that they are all endeavoring to speak the common language, French, in their own melodious or unmelodious way, and if you are brave you will soon be mingling your dulcet accents in the general harmony. The French themselves, except the most highly educated, do not generally speak or desire to speak any language but their own, and discourage the use of any foreign tongue, so that you are not annoyed, as in Germany, by their wanting you to teach them English.

The Sorbonne and also the College de France offer two kinds of lecture courses, those which are open to the public at large without the payment of any fee or the formality of registration, and those for which one must pay a small amount—about six dollars a term—and be registered as a student of the university. Among the latter courses are certain ones especially designed for foreigners, and in June, at the close of the school year, examinations are given in these, which, if sucessfully passed, entitle one to a diploma from the Sorbonne.

A young woman going to Paris with the purpose of attaining greater proficiency in the language, can probably not do better than enter the Franco-English Guild, which is situated in the Rue de la Sorbonne number six, just across from the side entrance of the Sorbonne. This is a

private enterprise, which was originated by Miss Williams, an intelligent Englishwoman, who holds a position in the Normal College at Sevres, near Paris. She employs several competent native lady teachers, who give courses in French, phonetics, grammar, rhetoric, history and literature, while she herself gives similar courses in English to French students. There are also frequent lectures given by well known professors of the university, and these are free to all members of the Guild, whether students or not. The classes are small, seldom exceeding ten in number, and in this way there is much chance for individual work. The instruction is, of course, entirely in the French language, and by the recitation method, except the lectures before mentioned. There is a good library and reading room free to all members of the Guild; also a kitchen and dining room, where the housekeeper serves lunch at noon and afternoon tea to those who desire it at very reasonable rates. The full course of study covers about three years, but many who are somewhat advanced to begin with finish it in one or two. At the end of the school year, about the middle of June, examinations are held, and the successful candidates are given certificates stating their ability to teach French or English in their native lands. The membership fee for the guild is two dollars for the year, and the tuition for all classes and lectures, inclusive, is two dollars a week. The great advantages of this method if instruction are, that one is brought into direct personal contact with cultured French women, and receives many of the benefits of private instruction, combined with the stimulus of class-work; further, there is opportunity for arranging exchange lessons in French and English and other languages, for there are generally some Germans, Russians, Poles and other foreigners who avail themselves of this opportunnty for learning French.

For anyone who can spend only the summer vacation in Paris, the courses of the Alliance Francaise give work similar to that done at the Sorbonne and Guild during the school years, and are eligible for men as well. The Alliance has branches in some of our American cities, and has for its object the propagation of the French language among foreigners. Competent professors from various colleges in France spend their vacation in this work. The tuition is about the same as in the Guild.

If one wishes to get most rapidly a practical knowledge of the language, and is willing to sacrifice accuracy to fluency, the Berlitz School, which is open all the year, offers the best advantages. There are, of course, many other good schools of language, and then every Frenchman is most eager to help you to learn his beloved language correctly, so that lack of proficiencey can not well arise from lack of instruction. AMANDA L. ANDREWS.

SCHOOL HUNTING.

On a blustery March evening, my roommate and I started for a fourteen-mile drive into the country. We were going out to corral and brand a couple of schools, and following the invariable and necessary custom of school-teachers, we borrowed a discouraged open buggy and a second-hand horse, with the weather-boarding torn off in spots.

We had only a very hazy idea of the way we ought to take, hence I assumed control of the steering gear and availed myself of my naturally logical modes of thought by employing the method of exhaustion—going down every crossroad, until it faded completely out. If one has time to pursue original investigation in this way, it is highly satisfactory. One absolutely knows he can't go wrong, which is very comforting in a strange country.

About five miles out we drove up to a house to inquire our way. A large Leghorn rooster in the yard gave us a long, searching look, glanced at the sun, now about an hour high, and dispersed himself

precipitately into the woods, followed by the terrified flock. The astute fowl was correct in his surmise. I was once a book agent, but am now living an upright life, except for an occasional outbreak of school-teaching.

With a fresh direction, we continued our researches. This section affords unusual opportunities for the study of structural geology. When freshly molded it was placed on edge to dry, and as even the most cursory examination suffices to show that it would not repay the trouble of flattening out, it remains on edge to this day.

There are other features peculiar to this country, one of which deserves mention, as it proves the theory of gradual adaptation to surroundings. As a result of the impossibility of digging graves, except with a steam drill, no one ever dies.

By the method of exhaustion before mentioned, we finally arrived at the home of the leading director of the district. His wife told us that he had gone across the ridge to trade a turning-plow and some other luxuries for a young coon-dog. She was expecting him back, however, so we waited for him some time. As we afterward learned, the neighbor had eight coon-dogs, and the director was applying the Civil Service method of competitive examination in actual service to determine which he should take. I tried to get my companion to mention this as an instance of the workings of the system in his graduating speech, but he wouldn't.

Finally, I went to the top of the ridge and dropped a chip down the neighbor's chimney to attract their attention. The director started home at once, but we had to wait an hour on him, as it was three miles to the neighbor's.

When he arrived, he told us that he "had been 'lowin' that Bije Zerkel and Shume Overby would teach the schools, fer they'd both bin to the larnin' and went through all the studiments, but they'd bin offered a job ov gittin' out crossties, that paid more than teachin', and so had tuck that. They waz amakin' forty-five cents a day an' board."

Our contract concluded, and the old man's heart warmed by the gift of half my supply of "flat store tobacker," we started to return. Night had already fallen, or more strictly speaking, slid down. I drove, not by sight, but by a rather abnormal self-confidence, meanwhile entertaining my companion with an expurgated and diluted version of one of Sut Lovingwood's stories.

While still nine miles from town, my self-confidence gave out, and I drove off a bank eight feet high. I landed on my ear in a mudhole, with my companion wrapped twice around my waist, after the fashion of a life-preserver, with the majority of the buggy atop of us.

We extricated ourselves, and my companion went to hunt a house and borrow a lantern, while I tried to get together a quorum of the buggy and harness. My room-mate met a large pond about forty yards up the road, and being naturally absent-minded, forgot to go round it. I fished him out with a harpoon I always carry when I go out to hunt a school, and after I had remonstrated with him on the folly of trying to swim after eating boarding-house cornbread, he went on to the house.

The owner said he would be glad to accommodate us, but as he had been married only four years and had not yet got well started in house-keeping, he had neither a lantern or a lamp.

Things looked darker than ever, but in the course of conversation with him, I learned that he expected to make a living for himself and wife by farming, so I at once saw a solution of the problem. I borrowed enough self-confidence from him to drive to town with. I still had some left when school was out, but used it all in breaking a young mule to plow.

When I retire from professional life I shall buy that county and go to raising crossroads and dark nights. I shall control the entire supply of both products. I shall not allow a schoolhouse to be built

anywhere on the whole ranch, for I have a genuine sympathy for my fellow-teachers. You know the word sympathize means: to suffer with. J. S. C., '02.

THE GREAT COMMISSION.

(Dedicated to the Volunteer Band.)

Go, tell the heathen nations,
The Savior, Christ has come
To save the poor, lost sinner,
And bear him ransomed home.
Proclaim the gladsome tidings
Through all the earth away;
Show those who sit in darkness,
There's dawned a glorious day.

In each dark heart there's longing
That naught has satisfied;
In vain for help they're crying,
Till Jesus blood's applied.
No more to idols bowing
Need the poor heathen fall—
From all their hopeless bondage
Our Christ can disenthrall.

To thee whose soul is lighted
By God's own Son of love,
Now comes the Great Commission
Sent from the throne above:
"Go thou to every creature,
And preach the gospel free;
Where'vr o'er earth thou goest,
I'll ever with thee be."

Thou hearest now the message,
From heav'n sent to all;
Wilt thou, with quickened foot-step,
Obey thy Master's call?
He waits to hear thy answer
What thou wilt for him do;
Go, tarry not nor linger,
But be a worker true.

Though rough be duty's pathway,
Or billows o'er thee roll,
In this take consolation
And comfort to thy soul,
That heaven's reward awaits thee
When thou thy work hast done;
And then through countless ages
Shalt praise the Matchless One.

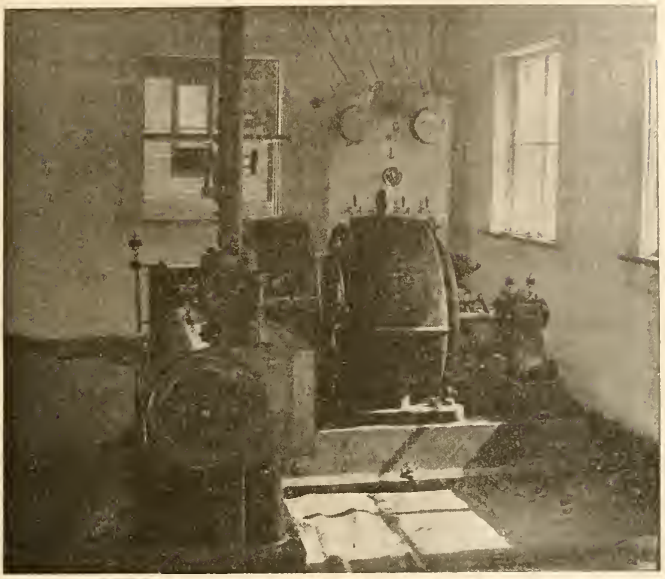
W. A. CAMPBELL, ex-'01.

"THE SAINTS' QUARTER DECK."

Some of the veterans who returned to the "Saints' Quarter Deck" at the end of vacation could hardly recognize their haunts of by-gone days. Indeed, the interior of Memorial Hall now rivals in magnificence Vanderbilt's palacial residence at Biltmore. The hand of a modern Raphael has adorned the inner walls. The new stairway that now rises in graceful spirals from the basement to the sacred abodes on the "Quarter Deck" surpasses in workmanship the handicraft of Phidias and Callimacus. The massive oaken doors that once withstood blows from battering rams that would have shattered the pillars of Chalons, those historic doors through whose enlarged keyholes the fire brigade, armed with water pails and rapid-fire squirt guns made nightly assaults upon tired and sleeping students, have been replaced by doors of modern pattern, with knobs on both sides and fitted with fifty cent keys and patent spring locks. Each room has an air-tight closet, where moths do not corrupt and a fellow can hang his pants without the trouble of driving a spike-nail through the plastering on the wall. Iron bedsteads have succeeded the old bedbug incubators of the nineteenth century. Some of these bedsteads have castors and roll about at night when they have a couple of nightmares hitched to them. The hall is also furnished with new bathtubs without any exposed steam-pipes that one is certain to sit down on, and with water-works that operate without waiting for the creek to rise. A "schwarze frau" makes up our beds and keeps our rooms tidy, and the new electric lights make one endless day, so that he who loves darkness better than light must forever shun the "Saints' Quarter Deck."

AN INMATE.

The Chilhowee Literary Society celebrated its decennial on Oct. 4 at the residence of Mrs. Lamar, who was one of the charter members.



—*Photo by Webb.*

INTERIOR OF THE COLLEGE ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT.

THE NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT.

Maryville College has for the past few years carried out a policy of expansion and extension until she has built up and equipped one of the finest college plants in the South. More recently, however, the corporation has inaugurated the policy of centralizing, and as a result the magnificent heat and power plant was installed, then the water-works system, next the laundry, and more recently the electric light plant has been installed.

The plant is of 25 kilo-watts capacity or a capacity of five hundred 50-watt lamps.

The engine is a Russell automatic engine, of the latest patent, equipped with a Rites inertia governor.

Directly connected with this is a 25-kilo watt, Type I, Bullock generator, generating 220 volts at 300 revolutions per minute.

The arrangement of the lighting is divided into six circuits, as follows: Arc lights on campus, arc lights in buildings, incandescent lamps in Memorial Hall, Baldwin Hall, Anderson Hall, and Bartlett Hall.

The switchboard is of Tennessee marble, carrying switches for six circuits—fused with non-arcing enclosed fuses. Volt meter and ammeter of the Keystone Electrical Instrument Company's manufacture. The rheostat is of the iron-clad type, mounted on the rear of the board. The board is mounted on wrought angle irons, and the apparatus is protected by improved lightening arresters.

The arc lamps are the Toerring 200-hour 2,000-candle power lamps.

The maximum loss in distribution is only 5 per cent. from dynamo terminals to lamps. Especial care has been given to the question of uniform distribution.

This plant is one of the few 220-volt plants that have been installed in this section of country. A careful investigation of this point by the committee satisfied them that this voltage suited them best for their requirements.

The dynamo building is a wing built against the west end of the power house.

It is built of brick, the interior plastered and finished in white. The building was erected by A. B. Frye, contracting builder, Maryville.

The installation of the plant and the complete wiring of buildings and grounds was the work of J. A. Summers, contracting electrical engineer, Knoxville.

The committee of directors who directed the work of letting the contract, etc., was composed of the following: Major Ben Cunningham, Major Will A. McTeer and John Alexander. F. L. W.

ANOTHER TERM BEGUN.

The fall term of 1901 began September 4, when the summer quietness of College Hill gave place to the hurry and bustle of incoming students. Two hundred and twenty-five are now enrolled (September 23), and of this number eighty-five are new students.

Many improvements have been made during the summer vacation upon the college buildings and grounds. Bartlett Hall has been completed with the $1,500 which was given by Mrs. Nettie McCormick, of Chicago. The electric light plant has been installed, and all the buildings have been rewired, and five arc lights placed upon the campus.

The laundry has been erected and provided with necessary machinery. In addition to this new work, over one thousand dollars has been expended in renovating Memorial Hall and in other necessary repairs. An office for the President has been made out of a part of the old mathematical room in Anderson Hall.

Some changes in the teaching corps have taken place. Prof. H. C. Biddle has resigned to accpt a place in the University of Cincinnati, and his position is now supplied by Prof. Albert F. Gilman. Miss Amanda Andrews, after a year's study in France and Germany, has returned and taken charge of her classes in modern languages.

Miss Henrietta Lord, who filled Miss Andrews' place during her absence, has charge of the library this year, together with some classes in rhetoric.

Miss Helen Minnis, '97, takes charge of the Music Department, and Mrs. Nellie Bartlett Cort, '78, is now matron of Baldwin Hall.

On Friday afternoon of the first college week, from 3 to 5 o'clock, President Wilson gave a reception to all the students and teachers at Bartlett Hall. Refreshments were served, and teachers and scholars became better acquainted with each other during the social greetings. In the evening the Y. M. C. A. gave a reception to the young men at the Auditorium, and at the same time the Y. W. C. A. gave a reception to the young ladies at Baldwin Hall.

On Friday night of the second week, a joint reception by the two societies was given in the auditorium of Bartlett Hall, and the address of welcome was delivered by Prof. Waller.

The names and addresses of the new students, except those who come from Maryville, are as follows:

William H. Penland, Marshall, N. C.
John H. Mitchell, Coulterville, Ill.
Arthur C. Tedford, Panhala, India.
Isabel S. Mitchell, Fowlerville, N. Y.
Anna L. Morse, Atlanta, Ga.
Earnest M. Adams, New Decatur, Ala.
Marion Wallin, Big Laurel, N. C.
Achilles A. Seraphie, Athens, Greece.
Clinton H. Gillingham, Philadelphia, Pa.
Willis K. Beecher, Worcester, N. Y.
Lloyd E. Foster, Swannanoa, N. C.
Charles B. Tedford, Panahala, India.
Francis W. Gill, Sharon, O.
Ethel M. Smith, Athalta, Ga.
Edna R. Cort, Nahcotta, Wash.
Joseph R. Curtis, Ensley, Ala.
Darius B. Hill, Asheville, N. C.
Seiji Sasaki, Japan.
Charles M. Adams, New Decatur, Ala.
Cora M. Cort, Nahcotta, Wash.
Martha E. Gamble, Slate, Tenn.
Robert L. Houston, Jr., Bank, Tenn.
Ethel W. Smith, Johnson City, Tenn.
Susie R. Gaines, Sweetwater, Tenn.
Thomas McSpadden, Lillian, Tenn.
Samuel E. McCampbell, Beverly, Tenn.
Bertie L. Sharp, Trundle's X Road, Tenn.
Mattie King, Church Hill, Tenn.
Christopher R. Rankin, Knoxville, Tenn.
James Farmer, Slate, Tenn.
James R. Inman, Driskill, Tenn.
James W. Blair, Loudon, Tenn.
Samuel D. Blair, Loudon, Tenn.
Nannie Hawkins, Church Hill, Tenn.
Mary R. Sharp, Trundle's X Roads, Tenn.
Charles W. Russell, South Rockford, Tenn.
George W. Payne, Knoxville, Tenn.
Jospeh T. Webb, Nina, Tenn.
Isaac T. Hertzler, Concord, Tenn.

Hubert N. Payne, Knoxville, Tenn.
Victor McReynolds, Friendsville, Tenn.
Robert E. McReynolds, Friendsville, Tenn.
Delila A. Hall, Lucilla, Tenn.
Andrew Peery, Slate, Tenn.
Nannie J. Ayers, Warrensburgh, Tenn.
Prnce P. McCampbell, Beverly, Tenn.
Nathaniel L. Taylor, Elizabethton, Tenn.
Lillie Wayland, Trundle's X Road, Tenn.
Valentine M. Kirk, Thula, Tenn.
John W. Dosser, Jonesboro, Tenn.
Mary K. Cox, Louisville, Tenn.
Nathaniel L. Bacon, Mountainville, Tenn.
Inez B. Simpson, Philadelphia, Tenn.
Anna B. Cox, Louisville, Tenn.
Frances R. Rankin, Knoxville, Tenn.
Gertrude Adkins, Helenwood, Tenn.
Alice B. Noble, Robbins, Tenn.
Boyd Henry, Ipe, Tenn.
David Keller, Knoxville, Tenn.
Samuel F. Toole, Blue Grass, Tenn.
Joseph J. Myers, Tang, Tenn.
Joe McSpadden, Lillian, Tenn.
Mima Myers, Tang, Tenn.
Frederick A. Elmore, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Albert R. Cadle, Powder Springs, Tenn.
William Griffitts, Sale Creek, Tenn.
James A. Pickel, Sweetwater, Tenn.
Roy H. Beeler, Powder Springs, Tenn.
Robert H. McCaslin, Sweetwater, Tenn.

FAMINE AND PLAGUE.

The Tuesday Evening Prayer Meeting of October 1 was led by Rev. Lyman B. Tedford, '77, of Panhala, India. He has been a missionary for twenty years in India, and he spoke of the terrible and trying experiences of the missionaries during the famine and plague visitation of last year.

His district was not so badly stricken as some, but many deaths occurred, first from the famine, and afterwards, during the wet season, from the plague which followed the famine.

Under normal conditions of rainfall, it is said, that one-third of the vast population of India go to bed with empty stomachs.

When the rainfall is deficient, famine sets in, and the work of relief by government and individuals must begin or the people will perish in vast numbers.

The native Hindu who is able gives to his afflicted brother, but his relief is sporadic and careless, sometimes doing as much harm as good.

The mission station where Mr. Tedford was located fed at one time as many as 3,000 persons. The relief is of two kinds: gratuitous, and furnishing work to those who have the strength. Out of the 3,000 about 500 were furnished work of different kinds. The mission board authorized the erection of a hospital, school houses, dwellings, repairing dwellings, digging pits for trees, wells, etc.

Mr. Tedford described the method of gratuitous relief and exhibited the small measure (¼ pint) and the coarse grain which was used at his station.

Coming out early in the morning, they would find a large crowd, covering perhaps two acres of ground, waiting for the distribution of grain. After they were arranged in order to prevent repeating, the small dole just sufficient to maintain life was given out. Many sad instances occurred. In one case a poor woman came and was waiting her turn, when some one saw that she had something under her garment.

"What is that?"

"That is the corpse of my little girl."

"Why don't you bury her?"

"If I had buried her I should have missed this distribution of grain," was the reply.

In another case the report was made that an old woman was dying in the waiting crowd. Mr. Tedford went up to the place and found an aged couple, with the husband supporting the wife and saying to her, in encouraging tones: "Hold out if you can. Don't die. They are going to give the grain pretty soon."

For certain parts of the country, in addition to the famine, comes the difficulty of procuring suitable drinking water. At one time it was debated in the mission whether or not they would not have to leave that section on account of lack of drinking water. The mission well was 60 feet deep and 40 feet broad. In the morning it would have one and one-half foot of water and at night six inches. Over one thousand people came to that well every day. If it had not ben for that well the consequence in that town would have been serious.

Over six hundred children are now in the hands of the mission, as a result of the famine, and the work of advancing the cause of Christ has been made easier among the natives, who saw that the foreigners had saved them from starvation.

For three years India has been scourged by famine and plague. Bombay, at times, has been almost ruined by the plague. In Mr. Tedford's district the plague raged after the famine, and owing to the carelessness of the people it spread with great rapidity. After it had taken hold of a town, all would desert the town and go elsewhere. The mission rescued at one time two little children who stayed for two days beside the dead bodies of their parents, insisting that their parents were only "asleep."

Out of this dark picture there shines the devoted efforts of missionaries of all denominations, who have braved death and suffering "In His Name."

Y. W. C. A.

Every movement of society toward better things must encounter the spirit of the age. Either conflict or alliance then ensues.

The orders given in Maryville College this fall read, "Advance all along the line!" In perfect harmony with the note of progress, the Young Women's Christian Association feel that greater achievements for Christ, among Maryville's young women, have already been begun. We wish to thank our kind friends who helped us send a delegate to Ashville last summer. The association has greatly prospered through their kindness.

Our Decision Meeting held September 8 was well attended, and its influence will, we believe, be greatly for good during the coming months.

As a result of the Bible Study Rally, September 15, a class of siteen members has been organized, which Mrs. Cort has kindly consented to teach.

Before the issue of this journal the Mission Study Class will have been organized, under leadership of Miss Mame Stebbins. This class will study Lawrence's "Introduction to the Study of Foreign Missions."

If every Christian student among the girls of Maryville College will lend a hand in an organized effort to serve the Master by enrolling in some department—prayer meeting, Bible or mission study—this year will be a grand one in the annals of the Association and of her own spiritual life.

Requirements of membership may be learned from the officers: Maude Yates, President; Helen Post, Vice President; Katherine Niccum, Secretary; Nellie Jackson, Treasurer.

Y. M. C. A.

The past summer has been a busy one on College Hill. A general repairing and improvement has been made on all the College buildings. In this line Bartlett Hall has received its share. The donation of Mrs. McCormick has been received, and thus it has been possible to make another step toward the completion of our Association home. As we entered the building at the opening of the term, we were pleased with the marked improvement that had been made; and we see more and more the magnificence of the building as it nears completion.

The gymnasium has been finished, the walls plastered, wainscoted, and the woodwork painted. The stairways have been completed, and the woodwork in different parts of the building has been finished in hard oil.

The most marked improvement is the papering of the halls, upstairs and down; and the completion of the rooms for students who wish to live in the building. There are six of these rooms, located in a very pleasant part of the building: commodious, well lighted, and connected with the heating and electric-light system of the College. The interior of the building is shown to best advantage at night. Adjustable arc lights have been placed in the auditorium and in the gymnasium, and clusters of small lights in the parlors. The reflection of the light from the oiled woodwork makes the parlors and halls especially cheerful and pleasant. The task that is now before us is the furnishing of the parlors and the completion and equipment of the plunge and bathrooms in the basement. We hope, in the present year, to make a move in this direction.

In religious work, the Y. M. C. A. as a factor in Maryville College life enters the year with renewed earnestness and consecration. Many of the old workers of the Association have left us with the past year; but it is encouraging to note the in-

terest of the newer workers as they put their shoulders to the wheel and as they plan and discuss the ways and means of exalting Christ in the life of every student.

Will every young man in Maryville College not feel that of this work we wish him to be a part? Will you not visit as often as you can our Association home? And if you are troubled in your religious life, will you not feel that in the Y. M. C. A. you will find those who are longing to talk with you about Jesus Christ and his power to save?

ATHLETICS

Athletic sports, as a whole, are very promising this fall. We believe a greater variety of this feature of a college training will be enjoyed by the girls and boys of Maryville College this coming year than ever before. Notwithstanding the fact that baseball is out of season, the afternoon of Saturday, September 21st, was not allowed to go by without an interesting game between the College Department and the Preps. Each side having chosen temporary captains, Goddard for the Preps. and McCaslin for the Collegiates, the teams in the game were as follows:

College.		Preps.
Tedford	C	Foster.
Houston	P	Newman.
McCaslin	S. S	Dosser.
Walker	1 B	McSpadden.
Hunter	2 B	Hill.
Holzsinger	3 B	Goddard.
Henry	R. F	Penland.
Curtis	C. F	Kelly.
Hackney	L. F	Griffith.

Umpire—Prof. Gilman.
Scoreman—Pickle.

Houston pitched a steady game for the College boys considering his small amount of practice. Newman for the Preps. threw good speedy ball until his arm game out in the seventh, when Penland took his place. The Collegiates had the better team, and soon ran the score ahead and kept it there, winning 29 to 17.

College—Two baggers: Houston and Hunter.

Preps.—Two Baggers: Dosser.

SCORE.

College	29
Preps.	17

BOWLING ALLEY.

The Y. M. C. A. Bowling Alley is now ready for use. Only the Y. M. C. A. members who have paid their dues are entitled to play. All others are charged ten cents per game. Let all the boys become full members, with all the privileges in this line, and perchance we can arrange some exciting contests—say, College versus Preps.

TENNIS CLUB.

A new branch of athletics, deemed by some as "most elegant of all," has come into existence on our beautiful College Hill. Shortly after the opening of school, plans were laid for the organization of a tennis club. The enterprise obtained ready support, and now we have a club of thirty members, all gaining healthful exercise and pleasure from the game which can be played by both boys and girls together. The club has three courts almost finished and equipped—one back of Baldwin Hall, for the girls, and two just within the college woods for the boys. To keep the courts in repair, buy balls, etc., an entrance fee of 25 cents is charged. The club owes its success, in a large measure, to the activity and interest of its President and Manager, Prof. Gilman.

FOOTBALL.

Good material has turned out this fall on the gridiron for this sport, and from appearances we have a good show for intercollegiate contests this season. The boys are pleased with the interest Prof. Ritchie is showing in the game this season. The Athletic Association voted $15 for additional suits to fill ou the number for two teams.

BASKET BALL.

The young ladies of Baldwin are beginning their practice in this line.

GOLF CLUB.

The members of the Golf Club have already repaired the links and had a few games.

COLLEGE FIELD DAY RECORDS.

Maryville College has some Field Day records of which she may justly be proud. In the Field Day exercises of '01 two of the past records were broken: Pole vault, 8 feet 10 inches, raised by F. E. Laughead to 9 feet 1 inch, and R. K. Beatty raised his own high kick record from 8 feet 8½ inches to 8 feet 10½ inches.

Maryville College Monthly.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1901. No. 1.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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ATHENIAN, - - DENNIS W. CRAWFORD
BAINONIAN, - - HELEN E. ERWIN
ALPHA SIGMA, - FRANK E. LANGHEAD
THETA EPSILON, - - EMMA E. CALDWELL
Y. M. C. A., - - FREDERICK F. SCHELL
Y. W. C. A. - - HELEN M. POST
ATHLETICS, - - - ARTHUR C. TEDFORD
ALUMNI, - - - - JOHN W. RITCHIE
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SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER, JOSEPH S. CALDWELL

Students, graduates and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items of general interest for publication.
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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY,
Maryville, Tenn.

Entered at Maryville, Tenn., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Improvements. We are all pleased with the many improvements which have been made during the vacation on College Hill The completition of the Y. M. C. A. Building and the installation of our own electric plant are the most noticeable and expensive of the additions made this summer. In many other ways expenditures have been wisely made, and it is evident that the authorities are planning and working for larger things for Maryville College. The total cost of these improvements has been about $5,000, and this fact emphasizes the necessity of the modern college having a large income and generous friends.

Our New Executive. Buildings and grounds have not received, however, exclusive attention. President Wilson has spent his vacation at Maryville planning for the more efficient development of our curriculum and for the better classification and supervision of the students. All students now upon entering college go to his office and are classified in such a way that they are much more easily advised and supervised than in former years. Other changes have been introduced which will strengthen the curriculum and scholarship of the institution. President Wilson's election has been favorably commented upon by the secular and religious press, as well as by the large body of graduates and friends of the college. His inauguration will take place on October 21, and our next issue will contain an account of the proceedings.

The Monthly. With this issue, the Maryville College Monthly begins its fourth year. Under its plan of management none of the editors derive any financial profit from the paper, but all receipts are expended upon it. Three thousand copies would have supplied our subscribers and exchanges last year, but 7,600 copies were printed, and the extra copies widely distributed. The regular size of the paper last year was twenty pages, but one special issue contained thirty-two pages, so that the third volume of the Monthly has one hundred and seventy-two pages.

The financial report is as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Balance from last year.....	$0.56
Subscriptions	50.25
College advertisement	150.00
All other advertisemuents.....	195.25
	$396.06

EXPENDITURES.

Printing 7,600 copies.....	$288.86
Half-tone engravings	37.05
Work and commissions.....	25.92
Express from Cincinnati.....	17.99
U. S. postage on 1,079 pounds...	10.79
Miscellaneous	12.10
Balance carried forward.....	3.35
	$396.06

One of the objects of the Monthly is to encourage the students to write articles for it. A comparison of the three years will show that more articles were contributed during the third year by the students than at any other time.

In order, however, to give a little incentive to the students enrolled this term, the Monthly offers a prize of five dollars for the best original story, containing 1,500 to 2,000 words, written by a student of the College, and submitted by January 1, 1902, and a prize of three dollars for the second best story. The editors will appoint judges to decide the relative merits of the productions. Let a number of students engage in this friendly contest, and help to promote imaginative writing in the College.

PERSONAL AND LOCAL.

Isham O. Siler is now attending the Leland Stanford University, of California, and is very much pleased with his new surroundings.

The reception given to the students by President Wilson was very much enjoyed.

The seniors recite to Professor Barnes in Psychology ,and to Professor Waller in Political Economy.

Mr. Thomas Maguire, '01, was one of the officers of the Southern Student Conference, which met at Asheville in the latter part of June.

No college exercises were held on Thursday, September 19, the burial day of President McKinley, but students and teachers attended memorial services in the New Providence Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Samuel W. Boardman, our former President, and now professor emeritus, is living at 17 Washington Place, Bloomfield, N. J. His health has improved, and he is called upon frequently to preach in various churches.

Maryville College was well represented at the conference of Mountain Workers and Summer School of College Settlement Work, held at Tusculum in the early part of June. Among the speakers were President Wilson, Dr. Elmore and Dr. Duncan. The Maryville College Quartette was also present during the whole conference, and added much to the meetings with their inspiring gospel songs.

During the past year the College has lost by death two faithful trustees—John C. McClung and John P. Hooke. Mr. Hooke was trustee for the term of thirty-five years, and was one of the original members appointed by the Synod immediately after the War. He was formerly the treasurer of the College, which office he held for nineteen years. During his thirty-five years of service he only missed two of the regular meetings of the Board of Trustees.

PROGRAMME.

Inaugural of fifth President of Maryville College in New Providence Church, Maryville, Tenn., Monday evening, October 21, 1901, at 7 o'clock.

Music.

Invocation. Rev. John M. Richmond, D.D.

Address of Induction.....
.....Rev. W. H. Lyle, D.D.

Inaugural Address.....
....Rev. Samuel Tyndale Wilson, D.D.

Music.

A Word for the Synod of Tennessee...
.....Rev. E. A. Elmore, D.D.

Music.

Education and American Home Missions..Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D.

Music.

Benediction .....

VACATION NOTES.

Professor Sherrill went to the springs.

Professor Newman visited relatives in Jefferson County.

Professor Walker spent the summer on his father's farm.

Professor Ritchie did laboratory work in Chicago University.

Professor Waller enjoyed the shade of his own vine and fig tree.

Professor Gill divided his time between home and county normals.

Professor Gilman spent the summer in the Great Smoky Mountains.

Dr. Barnes did laboratory work in Psychology at Cornell University.

President Wilson stayed in his office and corresponded with prospective students.

And so it went. Some of us returned to our homes and from thence departed to the springs and mountains, and there put in the fleeting hours playing golf and tennis and making "goo-goo eyes"—after the custom of the sons of men—at the perennial summer girl with Algernon De Vere novels. More of us, however, wended our weary ways back to the old home in the knobs, where we blended the joys of home and home-made pie, with a vision of a broad expanse of new ground corn and a span of soul-trying young mules.

Old College Hill was a busy place this summer. Work was going on in all the buildings at once. The college expended a vast sum of money in repairing, renovating and decorating. Several of the students stayed on the Hill, and were employed on this work, and, incidentally, had a world of fun "after the whistle blew." Several lawn parties and picnics enlivened things, and served as a reminder of high times of the past and a foretaste of good things in the future.

College vacations are very pleasant seasons indeed; but, really, aren't they more enjoyable after they become matters of history and you're all back in the whirl?

F. L. W.

CLASS NOTES.

SENIOR CLASS.

The Class of '02 recently met and organized for the year's work. Five of the old class are back on the Hill in good spirits and striving hard to make the last year the best of all. At least two more members are expected to be in within the month and enter the ranks with those already drilling. The newly elected officers are as follows: President, Arthur Holtsinger; Secretary, Miss Mayme Stebbins; Treasurer, Joseph Stewart Caldwell. The additional members of the class are Miss Helen Ervin and Frederic Lee Webb.

Class Colors: Red and white.

Class Flower: The daisy.

Class Cheer: Who do?
We do!

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Officers: President, M. B. Hunter; Vice President, A. C. Tedford; Secretary, Lois Alexander.

Class colors: Dark-green and garnet.

Class yell:

Ala gara gara garoo,
Rickety kex hullabaloo,
Ziss boom kallamazoo,
Sophomore, Sophomore,
Just a choice few.

The Sophomores, this term, number twelve. In selecting our colors, we chose garnet to denote our loyalty to the College, and green to remind us of the greenness of Freshmen days. Our people mix in all the College athletics, football, baseball and tennis, and we have a handball team that challenges all comers.

The members of our class are, without exception, religiously inclined. Among our number are three preachers, two missionaries and several confidence men. Tedford formerly represented us in the mission field of India, but when the hard times struck the famine district he was compelled to return. Later, Dr. Quist was sent to the "Saints' Quarter Deck," where he is now doing missionary work. Our circle was completed by the return of Hunter and Dickie from their vacation in the mountains. The last-named are now engaged in the moonshining business.

FRESHMEN CLASS.

The class met at the beginning of the term and, with due ceremony, organized, electing the following officers: President, Harry J. Bassett; Vice President, Robert L. Houston; Secretary and Treasurer, Mabel Broady.

Katherine Niccum, James Felkner and Frank Gill are loyal supporters of their Executive Board.

Class yell:

Kemo, kimo rip tip, blay,
Batter de bang, whooper away;
Freshmen, Freshmen, zip, zip, zing,
Nineteen five is just the thing.

The class, though small in number, will strive to attain the highest in their College career.

JUNIOR CLASS.

The Junior Class met in College Chapel and elected the following officers for the fall term: President, Miss Nancy Gardner; Vice President, R. Horace McCaslin; Secretary and Treasurer, E. L. Grau; Class Editor, Horace McCaslin.

The Junior Class is composed of six members this term, and, though small in number, we shall be the banner class of the College.

Several new members are expected in after Christmas.

Two of our classmates have been elected officers in the Athenian Literary Society: E. S. Grau, Censor; Dennis Crawford, Athenian Editor of the Monthly.

Mr. T. G. Brown was called home September 24 by the serious illness of his sister. Later. We learned of the death of Mr. Brown's sister, before he reached her. We offer to our classmate the sincere sympathy of the class in the loss of his sister.

LITERARY AND SOCIETY NOTES.

BAINONIAN SOCIETY.

The Bainoian Society, to accommodate some of its members, has changed the time of meeting from 7:30 p. m. to 3:15 p. m.

The program of September 13 was well prepared and made an excellent beginning for the new term. At this meeting, the following officers were elected: Nancy Gardner, President; Lois Alexander, Vice President; Freddie Goddard, Secretary; Lelia Cooper, Treasurer.

The subject of our second meeting, "Our National Foes," was very appropriate in connection with the recent National loss. The program was as follows:

Immigration.....Anna Atkinson
Race Prejudice.....Lida Post
The Struggle between Capital and Labor.....Mabel Broady
Vice..... Helen Ervin
Recitation..... Ethel Smith
Anarchy.....Pearl Clemens

Bainonian Society has received fifteen new members since the beginning of the term. Mrs. Cort, who was a Bainonian many years ago, has been welcomed back as an honorary member.

THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

The year begins with the Athenian Society in a very vigorous and prosperous condition. Early in the term the Society met, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, F. L. Webb; Vice President, F. F. Schell; Secretary, Theron Alexander; Treasurer, Dennis Crawford; Censors— E. L. Grau, H. J. Bassett and Lester Stephenson.

To the returning students the Athenian Hall presents a different appearance. During the summer some necessary repairs were made on the hall. The home of the Athenian is made much more beautiful and cheerful by these improvements.

Friday, September 20, an open meeting was given. The carefully prepared program was well rendered and much enjoyed by the large audience.

The Society begins its year's work with more earnestness and determination to make this year the most successful year in the Society's history.

THETA EPSILON SOCIETY.

The Theta Epsilon Society began work very earnestly and with encouraging prospects this year.

The first business meeting was held Friday, September 20, at 3 o'clock p. m. The meeting was called to order and was opened with prayer by the President, after which the election of officers took place. They are as follows: President, Maude Yates; Secretary, Mary Wright; Treasurer, Mame Stebbins. After taking in several new members, the Secretary took ths Chair, and a short, but interesting, program was carried out. Recitations were given by Misses Maude Yates, Cora Howard and Ada Hammontree. All the recitations were well delivered and were very enjoyable. The Theta Epsilon Journal was read by Miss Lula Goddard. Different members had select readings.

Quite a number of "old" society girls are out of school this fall.

Some of our absent members are trying to put into practice the little verse which says: "Ram it in, cram it in; children's heads are hollow," while others are at home recuperating in order to be on duty after Christmas. We hope to see them all back.

Who are those in white and blue?
They are "Thetas"—not a few.
They take members; that they do!
And they're waiting to take you.
Welcome, all ye fair maidens!

ALPHA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The Society of "Wise Brothers" has entered upon its twentieth year's work under very favorable auspices. A goodly number of the veteran members are back again and are pushing the Society work with their accustomed vigor. Moreover, the membership is steadily increasing by the admission of new members, who bid fair to become stalwart Society men. The plan adopted last year to compel all members to attend regularly and to do active work is still being successfully carried out, and the high grade of Alpha Sigma literary work will be maintained.

At the first of the term, the Society reorganized and began preparations for repairing the hall. The officers elected are: President, Arthur Holtsinger; Vice President, E. N. Quist; Corresponding Secretary, J. S. Caldwell; Recording Secretary, F. E. Laughead; Censors—A. A. Penland, M. B. Hunter and J. F. Hammontree.

The first regular meeting of the Society this term was held Friday night, September 20. The topic debated was: Resolved, "That Republican forms of government are more conducive to the growth of anarchy than are monarchical forms." The judges decided in the affirmative. Resolutions were adopted in honor of the late President McKinley. The Society instructed the Secretary to send a copy of these resolutions to Hon. Henry R. Gibson, earnestly urging him to support in Congress such measures as, in his judgment, will be most effective in the suppression of anarchy.

The Alpha Sigmas will hold their regular meetings on Friday evenings, beginning at 7 o'clock. On one Friday evening of each month they will have a public meeting. Visitors are always cordially welcomed.

ALUMNI ET ALUMNAE.

R. W. Post, '99, was engaged in ministerial work around Maryville during the summer. Mr. Post returns to Western Theological Seminary, Alleghany, Pa., for his senior year.

Rob Elmore, '00, will take charge of the Academy at Ervin, Tenn. Mr. Elmore took an A. B. from Princeton last spring, distinguishing himself and Maryville College by standing in the first group and winning a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Thomas Maguire, '01, has gone to Australia to take charge of a Congregation Church near Melbourne.

Rev. Edgar L. Mason, '87, formerly pastor of the Presbyterian Church, at Basking Ridge, New Jersey, was a visitor at Maryville during the opening days of the term. He has accepted a unanimous call to the Fort Sanders Church, at Knoxville.

Emma Alexander, '01, will spend the winter in New York City, preparing for missionary work in Japan.

S. A. Sherrill, '92, has taken charge of the schools at Carthage, Tenn.

J. H. Newman, '96, who has been principal of the Boy's Farm School near Ashville, North Carolina, will enter McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago.

F. S. Campbell, '98, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Cato, N. Y., and writes that he is enjoying his work.

There's joy in leaving college
With your feet upon the track
For home, where "pap" and mother
Will treat you as a "crack,"
And friends hail, "Well, old fellows!
We're glad to see you back."

There's joy in being bolstered
With love's misguided gush,
And giving ear to empty words
From lives that never push;
To sentimental nothings,
With fingers raised in "Hush!"

But the joy that yields true pleasure,
And gives no after-shame,
Is that from toiling bravely,
Not heeding earthly fame;
There's nothing half so joyous
As working in "His Name."

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Manager of the Co-operative Boarding Club.

MISS H. M. KINGSBURY,
Assistant Manager of the Co-operative Boarding Club.

COURSES OF STUDY.

The College offers nine groups of studies leading to the degree of A.B., and also a Teacher's Course. The curriculum embraces the various branches of Science, Language, Literature, History and Philosophy usually embraced in such courses in the leading colleges in the country.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

The location is very healthful. The community is noted for its high morality. Seven churches. No saloons in Blount county. Six large college buildings, besides the President's house and two other residences. The halls heated by steam and lighted by electricity. A system of waterworks. Campus of 250 acres. The college under the care of the SYNOD OF TENNESSEE. Full corps of instructors. Careful supervision. Study of the Sacred Scriptures. Four literary societies. Rhetorical drill. The Lamar library of more than 10,000 volumes. Text-book loan libraries.

THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Competent and experienced instructors give their entire time to this department, while a number of the professors of the College department give a portion of their time to it.

EXPENSES.

The endowment of $225,000 reduces the expenses to low figures. The tuition is only $6.00 a term or $18.00 a year. Room rent, light and heat bills, in Baldwin Hall (for young ladies) and Memorial Hall (for young men) is only $7.00 for the fall term, $5.00 for the winter term, and $3.00 for the spring term. A Co-operative Laundry has been established. Instrumental music at low rates. BOARD AT CO-OPERATIVE BOARDING CLUB ONLY ABOUT $1.30 A WEEK. Young ladies may reduce even this cost by work in the club. In private families board as from $2.00 to $2.50. Other expenses are correspondingly low.

Total expenses, $75.00 to $125.00 a year.

The next term opens January 2, 1902.

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MAJOR BEN CUNNINGHAM, Registrar, Maryville, Tenn.

MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. IV. MARYVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1901. No. 2.

MARYVILLE'S NEW PRESIDENT.

REV. SAMUEL TYNDALE WILSON, D.D.

Born in Homs, Syria, 1858. Graduated from Maryville, 1878. Called to Chair of English Literature in Maryville, 1884. Became Senior Professor, 1891. Chosen President, 1901.

INAUGURATION OF REV. SAMUEL T. WILSON, D. D., AS THE FIFTH PRESIDENT OF MARYVILLE COLLEGE.

On Monday evening, Oct. 21, 1901, New Providence Church was filled to overflowing with students and teachers of the College, the people of Maryville and its vicinity, and many visitors from abroad.

The graduate quartette, composed of Rev. John B. Creswell, '87; Rev. Herman A Goff, '85; Rev. John S. Eakin, '87, and Rev. John G. Newman, '88, were present, and sang an opening piece, after which came the program of the evening, as follows:

Music.

Invocation...Rev. John M. Richmond, D.D.

Address of Induction .....

.....Rev. W. H. Lyle, D. D.

Inaugural Address .....

....Rev. Samuel Tyndale Wilson, D. D.

Music.

A Word for the Synod of Tennessee.....

.....Rev. E. A. Elmore, D. D.

Music.

Education and American Home Missions

.....Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D. D.

Music.

Benediction.

After the closing address, delivered by Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D. D., secretary of the Presbyterian Home Board of New York City, a number of letters were read from presidents of sister colleges, expressing their regret at not being present and extending their best wishes to President Wilson.

Prof. Thomas W. Jordan, dean of the University of Tennessee, and Pres. Samuel A. Coile, D. D., of Greeneville College, were successively called upon, and in brief speeches conveyed their messages of regard and congratulations from the institutions which they represented.

The newly inducted president was, at the close of the services, heartily greeted by a large number of friends, and congratulated upon the auspicious opening of his administration.

ADDRESS OF INDUCTION—REV. W. H. LYLE, D. D.

Maryville College is a great institution. Some other colleges are greater in age, greater in their endowment, and greater in the number of students attending them, and, by consequence, greater in the extent of their influence. But still it is true that Maryville College is a great institution. It has a history of which its friends may well be proud. God's hand has guided it in all its history. It had for its founder the grand and godly man, Dr. Anderson, who was its first president. The institution was founded for the glory of God, in the advancement of the kingdom of his Son Jesus Christ. Dr. Anderson used this language in regard to the object of the institution: "Let the directors and managers of this sacred institution propose the glory of God, and the advancement of that kingdom purchased by the blood of his only begotten Son, as their sole objects, and they need not fear what man can do."

The institution struggled with poverty all the days that Dr. Anderson was its president. He was its president at the time of his death in 1857. Dr. Robinson then became its president, and so continued till the outbreak of the war in 1861. After the war Dr. Bartlett became its president, and did a grand work for the College in helping to resuscitate it, and in bringing money to it. And the College flourished under his administration. After his administration Dr. Boardman became his successor, and the Col-

lege had great prosperity under his administration. Through all its history we can now see that the hand of God has been guiding it.

On the 27th of May last, the Board of Directors, a more than usual number being present, elected Dr. Samuel T. Wilson as the fifth president of the College. After the first ballot the vote was made unanimous. Thus the Board has expressed its confidence in Dr. Wilson as a suitable person to be its president, to follow in the line of men who have been illustrious in this office.

Many things have conspired to lead to this choice. Dr. Wilson's long connection with the College as one of its professors, his thorough knowledge of the workings of the institution, and his arduous and untiring labors for its success, are one thing. His profound and accurate scholarship is another. His strict integrity is another. His acute moral sense is another. His steadfast adherence to that which is right, regardless of popular sentiment, is another. His affability and gentlemanly conduct toward all men, even toward those who might differ from him, is another. His faith in God and devout piety, manifest in meekness and humility, and in many other ways, is another. His sound common sense is another.

These qualities all belonging to Dr. Wilson, the Board of Directors and the friends of the College anticipate and believe that the College will have great success and prosperity under his administration as president. The Board also believes that it has had divine guidance in making this choice.

In the first place, then, I may charge Dr. Wilson never to forget the responsibility that will be upon him in this office. A college in any particular period of its history is much what its president makes it. The character of the students will be, more or less, molded after his. It is said, and truly, too, in a sense, that the country is molded and governed by college-bred men and women. Here, in this age of the world, ministers are educated, and lawyers and physicians and business men. Here women are educated who are shaping the character and the destiny of the families of the land. Should Dr. Wilson remain the president of this institution for a number of years, during that time many will come to the institution and many will go. And they will go into all the callings and businesses of life. They will go into different parts of the earth. And they will go with the impress of the president's character upon them. And as college-bred men and women are shaping the destiny of the land and of the world in a very large measure, we readily see the responsibility that is resting upon the president of this institution along this line.

Then there will be responsibility for advancement in the age in which we live. It is not for me to make any suggestions at this time in regard to this matter. But it is in the life of a college, the same as in the life of a church, or of an individual: stagnation is death. It is true that truth is eternal and never changes. But there may be improvement in the methods of obtaining truth and of presenting truth. And it will be expected of the president of this institution to know the best methods in the older and larger institutions of the land, so far as he may be able, and to shape this institution accordingly.

Then, there will be a responsibility in the matter of obtaining more money for the College. It is true that the entire responsibility of this matter will not be upon the president. But some measure of the responsibility will be his. A college rarely, if ever, gets done needing money. The more money it has, when rightly used, the greater its power and influence. It will be expected, therefore, of the president that he will study the needs of the College and that

he will win to it friends—men of wealth who will give it necessary financial aid.

In the second place, have faith in God. Difficulties will always be presenting themselves in the way of the management of a college. Trials will come. Any college that is doing the work of the Lord will have opposition. This is God's college. Not that any other Christian college is not his. Its work will be to break down the empire of Satan so far as it may have the power. And of course Satan will not be friendly disposed toward an institution that is making war on his empire. The institution has always had its enemies. It had them in the days of Dr. Anderson, and has had them ever since. More than forty years ago I heard the noted Rev. G. S. White say, in an address in the old College chapel, that the devil had always had a peculiar spite at Maryville College, and the devil has always had its spite at it in all its history. He will continue his spite as long as he is unchained, and so long as the College continues to do noble and earnest work for God and humanity. Hence the importance that the friends of the College, and especially the president, should have faith in God. God reigns. He is omnipotent. He is the friend of every good institution, and of every man who is striving to do his will. Let the president and the friends of the institution have faith in God, and notwithstanding the fact that difficulties in the future may be like mountains, yet they will be removed and cast into the sea. This College is a church institution, and not a State institution, and the church belongs to Christ. He is the Head and King thereof. And so he is the friend of the College. He is able to keep it. All power is his. He holds the stars in his right hand. And he loves this institution and has interest in it such as we can not have. Therefore we can expect him to defend it and help it. The president of this institution may lay its interests and its wants down at the feet of Him "who has upon his thigh and upon his vesture a name written, King of kings and Lord of lords." He may do it with perfect confidence that the institution will be safe in his hands. He will safely guide the institution by his Holy Spirit.

And now, as chairman of the Board of Directors and in behalf of the Board, I declare Dr. Samuel Tyndale Wilson to be the president of Maryville College. We hope and pray and believe that his administration of the institution as its president will be a brilliant one, and that the College will be greatly prospered during all the time that he shall be at its head.

A WORD FROM THE SYNOD OF TENNESSEE—REV. E. A. ELMORE, D. D.

I have been asked to say a word for the Synod of Tennessee—to be a kind of hyphen between the two speeches of the evening.

It is not necessary to say that the Synod of Tennessee is deeply interested in what is occurring here to-night, as we have already learned this evening what close tie exists between College and Synod. Maryville College is the *daughter* of the Synod. From the birth of this institution in 1819 until this present time, there has never been a meeting of Synod that the welfare of the College has not been considered.

Other colleges have been encouraged and commended, others adopted into the family; but Maryville is the *firstborn*. As a mother, Synod has cared for and advised her. Nor has the College been unmindful of the fostering care of Synod. She has been an obedient, grateful daughter—accepting the will of the Synod as the law of her life and action—and returning to Synod scores of sons and daughters, educated and trained to serve her here and represent her in foreign lands. We realize that the College is now entering upon a new era; that good Providence that hath ever led her is setting before her an open door.

There have been two marked periods in the history of the College. One was from the birth of the institution until closed by the Civil War, in which it was a theological seminary or a seminary becoming a literary institution—a kind of evolution of college from seminary. Of this we have heard to-night.

The second was from the opening of the College after the war until this present time. This was a period of adaptation of the College to new conditions in the South; an honest attempt to solve problems growing out of the War. This period is marked by generous friends, rich gifts, heroic service on the part of teachers, a marvelous growth, and a determined and persistent effort to be true to pledges made by those who resuscitated the College. A splendid chapter, and one that will grow brighter in the coming years; one of which the College need never be ashamed. All honor to the noble men who from their love to Christ and their fellow men gave the best of their lives to write this chapter in the history of Maryville College.

But we face to-night a new era. What it is to be the future must tell. There are some facts which must be reckoned with, as factors in making the future of the College.

In the first place, in the South we are in the midst of a social and industrial revolution. The South is to-day what it never has been before. We are passing out of the patriarchal into an industrial age. Keen, intense and revolutionary, we must face the future, not the past. We are to catch step with the twentieth century, and the College will have to fit itself to lead in the great movement.

A second fact is, there is taking place a new adjustment of the school life of the South. The public school is soon to do a work it has never done before in the South. It is to become the mighty educating influence in the South. Enlightened public sentiment will demand this and secure it. There are hopeful indications on every side. Already there are 5,000,000 youth in the public schools of the South.

The State universities are growing into a power they have never had before. State university is a Southern idea, just as public school is a Northern idea. The time has come when both ideas are accepted by the whole land. And now, as never before, is the power of the State university felt. With its State and national endowment; with scientific, mechanical, industrial and professional courses; with its farmers' institutes and extension courses; with the tendency to adjust its course so as to make short and easy the passage from the high school to university—it is bringing into the educational life a new factor, which is bound to exert great influence. Again, we have come to the time when the denominational or small college is to be tested as never before. It is a question of the survival of the fittest. Every such college will have to prove its right to exist. There are to be fewer colleges rather than more. Germany, with her millions of inhabitants, has only twenty-one universities, while Tennessee alone has twenty-two colleges and universities. The demand of the time is not for more colleges, but more college—something more than a name; a catalogue setting forth wonderful advantages, and a local tradition. There must be a modern course of study, equipped laboratories, and an education that will fit for to-day and to-morrow. Only the college that ought to live will live in this contest.

We believe Maryville College will live. God has a future for her. All these years of growing usefulness are a prophecy of a great work yet to be done. Admirably situated here in the central South, with new equipment, with new opportunity, we believe she has a hopeful future. If there should be opposition, she is accustomed to it. She has always sailed a stormy sea. She has not lived because it was easy to live, but because she could not be killed.

But there are three things the Synod will rejoice to see in Maryville College. First, that the College root itself in its native soil, gather about it old alumni, and gradually begin to win its financial support as well as its patronage from the portion of the country in which it is located. This may not be possible for some years, but it should be the one object kept in view. Let Maryville College not be an exotic, but native growth; thoroughly identified with the life about her. The time is coming for this.

Secondly, that the College be Christian, yes, Christian to the core. As broad as possible in scholarship, as original as possible in research, as refined as possible in culture, as successful as possible in athletics, as popular as possible in public esteem, as rich as possible in money; but not satisfied with some of these, or all of these. Not satisfied unless there is growth in the institution of Christian manhood and womanhood; unless the atmosphere of the College is Christian, and the ideals of the men and women going forth from its halls are Christian. Never let a professor of this institution say, as one of the professors of one of our larger institutions is reported to have said: "We are not responsible for the character or the morals or the vices of our students; only for their instruction." Let this College continue to accept responsibility for character as well as teaching.

Thirdly, that the spirit of the founder of this institution—Isaac Anderson, of whom we have heard to-night, who one hundred years ago this very month came with his father's family within the bounds of this Synod—that his spirit shall ever abide and dominate this institution. Truth-seeking, fearless in loyalty to truth, catholic, patriotic, public-spirited, deeply in sympathy with needs of men, missionary, forgetful of self, laboring to build up the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and doing all for the glory of God—let this spirit rule in this College, and coming generations shall bless her.

To you, my dear brother, installed president of Maryville College, we look to secure these ends. You are her own son, trained in her principles, qualified by years of experience in her service, feeling the sacredness of her mission, enriched by the grace of God, you, we believe, will have but one aim—to broaden and enrich her life, and keep her true to her sacred trust. May the blessing of God rest upon you richly as you assume the arduous duties of this position, and may you be strong and of good courage, is the prayer of your brethren of the Synod.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

The Southern and Western Theological Seminary.

By President Wilson.

There are some endowments and legacies that are easy to compute. They consist of values in gold and silver and bank notes, and may be expressed in terms of the dollar and its multiples. And good they are—at least in the case of educational institutions—and greatly to be desired. There are, however, other endowments and legacies that are hard to compute. They consist of such treasures as are conscientious endeavor, heroic fidelity and patient usefulness.

The financial endowment and legacy that post-bellum Maryville inherited from ante-bellum Maryville can easily and speedily be estimated in terms of the dollar and a very few of its multiples. The moral endowment and legacy that post-bellum Maryville inherited, can not be fitly estimated either in the cold enumeration of dollars and cents, or even in the warmer diction of appreciation and gratitude—though some day it may be fitly expressed in the language they speak in that far-away land of pure gold and unerring assays.

It was in his early ministry that Isaac Anderson read the biography of George

Whitefield. The perusal of that book set aflame in the sympathetic spirit of the young pastor a mighty enthusiasm that burned steadily, and almost fiercely, to the very end of life. The Southern and Western Theological Seminary is the eloquent biography of Isaac Anderson. That collegiate biography, if so we may term it, can not but make the reader catch the healthful contagion of zeal for God, and, as the Hopkinsian expression was, of "disinterested benevolence" for man. However we Maryville people may, in coming times, delight ourselves in possible or realized Canaans; or, on the other hand, may in disconsolate days be tempted to hang our harps upon the willows, it is certain that no power can rob us of our "Genesis and Exodus"—the epic story of the days of the beginnings of our history, when God was among Maryville men, and when Maryville men walked together with God.

We stand at the close of the fourth presidency of Maryville College. With the beginning of the eighty-third year in the career of our beloved *alma mater,* we also face with high hopes, and, we trust, with fitting ambitions, the beginning of the twentieth century. No fear lest we shall not be active and earnest, if we breathe in aright the ozone of the epoch. All our present plans and our future fidelity must be realized in that inviting future, if realized at all. Our lives and our work are in the future. What need, then, to speak of that which at last must be read in our performances, rather than in our purposes? Let us rather pause to-night, for a few minutes, on the threshold of that future to cast our vision backward over the course the College has had to travel in order to reach its present vantage-ground. Let us review together the first chapters of the history of old Maryville. It shall be my pleasant privilege to tell you the story of those twenty years when our institution was known as the Southern and Western Theological Seminary.

THE ANDERSON FAMILY.

One hundred years ago this very month a Scotch-Irish family was making its tedious journey in wagons down the valleys of the Shenandoah, the Blue Ridge, and East Tennessee, from Rockbridge County in Virginia to Grassy Valley, Knox Co., Tenn. Their old county was far-famed for its Natural Bridge, but there had come to them the fame of cheap lands and plenty of them to be found on the frontier in East Tennessee; and so they traveled nearly three hundred miles to share in the good of which they had heard. Among the seven children was a sallow but stalwart youth who had just reached his majority. He was a religiously inclined young man, and had been studying theology with Rev. Samuel Brown, his home pastor in Rockbridge County, but he preferred to accompany his father's family to East Tennessee, here to complete his studies for the sacred office. The family found in Grassy Valley, about six miles from Knoxville, a location that pleased them, and there they made their Alabama.

ISAAC ANDERSON.

Isaac Anderson was reared a farmer's boy, but his parents sent him to a subscription school, and then to Liberty Hall, or Washington Academy, of Lexington, an institution that later on developed into Washington College, now known as Washington and Lee University. He could boast that his ancestors were Presbyterians that fought for Protestantism and the House of Orange at the siege of Derry; and, as one might guess, he was carefully reared in the religious faith of his fathers. In his studies, he was precocious, and read Latin when only seven years of age. His scholarly habits, thus early formed, were continued throughout his busy and care-filled life. Though he did not have the advantage of a collegiate education, he was a lifelong student.

For a part of the year following his arrival in Tennessee, he read theology with

Dr. Carrick, one of the quartette of ministers that then composed Union Presbytery, and was one of the first two men licensed by Union Presbytery, and was the second one ordained by the presbytery. His ordination occurred in October, 1802, at which time he was also installed pastor of Washington Church, then, as now, located ten miles north of Knoxville. During his pastorate of nearly ten years, he conducted an academy in a "log college," as it was sometimes called, a four-roomed house erected on his own farm. Some of the logs of that historic building are still to be seen on the Samuel Harris farm. The copy of the biography of Whitefield, to which reference has been made, fell into his hands about the time of his ordination. He was of a deeply religious nature, and was sensitive to noble impulses. The biography affected his life profoundly, and sent him out on long tours to preach the gospel to neglected and remote settlements. There was especially a circuit of 150 miles which he traveled once a month for at least two years. The deplorable lack of religious privileges and of an intelligent ministry most painfully impressed his spirit. The opportunities of evangelistic work and the importunities of churchless communities, when considered in connection with the limitations of time and strength and nerves, almost led him to despair. He could not multiply himself.

THE NEED OF A SEMINARY.

The laborers were few, while the harvest was perishing. The possible growth of Union Presbytery was limited only by the scarcity of ordained ministers. He scanned the horizon in vain for the sight of reinforcements. Four, and then six, men were all that bore the standard of Presbyterianism in all the broad domain covered by Union Presbytery. Never before 1819 did as many as nine ministers attend a meeting of Union Presbytery. There was, in the Southland, no theological seminary to train a ministry; and there was only one college within the bounds of the presbytery, and it was a small secular school. The supply of educated men was, indeed, meager. The only hope seemed to be the importation of preachers from the older States. And it seemed that the ministers in those States were unwilling to be imported in sufficient numbers to avail much in supplying the widespread need. Application to the Home Missionary Society was made in vain. Dr. Anderson made only one trip North in his lifetime, and that was in 1819. At that time he canvassed the Assembly, and, on his return journey, he visited the theological seminary at Princeton, but failed to get any one to venture into the wild and dubious Southwest to the relief of Union Presbytery. He returned home in great despondency, for the zeal of God's cause was about to eat him up. He could secure neither men nor money with which to support men. Missionary societies were very few and young and feeble in those primeval days, and could render them no assistance. In his inaugural address, delivered in 1822, he said: "The necessity and importance of a theological seminary for this Western country spontaneously rose in the hearts of many individuals about the same time." Those individuals moved Union Presbytery, in 1819, to overture the Synod of Tennessee to establish such an institution. Several young men were just then led by revivals to look toward the ministry as possibly their life calling. A very few, in addition, were willing to come here from other sections to be educated on Tennessee soil to be missionaries on the frontier.

A SEMINARY DECIDED UPON.

The overture of Union Presbytery was adopted on Oct. 19, 1819, by the Synod while, by a happy coincidence, in session in Maryville.

Dr. Anderson himself had accepted a call from New Providence Church in 1811, and had removed to this town in November,

1812. He looked upon the large church, built up during Dr. Gideon Blackburn's able pastorate, as affording him a broader field of labor than he had thitherto occupied.

In 1819 the United States had a population less than five times the present population of the State of Tennessee. Our State had only 400,000 inhabitants, or only ten inhabitants to the square mile. There were then forty-eight counties, while Blount County, about twice its present size, had little more than one-half its present population. Great Shelby County could boast a population of only 364. Maryville was a mountain hamlet containing a stone church, a log jail and a cluster of log and frame houses. Dr. Anderson's house stood where the armory now stands. There was, of course, much more woodland than there is now, and the country was primeval forest interspersed with the cabins of those who had chosen a home in a "new country."

Very ambitious, indeed, as coming from a partly reclaimed wilderness, does the constitution of the Southern and Western Theological Seminary sound to us of to-day. The villagers of East Tennessee, however, were in earnest, and in all seriousness the Synod invited the Synods of North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky and Ohio—the next younger sister of Tennessee—to co-operate with them in the establishment and maintenance of the new institution.

CONSTITUTION OF THE SEMINARY.

The constitution of the seminary is very elaborate, and consists of thirty-two articles. Some of its provisions are as follows: While the seminary was to be located and commenced by the Synod of Tennessee, other synods and presbyteries might co-operate, and be entitled to all the rights and privileges of the Synod of Tennessee. Thirty-six directors, as now, were to compose the Board of Trustees, one-third of whom were to be Presbyterian laymen, and two-thirds, Presbyterian ministers. The first meeting of the Board was to be held on the 1st of January, 1820. The professors were to be "ordained ministers of the Presbyterian Church, not under thirty years of age, in good standing, and of good report, men of talents, science and learning," and were to serve "during good behavior." Their salaries were to fixed by the synod or presbytery employing them. The vacation months were April, October, and one-half of September; only two and a half months, instead of the four months now generally given by theological seminaries. The course of study was to consist of the Greek Testament and the Hebrew Bible, Jewish antiquities, sacred chronology, Biblical criticism, metaphysics, didactic and polemic theology, church history, church government, composition and delivery of sermons, and the duties of the pastoral care. The students were to be divided into three seminary classes. In metaphysics, Locke's Essay was prescribed; and in didactic theology, the works of Baddridge, Ridgely, "and others." The funds of the institution were to be classified as permanent and contingent, and the form of devise was to be "as nearly the same with that used by the General Assembly for the theological seminary at Princetown [sic] as the nature of the case would conveniently admit." Let us bear in mind that "Princetown" Seminary was then only two years old. The students must be approved Christians and members of any evangelical church —for no discrimination was to be made against men of any denomination. In his inaugural, Dr. Anderson said: "From these liberal views and a practice so liberal, it is hoped the institution will never depart." That hope has certainly been realized in all the history of the institution. There has never been any proselytism at Maryville. Admittance to the seminary was to be by examination, or by a diploma issued by some college. The only measures to be employed to enforce the doctrines taught were to be

argument and evidence; and no one was to be censured or to have his privileges abridged unless he denied the doctrines of the Trinity, total depravity, regeneration, future rewards and punishments, or the divinity and humanity of the Lord Jesus Christ, or any one of these doctrines. While teaching the general essentials of the Christian faith as held in common by all Christians, the professors were, of course, also to present and to defend the doctrines of the Westminster Confession of Faith.

These thirty-two articles reveal the high ideals that were held by the little company of villagers and country preachers who framed this worthy instrument for the glory of God and the welfare of his Zion. Somewhat ambitious and extravagant the scheme may seem when we recall the destitution of the frontiersmen who formed it; but it surely does credit to their enlightened zeal, their benevolent purpose, and their Christian faith.

Synod circulated four hundred copies of the constitution, accompanied by an address to the public in behalf of the contemplated seminary. Probably no copy of that historic prospectus has escaped the destroying agency of time. Synod also decided that, for the present, it would locate the school at Maryville, leaving it to some future synod to establish it permanently wherever the best interests of the institution might require. Synod also appointed a committee empowered to make application to the State Legislature for a charter for the SOUTHERN AND WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, as they called their creation.

THE FIRST DIRECTORS.

In the roll of the thirty-six worthies that constituted the first directorate were James Gallaher, the redoubtable revivalist and author of "The Western Sketch Book" and the "Pilgrimage of Adam and David;" Chas. Coffin, D. D., then president of Greeneville College, and, later, of East Tennessee College—now the University of Tennessee; Robert Hardin and William Eagleton, seven years later elected professors in the seminary; John McCampbell, brother-in-law of Dr. Anderson and minister beloved among the churches; Abel Pearson, the millenarian author of "An Analysis of the Principles of the Divine Government;" Thomas H. Nelson, and the greater David Nelson, author of that classic of Christian apologetics, "The Cause and Cure of Infidelity;" Gideon Blackburn, D. D., once pastor at Maryville, then apostle to the Indians, and, later on, founder of Blackburn University; Robert Henderson, D. D., the revered pastor of Hopewell Church, and author of two volumes of sermons; and James W. Stephenson, D. D., for forty-two years a pastor in Maury County. Some of these directors, however, were rather hindrances than helps to the seminary. Dr. Blackburn and Mr. Hardin were respectively leaders in two of the three attempts made to remove the seminary from Maryville.

ISAAC ANDERSON ELECTED PROFESSOR.

The next act of Synod, however, was far more significant than were the actions already noticed. This is the laconic record in the minutes of the Synod:

"Synod proceeded (Oct. 20, 1819) to the election of a professor of didactic and polemic theology. Upon counting the votes it appeared that the Rev. Isaac Anderson was duly chosen." But for this action, all the mighty constitution and the resonant resolutions with their sounding *Whereases* and *Resolveds,* might have died away in the startled air as a mere *brutum fulmen.* When Isaac Anderson was balloted into the professorship, there was created a Southern and Western Theological Seminary, even though there was no endowment, no buildings, no library, indeed, nothing except a constitution and some resolutions. When Dr. Anderson gathered his five young candidates into a room of his own house, and began to

teach them the lore of the gospel ministry, there was anticipated in this mountain hamlet of ours that ideal institution of learning that Garfield afterwards told of—one that consists merely of a slab seat with a student on one end of the slab and a Mark Hopkins on the other end of it.

(*Concluded next month.*)

Y. W. C. A.

The girls of the College have shown much interest in Y. W. C. A. work this fall. The regular devotional meetings are usually well attended, and the religious spirit shown is very encouraging.

Some of our meetings have been especially helpful. The subject for October 13 was "God's Blessing upon Rest and Recreation." Mrs. Gilman, our leader, handled the subject skillfully. She gave us some good suggestions on the observance of the Sabbath as God's day of rest.

Two of the meetings were led by Misses Niccum and Mitchell, taking the subjects, "The Need of Heroic Self-denial" and "Two Women of High Rank and Great Opportunities, Jezebel and Esther."

At one devotional service, Miss Yates, our delgate to the Southern Students' Conference at Asheville, presented a very enthusiastic report of that conference.

One of our most delightful services was conducted by Mrs. McCulloch, out under the trees in front of Baldwin Hall. The topic was "Perils of Student Life." She gave the girls a very practical talk that will long be remembered by all present.

The Y. M. C. A. Mission Study Class has been united with that of the Y. M. C. A., and under the leadership of Mr. F. L. Webb, is doing good work in the study of missions.

The Bible Study Class, taught by Mrs. Cort, is one of the most interesting features of our Y. W. C. A. work. The course we are using, "The Life and Works of Jesus According to Mark," helps to make plain the lessons taught by Christ. And the leader brings the lessons home to the heart of each girl. We feel that much is being accomplished by this study.

The week of prayer for the World's Association was opened by our Y. W. C. A. The meetings held in Baldwin Hall parlor at 11:45 each day were well attended. Much interest was manifested, many of the younger girls taking an active part.

Altogether the work done by the Association this term has been, to a great degree, satisfactory. And, very much encouraged, we look forward to greater things in the future. Keeping ever before us our motto, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," we press forward in the service of Jesus our Lord.

Y. M. C. A.

One of the most important branches of Y. M. C. A. work this year is that of Bible study. The results of last year's labors in this direction have justified special attention to this department this year. The courses are those mapped out by the International Committee, and are along definite lines leading to definite results. There are three of these classes: one in the "Harmony of the Gospels," led by J. S. Caldwell; one in the "Acts and Epistles," in charge of H. J. Bassett; and the "Personal Worker's" class, led by P. R. Dickie. Special reference-books touching on the different points that come up in these studies have been purchased by the Association.

Besides the classes referred to, a Mission Study Class in conjunction with the Y. W. C. A. has been organized under the leadership of F. L. Webb. This part of the work is being greatly blessed; and there are many in these classes who are testifying to the rare personal blessing, together with a clearer understanding of the Bible in connection with historical fact, which they are receiving by their work in these studies. There are forty-three young men enrolled in these classes, with an average attendance of thirty-three.

The devotional meetings this fall have been especially encouraging, having been marked by a high religious tone, and the spirit of earnestness and sincerity; and by the first words of testimony for Christ by a number of young men.

Maryville College Monthly.

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1901. No. 2.

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ATHENIAN, - - DENNIS W. CRAWFORD
BAINONIAN, - - HELEN E. ERVIN
ALPHA SIGMA, - FRANK E. LAGUHEAD
THETA EPSILON, - - EMMA E. CALDWELL
Y. M. C. A., - - FREDERICK F. SCHELL
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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY,
Maryville, Tenn.

Entered at Maryville, Tenn., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

A Suggestion. It has often been said that "a word to the wise is sufficient." It is even so. Likewise it may be observed that a single suggestion to a thoughtful person or community may be more availing in checking an evil than the resorting to force. Certain it is that in correcting a hurtful tendency, the best thing possible to do is to create a strong sentiment against it.

There is something to which we would direct the attention and thought of the students; namely, a species of mild vandalism that for some time has been noticed on the hill.

To develop our athletics and field sports to a high degree of perfection, we must have good grounds. To secure them, means time and an outlay of money. All will agree that the students should co-operate in this matter. Has this co-operation been given? We cite a few facts, and leave you to judge.

At the opening of the term the Golf Club expended much time and considerable money in improvements on the links, yet scarcely had the work been completed when the players were subjected to petty annoyances; the holes filled, the tins destroyed, the greens tramped and scarred so that recently much of the work had to be done over again.

Also the Tennis Club, after putting the three courts in elegant shape at no small expense, are constantly troubled by unknown parties defacing the grounds. Although this may have been done thoughtlessly and without malice, yet it falls but little short of vandalism.

A professor calls attention to another thing which we hope will come as a suggestion to the thoughtful. When wires—especially barbed wires—are strung on the campus on football days to render it easier to obtain a voluntary collection from the spectators, is it asking too much of the athletic society to see that these wires are taken down before the mantle of night settles down and finds some helpless student entangled in unlooked-for coils and bewailing his hurt feelings and clothes?

When chairs, tables, benches, etc., are borrowed and taken on the campus, is it asking too much of those who are so eager to borrow these articles, to return them, after the fun, to their accustomed places?

Fellow students, these are small things, it is true, but they are worthy of consideration. May we not have the hearty co-operation of all in correcting these petty annoyances?

Dr. Bartlett. The people of Maryville and its vicinity showed their appreciation of Dr. Bartlett's life and labors by attending in large numbers the funeral services held in New Providence Church.

All College exercises were suspended during the day, and teachers and students in a body, after the services in the church, follow his remains to the quiet College cemetery where sleep many of his former associates in college work.

The union memorial service, held on Sunday evening, November 3, was another manifestation of the deep esteem in which he was held by the whole community. At this service a number of speeches were made setting forth the strong personality and char-

acter of Dr. Bartlett, and the great good he had done for the College and the cause of education in East Tennessee. A committee was appointed to secure funds to erect some fitting movement to his memory. We trust that Dr. Bartlett's students will deem it a pleasure to contribute to this worthy object. Our next issue will contain an account of his life which is now being prepared.

ATHLETICS.

Let the golf delegation boast about the star playing of their little band, still they can not compare with the progress and fun obtained by the jolly twirlers of the tennis racquet since the last issue of the MONTHLY. The M. C. Tennis Club has spent about $16 on fittings for its three courts.

On Tuesday, October 29, a committee chosen by the president, Professor Gilman, started a tennis tournament of five events. The events to be played were ladies' doubles, gentlemen's doubles, mixed doubles, ladies' singles and gentlemen's singles. The two courts in the grove fitted up with wire netting back-stops, were selected for the games. At the time this report goes to the press we can report the winners of only the first two events. The finals in the ladies' doubles were played Friday, November 1, by Miss Mary R. Sharp and Miss Lillie Wayland *versus* Miss Amanda L. Andrews and Miss Anna Atkinson. The event was skillfully won by Miss Wayland and Miss Sharp. Score, 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.

The two teams that won their way to the front for the finals in the gentlemen's doubles were Prof. J. W. Ritchie and J. M. Felknor *versus* Prof. A. F. Gilman and Otto Pflanze. Professor Ritchie and Felknor played a strong and interesting game, but Professor Gilman's quick net work and Pflanze's steady serve won the event. Score, 6-1, 2-6, 6-2.

We have had exceptionally fine weather for our games so far. Monday, November 4, was the only day games were not played on account of rainy weather.

FOOTBALL.

A most interesting practice game was played Thursday, October 10. Foster and Brown each chose a team, and the gridiron was cleared for one of the neatest and prettiest games witnessed for a long time on College Hill. Although both were home teams, the boys played with snap and vim. Line-up as follows:

FOSTER'S.		BROWN'S.
McReynolds	C.	Payne
French	R. G.	Cochran
Curtis	R. T.	Henry
Cadle	R. E.	Pendland, H.
Henry	L. G.	Adams
Blair	L. T.	Wilson
Chandler	L. E.	Laughead
Houston	R. H. B.	Foster
Pendland, A. A.	L. H. B.	Hill
Brown	F. B.	Newman
Kelly	Q. B.	Hackney

Brown's team got the kick-off; and at the first run Foster's team brought the ball to the center of the field. During first half the interesting features were Foster's end runs and Newman's strong line bucks. A skillful end run by Foster gave his team the only touch-down of the first half. Houston made a touch-down for Brown's team during the second half; however, a fatal fumble on the part of Brown's team, near their goal, gave Foster's the ball, which with speedy line bucks secured a second touch-down with goal kick.

Several good plays were made during the rest of the game. Score in favor of Foster's team, 11-6.

M. C. second team *versus* Knoxville High School. Professor Ritchie, manager of the College second team, secured a game with Knoxville High School which was played Saturday, November 9. The game began about 2 o'clock. Cadle, captain of the home team, won the toss-up for goal and took the west one. Maxwell, for Knoxville, won the toss for kick-off and gave the ball to Mary-

ville for first kick-off. Following was the line-up:

Maryville.		Knoxville H. S.
Cochran	C.	Williams
Blair	L. G.	Flenigan
Keller	L. T.	McGuire
Penland	L. E.	Murfey
Henry	R. G.	Condon
Taylor	R. T.	Lloyd
Payne	R. E.	Brown
Cadle	L. H.	Maxwell
McReynolds	R. H.	Michaels
Kelly	F. B.	Cooley
Hackney	Q. B.	Cornick

Knoxville started out with brilliant gains by Maxwell, Michaels and Cooley in the early part of the game, but lost the ball on their fifteen-yard line. Kelly and Taylor then showed that their center rushes were going to be a strong part of the game. The ball steadily forged ahead to the Maryville goal by quick line rushes, our boys showing good team work. At this point Maryville lost the ball by failure of an "ends-back" play, only to gain it quickly. Time was called when Maryville was twenty-five yards from her goal. No score.

The second half commenced with a long kick-off by Knoxville. Penland advanced the ball fifteen yards. McReynolds makes a quick gain of eight yards, followed by good advances of Cadle, Taylor and Kelly. Within twenty yards of goal Cadle made a pretty run of fifteen yards, and McReynolds then made a neat buck of five yards, making first touch-down for Maryville in about the sixth minute of the second half.

Penland missed the goal-kick. Knoxville then kicked off and got the ball on fumble, but forfeited fifteen yards in slowness with their line-up. In a quick advance by Knoxville within fifteen yards of their goal, McReynolds made an especially effective tackle. At this point Knoxville tried a quick full-back place-kick for goal and landed the pig skin fairly between the goal posts.

Score, 5-5, and three minutes to play. Fine kick-off by Hackney. Maryville advanced the ball rapidly to within four yards of their goal, when time was up.

Two minutes more, and we would have had another touch-down. So ended the first inter-scholastic game of the season. Score, 5-5.

A. C. T.

SOCIETIES.

BAINONIAN SOCIETY.

The Bainonians still maintain a lively interest in society affairs: the new members, es-ous work.

Two evenings of this month were given to debates, which were well prepared, and very entertaining. The other programs were made up of essays and recitations.

On October 11, Bainonian Society met with the Theta Epsilons. A most enjoyable program was given. We congratulate the Thetas on their excellent work.

Our Society has begun preparations for the mid-winter entertainment, and we hope to give an interesting program in December.

THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

The first quarter of the society year ended the first day of November. The officers elected for the second quarter are: President, Clinton H. Gillingham; Vice-President, Arthur C. Tedford, Secretary, R. H. McCaslin; Censors, R. L. Houston, F. W. Gill and P. R. Dickie; editors of "The Athenian," E. M. Adams and E. L. Grau.

pecially, should be commended for their zeal-

The society has done splendid work this fall. This is indicative that the old society spirit is up, and that the members, realizing the importance of society work, are attaching themselves more closely to and devoting much more time to the work. Especially has this been true of the new members. The debate has been enlivened very much and made very interesting by their honest efforts. They are to be commended for their good work.

Another very noticeable feature of this year's work is the more close observance of the rules agreed upon last year by the so-

cieties as to the attendance of members. The members do not parley about paying their fines, but pay them in a gentlemanly way.

It has been the custom of the society this year to have brief character sketches of two authors at every meeting, in addition to the usual program. This is a very important part of the program, for it keeps fresh the knowledge of the authors and their works. Thus by the admission of this new course the society has a truer sense of the work of a literary society.

The increasing number of members affords a problem for consideration: whether the society shall again adopt the method of having two divisions or not. The active membership is so large that a member can participate only once in three weeks.

By decision of the faculty, the Athenian is the third in order of mid-winter entertainments. The Athenian mid-winter will occur in January, being the first after Christmas.

THETA EPSILON SOCIETY.

Society every Friday at 3:15 p. m.

We were pleased to have Mrs. Cort and Mrs. Tedford as visitors Friday, November 8. We hope they will come again.

We have had several interesting meetings this fall term, one of which was an open meeting. The Bainonian Society having accepted our invitation, we had a well-filled hall.

The house was called to order by the president, and meeting was opened with prayer by Miss Helen Post. After transacting the business, the following program was carried out:

Reading—"How Great Men Have Shown Kindness to Animals".....Annie Magill
The Red Cross Movement..Mame Stebbins
Life of Clara Barton.....Ada Hammontree
Recitation, "Bay Billy".....Grace Gamble
My Lady's Plumes.....Flora Jones
Dead Birds on Ladies' Hats and Bonnets
.....Emma Caldwell

This was entirely a "mercy" meeting, so the president mercifully called for a motion for adjournment.

The meeting was closed with prayer by Miss Nancy Gardner.

At one of our meetings the question, "How Can We Improve Our Society?" was very ably discussed, and created much interest among the girls.

The papers upon the subjects, "How the Society Helps Us" and "Trials of a College Girl," presented by Misses Wright and Noble, showed careful preparation.

Some of the good papers and recitations enjoyed by the society this term were given by Misses Ayers, Jonnie McReynolds, Hybarger, Thomas, Adkins, Watson and Goddard.

Under the excellent teaching of Mrs. Gilman, we notice a marked improvement in the literary work of the society.

ALPHA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The Alphas are making a proud record this term. Since the 1st of September they have considerably more than doubled their active working force, besides adding to their honorary membership more than a score of the fairer sex. It will be pleasing to the members that left us last year to learn that the society is being run on strictly business principles, that the hall has been repaired, and that the society debt will soon be liquidated.

More than the usual interest is shown this year in the literary work, and the debates are the most prominent features of the weekly programs. Here are some of the topics debated this term: "Resolved, That the U. S. Government Should Proceed to Establish the Proposed Appalachian Park;" "Resolved, That College Courses Should Be Wholly Elective;" "Resolved, That Municipal Government Should be Non-partisan;" "Resolved, That Congress Should Enact Laws to Banish from our Country Persons Proven to be Anarchists."

On Friday night, October 11, the society held their first open meeting of the term. Long before the opening hour it was evident that the Alpha Sigma Hall could not accommodate the audience that was gathering, and

the chapel doors were thrown open to the visitors. After the invocation by Professor Gilman, the presiding officer, Professor Gill made a very appropriate and encouraging talk to the society. The program was opened with an oration, "Victory in Defeat," by L. E. Foster. Following the oration was a comic joint declamation by C. C. Hale and A. A. Penland. The topic debated was, "Resolved, That the Advancement of Civil Liberty is More Indebted to Intellectual Culture than to Force of Arms." The proposition was affirmed by F. E. Laughead and denied by E. N. Quist. The next number was a recitation by Miss Lelia Cooper. Last came the "Alpha Sigma Advance," by Arthur Holtsinger. The program was well rendered and heartily applauded, and the meeting was a success in every respect.

On the night of November 1, the following officers were elected for the present half-term: President, J. F. Caldwell; Vice-President, F. H. Hope; Recording Secretary, R. H. Buler; Corresponding Secretary, E. N. Quist; Censors, Brown, Wilson and Taylor.

The Alpha Sigma mid-winter entertainment will be held in the College chapel, Friday night, January —.

CLASS NOTES.

JUNIOR CLASS.

On October 12 Mrs. Crawford entertained the Junior Class, at her home on College Hill. Though the rain was coming down in torrents, yet the Juniors were not to be disappointed.

The evening passed away very quickly indeed, and at a late hour refreshments were served, then the guests departed, all declaring it a very pleasant evening spent.

Hugh Crawford was in Knoxville on business, October 18.

Mr. W. L. Brown, of Philadelphia, visited his son, T. G. Brown, October 21.

R. H. McCaslin was called to Madisonville November 5, by the death of his grandfather, Mr. J. Z. Magill.

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The next term opens January 2, 1902.

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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. IV. MARYVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1902. No. 3.

OUR LATE EX-PRESIDENT.

REV. PETER MASON BARTLETT, D.D., LL.D.,

Third President of Maryville College.

Born, Salisbury, Conn., February 6, 1820. Graduated Williams College, 1850; Union Theological Seminary, 1853. President Maryville College, 1869–1889. Died, Maryville, Tenn., Oct. 22, 1901.

THE FOOZLERS.

CHAPTER I.

Miss Kittie Gordon was a fair Co-ed. Though an adept at the game of love, she was almost a total failure at golf. When she donned her natty suit of Gordon plaid, and her tam-o'-shanter "wi' the black-cock feather in it," as her father referred to it, and shouldered her bag of formidable-appearing clubs, she looked like one of her brave ancestors prepared to go out and do valiantly in a clan feud. Then it was—though charming at every phase of her little self—that pretty Miss Kittie was most bewitching and played the mischief with big Charlie Dowdell.

"Tad," as he was known by every one on the Hill—up to the Profs, over to the Co-eds, and down to the Freshies—was the crack golfer, not only of the College, but the college town. His room was hung with ribbons, pennants and clubs; while several trophy cups shone from his shelves as evidence of his prowess. But when it came to love, Tad was a foozler. He just "couldn't sit around and chatter like you jays," was the way he expressed his inability to do the entertaining at the College functions.

Tad had had a deep sorrow come into his life. His mother and sister had used lachrymose argument very successfully in exacting a promise from the old fellow when he went up to College that he would "never, never" go in for football. It nearly broke his spirit. The trainer said he'd make the best center the team would ever have. Suasion of every sort was of no avail in changing his position, and every man on the campus knew that he had prevaricated when he said, "Too risky, boys; couldn't think of it." Of course, the fellows regarded it as a mild scandal when, out of sheer desperation, he went up to the golf club-rooms and told Haverford to put in his name. Dowdell endured it with a grim forbearance, and, in the days and weeks that followed, practiced every golfing stroke and shot imaginable, with such purpose that he became a veritable Colonel Bogey to the older members of the club.

It was at the beginning of Tad's Junior year that he met Kittie. She had just arrived, and was walking up from the station chatting with a bevy of young ladies. As they passed by the chapel going up to Houghton, old Tad noticed one of the girls carrying, in addition to a very small satchel, a plaid caddie-bag, with a full set of clubs, and strapped in with them a slender, pearl-handled umbrella.

"Say, fellows, are you on to that? I'd bet she can't play golf any more than a tin soldier. By Jove though, look at her. Say, she's out of sight. That outfit's all the introduction I want right now. Think I'll go down and look at my 'party gown' and see if it still fits me—for I tell you like this—I'm going up to the fall opening at Houghton Friday night."

The crowd chaffed him till he grew belligerent and began bowling them down the steps when they separated—Tad making a bluff of going to his room in Milledge. What he did do, though, was to make a detour of the campus and come up to Houghton. He ascended the steps and rang for the matron; as he had made but one call there the year before, the estimable lady was quite surprised to see big Dowdell looming up in front of her like a good-natured giant.

"Good evening, Miss Greenlea, so glad to see you. Just came in yesterday or would have called sooner. Fact is, I came over to inquire about a young lady, Miss Gordon, of Ashland, my old chum's sister, you know. He said she might come down to Botolph this year—wants me to look out for her." (This was pure fiction, every word of it.) "She plays golf, and as I saw a young lady just go in with clubs, I came over to look the matter up."

Tad was apparently so sincere that she never suspected that he was faking; and he,

expecting a different answer, was unable to receive her reply with much composure.

"Oh, I am so glad, Mr. Dowdell. A Miss Gordon did come in with a golf set, but I am not sure whether she's from Ashland or not. She says that she's a perfect stranger here. Shall I send up your card?"

Dowdell was shaky as could be; he had put himself in a tight place, and was getting more abashed each moment. He never anticipated such a coincidence of names. Should he meet her? His card-case was in his hand, but his nerve oozed out at his finger tips.

"Thanks, Miss Greenlea, but I guess not; she'll be so awfully tired. I won't have her to come down, but I'll drop in a moment Friday night."

"Oh, do, but allow me your card. I'll take it up and tell her about you. She'll be glad to think that perhaps, after all, she isn't such a stranger."

He gave up the slip of white cardboard rather reluctantly, and took his leave.

From Wednesday on till Friday the moments fairly dragged. He was in love, and knew it. Her petite figure, her roguish smile, as he saw her on the walks with groups of girls, simply "got away with him," as he confided to Drumgoole. And with all his impatience was a heavy feeling of dread that he couldn't shake. However, he faced the inevitable and went up in company with his chum. They entered the brilliantly lighted parlors just as the co-eds in their dainty dresses were coming down. Miss Greenlea approached with a young lady. "Miss Gordon, permit me to present Mr. Dowdell—he thinks he knows your brother."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Dowdell, but really I hardly think I am your friend's sister, because I have no brother."

Tad weakened, and was getting quite confused.

"Let us sit here a moment," she said, and they sat down in a cozy corner where they were standing.

"Aren't you from Ashland?" he said, by way of covering his retreat.

"Oh, no, I live at Newton—"

"But you do play golf?"

"In a way, yes; but I enjoy the game very much. I've heard a great deal about your playing since I came in. How I should enjoy watching you. I think the links you have here are perfectly lovely."

Her manner was so artless that he was put at his ease at once, and forthwith talked golf volubly.

"Now, I say," he went on, "what are you going to do to-morrow afternoon?"

"Nothing pressing—"

"Well, then, can't you let me go over the course with you? I enjoy golf more than anything else I know. Then I want to see you play. You know there are so awfully few ladies who play in good form—"

She became piquant at once—"Don't say bad things about lady golfers, or we shall not get on at all. I know lots of ladies who play in as good form as the men, and ever so much more gracefully."

Others coming up, their tete-a-tete was interrupted, and he saw her no more until the evening was over. She came to him, and said, with a smile that effectually banished sleep from his pillow that night:

"Good night. Thank you so much for your kind invitation. I'll be ready at two, but I am afraid—I don't—play in such—very good form."

Will Tad ever forget that first game that he played with Kittie? It's hardly probable. They walked over to the clubhouse, where a caddie was waiting with Tad's set. As they walked he made an inventory of her clubs and gave a running commentary regarding the outfit which had met his entire approval.

"Who selected your set, Miss Gordon?"

"Oh, papa—he's a fine player—"

"Should think so—knows how to select a club, at any rate—what does he say about your playing?"

Miss Kitty remained silent for a moment, then laughed merrily:

"Oh, it's so funny. Papa says that it's against the etiquette of the game to talk during a stroke, and he always tries to imagine that he's watching a drive when he thinks about it."

They were now at the first teeing-ground. A waiting caddie took charge of Miss Gordon's clubs. The players took their drivers, and the caddies trotted off and stationed themselves to watch the balls. Tad teed a ball. "Take the honor, Miss Gordon."

She came forward and addressed the ball, Tad watching in breathless interest and evidently confusing her. She gave the club a couple of "waggles" and drove—the club fanned the air and the ball sat serenely on the tee. Again she addressed and drove, but missed the globe. A third time she tried it, and with like results, though a shower of fine clods knocked the ball a yard or so.

"So provoking; please call my caddie."

She said it with a woe-begone, self-condemned look that softened old Tad instantly. His face had been a study in surprises through the entire performance, and his silent apostrophes would look startling if printed.

The old expert's fair opponent had played into his heart by that look and the smile that she gave him when he called the caddie. She selected her driving cleek and bravely made another attack—the caddie standing behind Tad and holding his hands over his mouth. The preparations were made with great care. Swinging, she came down on the ball with great force, but topped it. It ricocheted a few yards and stopped.

"You've played your second shot. Now I'll drive and we'll follow your ball together."

He glanced toward the flag in the distance, rested the club a moment by the ball, then, lightning-like, made the swing. The ball glanced white in the sun, seeming poised in mid-air, then gracefully curved down, sailing over the bunker out on the putting green, and rolled to an easy putt.

"The best drive I've ever made, Miss Gordon; you must have been the inspiration."

"It surely must be as you say, for it's not my playing—that wouldn't put any competitor on his *qui vive*."

They played through the green by easy stages, it took so much instruction. Tad did really enjoy coaching, but each time he touched her hands as he showed her points it thrilled him and made his blood run faster. At last they passed the yawning bunker and came up near his ball.

"I can't putt very well, you know, Mr. Dowdell—"

"Oh, that's all right. I've seen old golfers who weren't good at that at all. I'll hole out and then I'll coach you."

He took his putter, looked along the putt, and, rising slightly on his toe, played a short, dextrous wrist shot, and holed.

"Two!"

By dint of coaching and the ball having made one or two circuits of the green, it finally dropped into the hole, and Miss Gordon, who insisted on using a card, scored eighteen.

It will not do to say too much about that afternoon. Tad enjoyed it immensely, but knew dead certain that he had fallen into a difficulty, and Cupid was unconcernedly standing by the hazard.

As he went into his room, chuckling over Kittie's father's equivocal criticism of her style, Drumgoole called out from the couch: "Who wins?"

"Dowdell, with none up and nine to play."

"Yes, old man," came back, "and by next Commencement it will be the same score, but another game, and the Ashland girl gets the trophy."

Drum's prophecy wasn't exactly fulfilled. Tad certainly improved Kittie's style, but he blundered along worse than ever at her other and more especial game. He surely needed a caddie; for hunting around for lost balls compelled him several times that spring to give way to properly constituted matches consisting of the young lady and Lars Allissen—Allissen, the very thought of whom nettled him. Invariably he would go to Drum for sympathy, though each time his chum would gravely say: "Bad play—must pay penalty strokes."

The poor fellow paid his strokes, but it nearly killed him. It was the farewell reception at Houghton. In the morning Kittie would be gone. How he had neglected his golden opportunities. He went up with his mind made up to tell her all, but the first thing that met his eyes was the object of his quest surrounded by a group of admiring fellows. She beckoned him into the circle, but he could take only a half-hearted interest in the animated conversation. So all that he got to say was at parting after the reception was over, when, extending her gloved hand, she had thanked him profusely for his coaching:

"I am glad to have been able to do it. You are coming back next fall, are you not? Well, then, we'll renew our acquaintance, which I've enjoyed so much."

CHAPTER II.

Next fall came and with it Tad, brawnier than ever, bronzed by the sea breezes, and even more full of life. But Tad was just a wee bit changed. Along with the memory of Kittie he had carried, when he left College that June, a theory that he'd have to learn her game. So down at the big hotel, where he had gone with the "mater and the girls," he had devoted himself with an elephantine grace to the girls who swarmed like butterflies in the pavilions. He hadn't improved his style very markedly, but he felt that he "wouldn't foozle quite so badly."

He had only been in a day, but he felt as though he must go out and play a few practice strokes on the beloved course. He got out his clubs, rubbed them up, and went over to the clubrooms to see if they were open. He was approaching the clubhouse when he met "Sandy" McGowan, the greenkeeper.

"Ye're no that early, Maister Dowdell—"

"How's that, Sandy?"

"Weel, that Miss Gordon, the lassie wha cuts the greens sae bad, is no far awa?"

Sandy's boy—Tad's caddie—was there, and Tad collared him on the spot and started walking briskly through the green. It was a new proceeding to Don. She wasn't sighted from the first hole, nor yet from the second, but when they were approaching three, and Don had climbed the bunker, he spied her beyond, playing towards four and nearing "Adullam." This was the worst hazard on the course. A ravine—with a precipitous bank with a few trees growing on the brink, behind which a fence for protection was placed. Beyond this could be seen the tops of tall trees growing down at the bottom, where, in a shade almost twilight, ran College Creek. This hollow had punished many a pulled drive. Scarcely any one thought of going down there for balls, but when Tad caught a glimpse of that trim figure in the familiar plaid, he slipped a coin into Don's hand and said:

"See here, if a ball goes into Adullam, you're to go after it. Yes, and you're not to show up under a half hour, see? All right—see that you're on to your job."

Tad dropped a ball on the ground and lofted it over by the hole, slipped around, and, paying no attention to holing, picked it up, stepped to the teeing-ground and called sharply: "Fore!"

Kittie turned quickly and called in her musical voice: "Drive away." The ball skimmed along low, struck the bunker, and fell dead. Dowdell joined Kittie, and near-

ly relapsed into his old-time ways at the genuineness of her greeting, but pulled himself together and concentrated his attention on her stroke. "Aw, that's not quite right. Turn your club—so. That's it. Now—"

What a stroke! The ball spun from the toe of the club and away over the fence into Adullam. Surely Tad was "coming."

Dowdell, to all appearances, was disgusted at the flight of the ball, though he complimented her on the length of the shot.

"Here you, Don," he called, "see if you can't hunt up that ball."

"Say, Miss Kittie, we may just as well sit over here in the shade till that caddie gets back; he's slower than his father, and right now he's got a proposition on his hands if he ever finds that ball."

"Kittie," he began again—dropping the Miss for the first time since they became acquainted—"I'm a Senior this year."

"Yes, Mr. Dowdell—"

"Oh, don't give us that; say Tad—"

"Tad—"

"That's it; but I mean I didn't think I'd be a Senior before I told you something I want to tell you right soon. You know it was just about this time last year when I met you—"

Peal after peal of laughter followed this. Tad didn't know what to think of the proceeding, but joined in. Suddenly a thought came to him.

"You're thinking of my interest in a hypothetical chum's hypothetical sister. Were you on? I mean, did you see through that?"

"Oh, who couldn't? I'll admit, though, the names were remarkably coincidental, but that mythical chum's sister—" and she laughed again—"that was as transparent as your last coaching."

"Well, Kittie, when I saw you going up past the chapel with your clubs, and that umbrella in with them, I was simply lofted. Then I went around, and things began to go my way—and then, I commenced to foozle."

"True, very true," Kit chimed in demurely; "but I wonder if that caddie is coming—"

"Not for fifteen minutes yet; he's all right; I told him not to show his shocky head for half an hour—well, I paid penalty strokes all spring half, and Allissen parading around with you like—"

"Whose fault, sir?"

"Did you love that—brassie?"

"The idea!"—then a silence. Tad turned round on the log so he could see her face.

"Kit, I've paid all the penalty strokes I am going to, and I am going to quit foozling, and now I want you for my partner in a threesome, with the old world for our Bogey competitor, over the course of life—through the green, over the bunkers, and hazards and all, to the end. Will you, Kit?"

"Yes, Taddie—bunkers, hazards and all."

Up the fence they heard a scrambling, and a voice, "Found yer ball, sir—"

The dismissed caddie carried two bags back to the clubhouse, but Kit and Tad continued to arrange their threesome.

Abe Clevenger.

INAUGURATION OF REV. SAMUEL T. WILSON, D. D.

(Concluded from last month.)

HISTORICAL DATA.

Most unfortunately for the completeness of the history of Maryville College, all the official records of the directors of ante-bellum days are lost, as are also all registers of the students that were in attendance. No catalogue was published under Dr. Anderson's administration, and none of the two or three published under Dr. Robinson's presidency is in the possession of the College. No list of the ante-bellum graduates is in existence. Any help that may be given in recovering the historic facts of those early days will be most gratefully received and utilized. The principal sources of information are the annual reports of the directors and

the acts of the Synod as recorded in the Synodical minutes; but, unhappily, eight of these annual reports of the directors were merely filed, and of course were lost. Some of the missing reports, however, are printed in the *Calvinistic Magazine*. The speaker has had typewritten all the acts of Synod relating to the College from 1819 to 1862. The matter copied fills one hundred sheets of legal cap, with an average of nearly five hundred words to the page. The records of Union Presbytery also throw some light on our college history. The first five chapters of Dr. Robinson's "Memoirs of Dr. Anderson," although far too brief, have practically the authority of an autobiography of our first president. There are also, among other miscellaneous material, some early historical *resumes*, prepared for agents of the College, that furnish us important information relative to the successes and reverses encountered by old Maryville. Professor Crawford's address, prepared with the collaboration of Professor Lamar, who knew personally of many matters mentioned therein, is very helpful. So also are some reminiscences of Professor Lamar, written for our College publications. A few printed sermons of Dr. Anderson's are still preserved among the treasures of the College archives.

THE OPENING.

Even the date of the first opening of the Seminary is not altogether certain. According to the constitution, the Board was to hold its first meeting on Jan. 1, 1820, and its first report was made in the following October. The formal opening of the institution took place three years after the adoption of its constitution, for Dr. Anderson was not inaugurated until Sept. 25, 1822. In 1824, the statement is made in the Synodical narrative that the Seminary had been "but two years in operation." In the narrative of 1827, however, it is said the Seminary "was founded in 1821." The fact, probably, is that Dr. Anderson had some pupils in his own family from 1819 to 1822, as he had even before the earlier date. Dr. Blackburn's son James was living with Dr. Anderson and studying Hebrew under his guidance in 1818, when his fatal illness seized him. In the sermon preached at the funeral of young Blackburn, Dr. Anderson speaks of the exemplary life the young Christian had lived in his home.

THE INAUGURATION.

The inauguration of Dr. Anderson was held in the great stone church that used to stand on the present site of Columbian Hall, extending even over the very spot where now the mortal remains of Dr. Anderson and his wife and his son Samuel lie awaiting the resurrection of the just. Part of the stone from that historic edifice is now built into a wall that protects the northern boundary of the historic New Providence cemetery. Dr. Hardin preached a sermon at the inauguration and then Dr. Anderson preached another—the one in which he traced the chart by which the past course of Maryville College has been decided, and by which, I pray God, the future course of the institution shall forevermore be determined: "Let the directors and managers of this sacred institution propose the glory of God and the advancement of that kingdom purchased by the blood of his only begotten Son, as their sole objects, and they need not fear what man can do." Dr. McCampbell, the brother-in-law of the president-elect, then delivered to Dr. Anderson a "solemn, earnest and affectionate" charge; but a heavenly charge had already been delivered him by the Spirit of the living God.

PROBLEMS TO BE SOLVED.

Now that the Southern and Western Theological Seminary was really established, there presented themselves to its founders some very knotty problems. Its very existence anywhere, and especially in the region

it was designed to serve, was to be defended, first against zealots of other faiths who, in those days of extreme sectarianism, used every endeavor for the overthrow of the new Seminary; and then against adherents of its own doctrine and polity who for different reasons might desire its translation to another place. Then, too, those general problems that perplex every institution, were especially hard to solve in those pioneer days—the problems of the supply of students, of the supply of teachers, and of the supply of the funds necessary for the support of both students and teachers.

SECTARIAN OPPOSITION.

It is hard for us, accustomed as we are to the broader charity and more kindly denominational comity of these later days, to conceive a state of mind so prejudiced as to be capable of so utterly misjudging the motives that had led Christian men to establish a school of theology. But the fact is that from the time the constitution and the prospectus were published, for about a score of years, the most vicious, violent, unjust and absurd attacks were made upon the Seminary in public prints, in pulpits, in the legislature and elsewhere. The allegation made against the institution was that it was part of an infamous conspiracy to secure a union of church and state. The calumniators were either too full of ignorance or of bigotry to know, or too crafty to acknowledge, that the common-sense plan of training their ministers in a school especially adapted for the purpose had already been adopted by all the larger denominations of Christendom. The *Calvinistic Magazine* published a list of twenty or more such institutions. By a brilliant piece of satire, in which he employed the argument *reductio ad absurdum* to perfection, Rev. James Gallaher, under the pen name of "Valde Timidus," utterly silenced the battery of one of the most obstreperous of the assailants of the Seminary. The article was originally published in the Knoxville *Register*, in reply to articles written over the pen name of "Republican," and was republished in the *Calvinistic Magazine* of 1829. It proved by "Republican's" own line of argument that all the religious denominations, all professions and many trades were conspiring against the civil liberties of America. But "even though vanquished, they could argue still." For more than a score of years the Seminary appealed in vain to the legislature for a charter. Open assault and secret maneuvering availed to deny their request. It was not until 1842 that the institution could hold property in its own name; of course, that fact greatly hindered the work of the agents that were sent out to solicit aid, as those agents repeatedly lamented in their reports. An absurd and unreasonable provision, foisted into the charter by the legislature, vested the appointment of directors in the county court of Blount County. By amendments secured, one in the same legislature and the other in 1845, the appointment of directors was taken away from the county court and vested in the Synod of Tennessee. After the securing of the charter, denominational opposition to the institution rather rapidly subsided.

NO OTHER SYNOD CO-OPERATES.

We have seen that the Synod invited other synods to unite with it in the support and management of the Southern and Western Theological Seminary. No synod, however, accepted the invitation. The following year the Synod of North Carolina retaliated by asking the Synod of Tennessee to aid in endowing a professorship in the theological seminary at "Princetown." The records of Synod preserve the following curt reply: "Ordered that the Stated Clerk write for answer that this Synod are not prepared to co-operate with the Synod of North Carolina in that concern, as they are engaged in building up a seminary in their own bounds."

The directors, however, had to lament the fact that not even all the members of the Synod of Tennessee were friends of the Seminary. On the one hand, considerations of local convenience or prejudice, and on the other, doctrinal differences arising out of the troubles that in 1837 culminated in the division of the Presbyterian Church, were operative even in so small a synod as was that of Tennessee.

As a result of these influences, three several attempts were made to remove the institution from Maryville. The first and second were made in the first decade of its history; and the third in the fifties.

FIRST ATTEMPT TO REMOVE THE SEMINARY.

The first effort was on this wise: There was a strong party of Presbyterians west of the Cumberlands who very naturally wanted the new Seminary to be located within reaching distance of their churches. In those days, it required more time for a West Tennesseean to reach Maryville than it does now for a Maryville man to reach the San Francisco Seminary. The Synod of 1821, convened in Nashville, resolved that the permanent location of the Seminary should be decided at a meeting of Synod that should be held in West Tennessee; a committee on location was appointed; and Dr. Blackburn, then a Middle Tennesseean, was appointed chairman of a committee to confer with commissioners from the Synod of Kentucky, to attempt to make arrangements for co-operation in the building up of the Southern and Western Theological Seminary. At Knoxville, the following year (1822), the committees were not ready to report, and so were continued. At Murfreesboro, in 1823, the committee to meet commissioners from the Synod of Kentucky was discontinued; while the committee on the permanent location of the Seminary presented a report that was discussed "for a considerable time." Governor Carroll was inaugurated while Synod was in session. Murfreesboro was then the capital of Tennessee. Synod adjourned to attend the exercises, and Drs. Henderson and Blackburn offered the public prayers on the occasion. When the great debate about the location of the Seminary came up between Drs. Blackburn and Anderson, most of the legislators were interested spectators. The East Tennesseeans were in a hopeless minority, for only six of them were present, but Dr. Anderson adopted the Napoleonic strategy of "Divide and conquer." He had Dr. Blackburn's plan read and discussed seriatim, and succeeded in showing its impracticability in all its parts. The debate was terminated by the adoption of a resolution that the decision as to the permanent location of the Southern and Western Thelogical Seminary should be "deferred to some future meeting."

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

It was a signal victory for the pastor of Maryville over the former pastor of Maryville. The following year (1834) at Columbia the battle was ended. After "mature consideration, Synod resolved that the Southern and Western Theological Seminary be and it hereby is permanently located at Maryville in East Tennessee;" but it recommended to the directors of the Seminary that they relinquish their claim to the subscriptions taken for the Seminary in West Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi.

Not satisfied with the result, the transcumberlanders asked the General Assembly to cut them off to form the Synod of Tennessee. This action, if taken, would have given them the Southern and Western Theological Seminary by action of our highest church court. But the General Assembly, influenced by the representations made by East Tennesseeans, while granting the division of the Synod, left the name Synod of Tennessee with the East Tennessee section, and called the new division the Synod of West Tennessee. In their chagrin, the West Tennesseeans protested to the next General Assembly against the decis-

ion, but the action taken was not reversed or modified. So the Southern and Western Theological Seminary came under the control of East Tennesseeans.

SECOND ATTEMPT TO REMOVE THE SEMINARY.

The second attempt to remove the Seminary from Maryville was a peculiar one. Rev. Robert Hardin was, in 1827, appointed agent of the Seminary, but, instead of canvassing, he entered into agreement at Danville, Ky., to remove the Southern and Western Theological Seminary to Danville, to consolidate it with the seminary that the Kentucky people had under contemplation. Then he carried a round robin agreement throughout Virginia and East Tennessee, and secured every Presbyterian minister's signature except that of Rev. William Minnis. Mr. Minnis was one of the first graduates of the Seminary; and for nearly forty years proved himself a Stonewall in defense of his *alma mater*. Others surrendered, but he never. Dr. Anderson was at first crushed, and, in tears on account of the ingratitude of the brethren, signed the round robin; but he soon regained his nerve, and, with Mr. Minnis and Rev. John McCampbell, snatched victory out of defeat. In a letter written at this time, Dr. Anderson said that he had nineteen reasons why he was unwilling that the Seminary should cease its existence. The friends of Maryville rallied, and at the meeting of Synod a resolution was adopted offering to raise $10,000 endowment if the General Assembly would take the Seminary under its official care, and permanently locate it at Maryville. But the times were too near the disruption of the Presbyterian Church for the General Assembly to take under its care a frontier Hopkinsian seminary. The delay, however, and the raising of the $10,000 subscription put a quietus on Mr. Hardin's plan, and its author soon afterward left the bounds of the Synod. After three years of waiting, Synod resolved not to renew its request to the General Assembly.

THIRD ATTEMPT TO REMOVE THE SEMINARY.

The third attempt to remove the institution from Maryville occurred in 1855-6, the year before Dr. Anderson died, and long after the Seminary had been called "Maryville College." The institution was in an unhappy condition, and reports made matters out worse than they were in reality. At Blountville, in 1855, a committee was appointed to report on the general subject of "the building up, within the bounds of Synod, of a college and theological seminary of a high order." A majority report was made opening the way for the transfer of the institution from Maryville to some other place. Dr. William Minnis, thirty years after his first "Stonewall" service, presented a brief but incisive report opposing the transfer, for five conclusive reasons. The majority report, however, prevailed by a vote of 27 to 15. The special committee appointed failed to get a majority of its members together, but half of the committee met and transacted business. The following year (1856) Synod met at Athens, and by a decisive vote of 44 to 26 resolved that "it would be inexpedient to accept the proposals to found another literary and theological institution within our bounds." The special committee was, however, granted the privilege of having its statement recorded. One hundred and forty $250 scholarships were subscribed, and the local Presbyterian Church and lot were offered, on condition that Rogersville should be the site of the new institution. On the next day, Sept. 27, 1856, Rev. T. J. Lamar was elected Professor of Sacred Literature. The next year Dr. Robinson was elected president, and seemed to harmonize the discordant elements in the Synod. No further attempt was made to remove the institution from its original location.

We have, however, anticipated our story. Let us turn again to the earlier days.

Besides the troubles that came from enemies without and from brethren within, there

were the problems to which we have already adverted—the supply of students, of teachers, and of funds for the support of students and teachers.

THE SUPPLY OF STUDENTS.

Where were the students to come from? God answered the question. Gracious and repeated revivals visited a number of the churches, and many young men in those churches heard the call of God summoning them to the work of the gospel ministry. Dr. Anderson soon found that the size of his seminary would depend only upon his ability to help the young men in their financial struggles to secure the desired education. The question was not, Whence shall they come? but rather, How shall they stay? A few came from New England and New York, attracted, as are fifty or more from outside of Tennessee each year in our own days, by the incomparable lowness of the expenses at Maryville. In 1824 three Cherokees were numbered among the students. And the young men sharpened their sickles and went out into the white harvest-fields. In 1825 six theologues were licensed to preach. By 1826 it could be said: "Already twelve young men have been sent out to preach the everlasting gospel." Three years later (1829) the directors report forty-one ministers, representing three denominations, as already at work among the churches. In 1833 the directors write that "nearly sixty have gone out to preach." In 1840 they say that "fourscore" have entered the ministry; while four years later Dr. Anderson himself says that the institution had sent out "nearly a hundred," who in turn had "gathered hundreds and hundreds into the fold of the Good Shepherd." There was, then, evidently no dearth of possible students. But who were to instruct them?

FACULTY AND TEACHERS.

For several years after the founding of the institution, Dr. Anderson did all the teaching that was done in the theological department, and was aided by the young theologues in the department that was, from the first, inevitable, and that soon came to be called "The Literary Department." His biographer says of him that in those early years he often worked twelve hours a day in the classroom, sometimes beginning before breakfast. And yet he was pastor of New Providence Church, and, besides bearing all the other responsibilities of the school, he preached on every alternate Sabbath, from 1819 to 1829, at the Second Church at Knoxville—an organization that he himself had founded. In 1827 New Providence Church ranked thirteenth in size among the Presbyterian churches of the United States; its membership numbered 467, and a few years later reached a total of 700. Eusebia and Baker's Creek were then the only other Presbyterian churches in Blount County. No wonder that the strain of so much work should have been almost unendurable. An amendment to the constitution, adopted in 1821, even before the inauguration of Dr. Anderson, provided that "so soon as the funds should justify it, the directors should appoint a tutor to instruct in the requisite literature such poor and pious youth of all Christian denominations, as were seeking an education for the gospel ministry, and should be found to need and merit charitable aid." The Seminary would have utterly failed had not the college work been superadded to it.

In October, 1825, the directors reported that Rev. William Eagleton had been elected instructor in languages and sciences—a rather broad field to occupy—and that he had agreed to enter upon the work at the opening of the ensuing term; but it is doubtful whether he taught that year, for the following year (1826) the directors made an earnest appeal to Synod to provide an assistant for Dr. Anderson. "After a course of nearly six years' experience, they are fully convinced that it is utterly impossible for one man to attend to the arduous and variegated

[*sic*] duties of the Seminary. It is a pressure which neither the body nor mind of any man can long sustain. . . . It is enough to bring any constitution, even the most elastic and durable, to a premature grave." Synod responded by electing, on Oct. 12, 1826, the Revs. Robert Hardin and William Eagleton as professors, respectively, of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government, and of Sacred Literature. The stated clerk reported at the next Synod that Mr. Hardin had accepted the position. William Eagleton was present when elected, and presumably accepted the position without formal notification. But for some reason, only one of these gentlemen served during the coming year, for reference is made in the eighth report (1827) to "the two professors." Professor Hardin was evidently sent out on the agency that terminated so unsatisfactorily to Maryville and, ultimately, to himself. Professor Eagleton probably served only three years, for on Dec. 5, 1829, he was dismissed by Union Presbytery to unite with Shiloh Presbytery.

In 1829 the directors reported the appointment of Rev. Darius Hoyt, an alumnus of the Seminary, to be Professor of Languages, and of Mr. Chas. W. Todd to be Professor of Belles Lettres and History. Professor Hoyt served until his death, which occurred on Aug. 16, 1837, eight years after his election. Nothing is known relative to Professor Todd. In 1831 the directors reported the election of Mr. Samuel McCracken as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He began work on Nov. 1, 1831. In 1832 "the several professors" are referred to in the report. They must have been the three—Dr. Anderson, and Professors Hoyt and McCracken. Professor McCracken, after one year's service, resigned in October, 1832, because he had been called to a school of his own denomination. The fact that he was of another denomination may explain some opposition that was made in Synod to his election.

Rev. Fielding Pope was elected his successor in October, 1832, and began teaching in May, 1833. In 1836 the Faculty consisted of Dr. Anderson, Professor Pope and Professor Hoyt. Rev. John S. Craig was elected Professor of Languages to succeed Professor Hoyt on Sept. 3, 1840. The Board in 1840 asked for two additional professors, if practicable, and insisted that they must have at least one more. They said that three professors had hitherto done all the work in the Seminary and College. At the date of the charter Dr. Anderson, Mr. Pope and Mr. Craig composed the Faculty. Professor Pope served eighteen years, and resigned in 1850 for the lack of an adequate salary.

So much for the supply—the confessedly inadequate supply—of instructors. Now let us turn to the more serious problem—that of the supply of the funds needed for the support of teachers and students.

THE SUPPLY OF FUNDS.

The Seminary began without any endowment, income, or guarantee fund. It consisted in 1825 of an extensive constitution, thirty-six directors, a little brown house on Main Street, a president who presided only over the thirty-five students, for there was no Faculty to preside over. It was an era of very plain living and very high thinking. The assets of the Seminary consisted of about one thousand dollars collected by Mr. E. N. Sawtell, with some donations of clothing, books, cash, mostly from a few churches in East Tennessee, though one hundred dollars came from the Presbyterian Education Society. But the faith of the directors was strong. The report for 1825, signed by Chas. Coffin, chairman, said: "Enlightened by appropriate instruction in all the doctrines and duties of Christianity, and inspired with these views, it is hoped and believed hundreds will issue from this fountain of science and piety who will spread a benign and salutary influence in the community on the temporal and eternal destinies of millions of

mankind." Six theologues graduated and were licensed in that year.

The struggle for existence during these first few years was a desperate one. It would have disheartened a Faint Heart; but Isaac Anderson was a Great-Heart. He always struggled out on the side away from the City of Destruction. He found the students waiting at his door. What should he do with them? For the first year or two he took the few students there were, into his own house, or made whatever arrangements were feasible for them, even paying their board in private families. In those early years such reports as these were frequent: "Twenty-eight out of thirty-five were supported by charity;" "twenty-eight out of forty had free tuition, and eighteen had free board." In 1827, "out of forty-five students, forty-three had free tuition, and twenty-seven free board." After the first regular year's work, the number of students increased so that other provision had to be made for them.

A BOARDING-HOUSE.

Dr. Anderson, very foolishly in the estimation of the worldly wise, but providently as the outcome showed, purchased a boarding-house in 1823-4, paying $400 for two buildings and one and a half lots, and employed a steward to prepare the food for his charity students. The salary paid was $100 and the board of the steward and family. This was as purely a venture of faith as was any of George Mueller's enterprises. Dr. Anderson had great confidence in God's providence, but very little confidence in his own powers as a beggar among men. He never served as financial agent. Once he told Rev. Thomas Brown, the most successful agent that served the College before the days of Professor Lamar, that he would not have had the faith to raise $6,000 in years. Dr. Robinson says, "He never asked any man for a single dollar." But he certainly did ask for cornmeal and meat for his boys. He and the directors made many appeals for the students in the boarding-house. Of course, some students paid part or all of their modest board bill, but not many did so. Where the $100 and the food for the boarding-house were to come from, he did not know. But the supplies came, sent by the power that winged the ravens to Elijah, and wrought wonders in the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal. But the boys did not fare sumptuously every day. "Sometimes the students are supplied with the necessaries, but rarely with the comforts of life; and sometimes are almost destitute of even the necessaries of life." Some remarkable deliverances came at times. On one occasion Dr. Emmons sent $70 from some charitable "female societies" of Massachusetts; in another year Dr. Alexander McGhee gave 1,886 pounds of pork; different churches sent contributions of food and clothing. The Synod sometimes appropriated the small sums in its treasury to the boarding-house. Occasionally, the boarding-house closed the year in debt. In 1827 the entire debt of the institution was $1,005.12½.

SUNDRY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The contributions made were few enough, but in the course of several years presented a motley list of benefactions to the institution. The following is an unclassified, though verbatim, list of various contributions in the 20's: Vests, socks, a patent plow, clover seed, salt, oven and pot, linen, a cooking-stove from New York, iron castings, jeans, joints and middlings, flour, shirting, hauling, a surtout, shoes, young apple-trees, oats, pantaloons, hauling from Boat Yard, free boarding of students by various Maryville families, cassinette, mixed cloth, linsey, corn, potatoes, cash, pork, bacon, woolen jeans, a box of medicine, paper, saddle, brick work, suspenders, crockery, pillow cases, beef, cornmeal, butter, sugar, coffee, wood, a writing-table, dried fruit—172 bushels of it!—wheat, books, old notes, towels, quilts, blankets, pocket handkerchiefs, slates, shirts, sheets, cravats, flannel shirts, cotton sheets, linen

sheets, collars, fulled cloth, skeins of yarn, skeins of thread, stick twist, strip cloth, one bunch of spice, comfortables, stockings, stocking yarn, bed-tick, bolster and pillows, one underbed, woolen bedtick, black broadcloth, a new marseilles vest, covered buttons, hats, woolen pantaloons, cotton and linen pants, Bibles, chest hinges, window-catches, washing, sewing, a county right to sell a machine for kneading dough, another for cutting hemp, wheat, rye, grass, etc., six fur hats, fourteen shoulders and seven jaws, forty pounds of lard, yarn for jeans (contributed by the women of Baker's Creek and woven by the women of Maryville), and finally a patent mill for tanning leather, "the proceeds of which are to be appropriated for the education of young men of the Constitutional Presbyterian Church, studying for the gospel ministry."

THE COLLEGE FARM.

The boarding-house proved very successful, and seems to have paid for itself the first year. The average cost of board was about two dollars a month. Two years later (1826) an additional aid to self-support was secured in the purchase of the later far-famed College farm, and the introduction of the manual labor feature. The $2,500 the farm cost was paid for in part by the money collected in the agency of Eli N. Sawtell. Those who received help were required to work on the farm a day, or at least half a day, every week. The products of the farm were to help supply the boarding-house. This innovation was successful from the beginning. The work did not interfere with the scholarship of the students, but rather improved it, benefited their health, and still further reduced the expense of living. Among other things, in 1827 the students set out a large orchard. Dr. Anderson announced that for every ten dollars in cash he would board a student for an entire year. An incidental benefit of the farm is gravely referred to by the directors in language that should be read in the light of the fact that Maryville was then a giddy little city of perhaps fifty log houses and about 250 inhabitants: "Being fully persuaded that it would greatly conduce to the prosperity of the Seminary and the comfort of the instructors to have the institution a little removed from the noise and confusion of the town," they had planned ere long to remove the entire institution to the farm. But the two establishments were never merged into one, and the boys continued their studies amid the din and glare of the metropolis of Blount.

HELP AND SELF-HELP.

It is not to be wondered at that the directors insisted that the expenses were lower than at any other school on earth, when we learn that before the boarding-house was established, board was furnished at from twenty-five to thirty dollars a year; and that in the boarding-house it was reduced to about two dollars a month; and that the farm reduced it still further to about fifteen dollars a year, and that after the improvement to the farm had been deducted, it was only about $9.09 a year, or a dollar a month.

For about five years all went well with the self-help arrangement. The students were healthy, industrious, appreciative and reasonably contented, though sometimes on a short bill of fare. What they could not earn or bring from home, Dr. Anderson—and later on the Faculty—gave them or forgave them. Sometimes Dr. Anderson gave the students as much as $600 in tuition and boarding.

THE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Twice Dr. Cornelius, secretary of the Presbyterian Education Society, visited Maryville—there were only a few seminaries to visit in those days—and twice did he and Dr. Anderson decide that it would not be best for the society to give the students any cash help. A later secretary of the same society, however, the Rev. Mr. Owen, visited Maryville in 1831, and declared that he would not

leave until Dr. Anderson had consented to allow the students to become beneficiaries of his society. The offer of forty dollars or more a year was very tempting to the poor boys in their struggles and hard fare, and, very naturally, they sided with the winsome visitor, and some of them became so enthusiastic as to say that, if Dr. Anderson did not yield the point, they would go to some institution where they could receive the proffered aid. Finally Dr. Anderson yielded the point. When the students found themselves in possession of a goodly amount of cash, they lost their love for the farm with its work, and for the boarding-house with its uncertain fare, and preferred to keep bachelor's hall or to board in private families. Thus the hitherto prosperous manual labor farm and the boarding-house lost their prestige and popularity, and finally their very existence.

THE NEW ERA.

At first, however, these results did not all appear, and it seemed as if a new era had dawned upon the Seminary. In 1832 it was announced that one day's work a week, together with $7.50, would pay a year's board bill. The general announcement was also made, on the authority of the Presbyterian Education Society, that no one who had read languages from three to six months need turn away from the institution for the lack of funds. The new order of things was not so picturesque nor so heroic, but it was a deal more comfortable. All that was needed to the continued prosperity of the Seminary was that the barrel should never give out. In 1834 non-professors of religion were for the first time admitted to the boarding-hall, and the rate of sixteen dollars, or eight dollars if they did manual labor, was fixed as the charge for each term. In 1836 the manual labor feature was definitely abandoned, and the old boarding department went with it. A modified boarding-house was, however, established, where board could be obtained, at first for "sixteen dollars" a session, and later at "twenty dollars" a session.

A TRAGEDY.

All went well for awhile longer, but in 1839 a tragedy occurred—the barrel gave out! There arose a man that knew not "Isaac." His name was Rev. B. Labaree, the newly appointed secretary of the Presbyterian Education Society. The new secretary made the conditions so galling to self-respecting men that the relations between the Seminary and the society came to an abrupt termination, and the numerous young theologues were dumped out of their comfortable pensions into penniless want.

The coming of the Education Society had terminated the days of the farm, the boarding-house, and, to some extent, self-reliance; the desertion of the Education Society at the end of ten years—in 1839—practically terminated for all time the theological department of the institution. Of course, there was a struggle, but it availed only to postpone somewhat the evil day. Dr. Anderson was deeply indignant and distressed, but there was no escaping the trouble. "Shall we be courted to the bosom of a benevolent society, and then divorced without crime, or any change on our part, except that we were growing in facilities for imparting instruction?"

VIRTUAL DEATH OF THE THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

The loss of the sinews of war nearly ended the war. A Tennessee Education Society, with Professor Craig as treasurer, was organized to supply so far as possible the loss sustained, but the appeals of Synod in its behalf were almost in vain. Students had to be turned away for lack of funds, and the theological department practically collapsed. Some went to other seminaries for their theological training. The death of the Seminary may be said to have occurred in 1842, which also happens to synchronize with the date when the charter of "Maryville College," as it was now first called, was at last secured. Never after 1842, except in 1848, 1849 and 1850—when there were four, ten and ten

respectively—were there more than two theological students, and in 1856 and 1857 there were none. The class educated from 1848 to 1850 was supported by special collections. With the exception of the three years mentioned, the Seminary practically closed its service in 1842, twenty-three years after its constitution was adopted, and just twenty years from the inauguration of Dr. Anderson.

"MARYVILLE COLLEGE."

From the time of the charter onward the institution has been called MARYVILLE COLLEGE. From that date the College could extend comparatively little financial help to the students, and most of the students paid their own way. The attendance gradually diminished until in 1856 it reached forty-six, the low-water mark from 1828 to 1861. During the latter part of the period, a number of the students came from States farther south, but at no time between 1850 and 1861 did the entire enrollment exceed sixty-six. A letter in the Atlanta *Constitution* of Apr. 23, 1886, gives the names of twenty-three citizens of De Kalb County, Ga., who had received the whole or a part of their education at Maryville. Among them were three physicians, four ministers, two judges, and such men as Maj. Campbell Wallace, Col. Alexander M. Wallace, S. M. Inman and S. B. Hoyt.

SUPPLIES FOR THE TEACHING FORCE.

Now let us notice the attempts to solve the problem of providing supplies for the teaching force. At first the unique spectacle was presented of a man of Pauline spirit teaching for no return, but, the rather, laboring with his own hands to supply the needs of the students under his care. Dr. Anderson did not receive any regular salary at all until in 1830. In 1826, $100, from funds collected for the Seminary, was appropriated to Dr. Anderson as an acknowledgment of what they termed his "disinterested devotedness" to the interests of the institution. In 1830 it was ordered that the interest of the professorship funds should be paid to Dr. Anderson. From that source in 1834 he received $338, and in 1840, the maximum amount of $596. Even the larger amount was, as the trustees expressed it, "small remuneration for his arduous labors in the institution."

AGENTS.

The directors employed many agents to canvass for funds in aid of the institution. Some of them did not collect enough to pay their expenses and salary. Indeed, the only especially successful agents were Rev. E. N. Sawtell and Rev. Thomas Brown.

TWO PROFESSORSHIPS.

There were only two even partial endowments of professorships in ante-bellum times; the one that of the chair of Didactic Theology, and the other that of Sacred Literature. Rev. Thomas Brown was instrumental in securing almost the whole of both these endowments.

In the annual report made in October, 1829, these glad words were punctuated with an exclamation point: "A subscription has been obtained for founding the first professorship, of $10,686!" The subscription-list, containing the names of almost all the old Presbyterian families of Union Presbytery, is printed in full in the *Calvinistic Magazine*. But it was hard to collect the fund, as may be guessed when in the Board's letter to Dr. Thomas Anderson, their agent in 1853, they say that only $200 of the entire amount subscribed had yet been collected. The total fund in 1834 was $3,237; in 1837, $4,978; in 1838, $5,618. But in the course of the years the greater part of the subscription was collected, and other funds were added to it, until in 1858 the entire fund amounted to about $7,000. Professor Lamar states in a manuscript sketch of the College that $8,000 of the $10,000 was collected, and that a part of the amount was appropriated to the purchase of the farm for the Seminary.

In 1843, really in the dying days of the theological department, a resolution was adopted by Synod providing for the raising of $15,000 to establish a professorship of Sacred Literature, the payments to be made in annual installments during a period of five years. The qualifications of the professor to be chosen were also specified in the original resolutions relative to the attempt to secure the endowment. "The professor to fill the chair of Sacred Literature shall be a man who has received the highest advantages of education offered in the United States." The fact that the charter did not give the Synod the power to elect the directors, hindered the securing of subscriptions. But when, in 1845, the amendment was secured, the canvass was vigorously pushed by Rev. Thomas Brown, and on Oct. 10, 1846, he reported $15,185 as subscribed. It was voted in 1846 that the professorship should be located at Maryville for eight years, and at a meeting held Feb. 3, 1847, the Board of Directors accepted the conditions. In 1856, "that it might be permanent," the professorship was located at Maryville for ten years more. What was saved of the fund after the war, Synod, in 1870, merged into the endowment of Maryville College.

The collection of the amount subscribed was very difficult, but in 1858 the professorship amounted to about $9,500. The funds, when once received, were carefully administered. Up to 1855 only thirty-eight dollars of the endowment of the chair of Didactic Theology, and none of the Sacred Literature Fund, had been lost.

Besides these two regular endowment funds, there was contributed for about ten successive years, 1833-1843, to the support of Rev. Fielding Pope and others, what was called the "Temporary Professorship Fund." The contributors and amounts contributed were usually as follows: Samuel Rhea, $60; Rev. James King, $30; D. M. Shields & Co., $10; Rev. Fred A. Ross, $60; W. S. McEwen, $30; total, $190.

TUITION.

The income from tuition was very small in the early years, and, indeed, in the very nature of the case, was never large. In the early days it was largely remitted in the case of the theological students. However, it early came to be an important element of the financial support of the school. In 1835 the directors say, "The professors are almost exclusively dependent upon the tuition fees for their support." And yet as late as 1848 only $455 in tuition fees was collected. In 1850 the receipts from tuition fell so low that Professor Pope had to resign his position for lack of support.

BUILDINGS.

The ante-bellum buildings were few and modest. Dr. Anderson's residence was really the first Seminary building. The little brown house on Main Street, situated near his residence, was, in name, the first Seminary. Two houses made the home of the first boarding-house. The farm that was purchased boasted a log structure upon it.

In 1829 arrangements were made for the erection of a new building, 45 x 26 feet, two stories high, so that there might be separate buildings for the theological students and the literary students, as they were then called. Four years later (1833) the building was finished ready for use except the putting up of a chimney, and the citizens had subscribed sixty dollars towards the chimney. There was paid out on the building, that year, the sum of $623. Two years later still (1835), the directors reported that they were then finishing the building. It evidently was capable of taking on a good deal of finish. Very humble indeed was the home of the Southern and Western Theological Seminary.

THE WORK DONE.

One man is not so impressive a sight as are twenty, but one man in twenty years may accomplish what twenty men could do in one year, or even more than they. A modest school may not attract much public attention or applause, but in the course of the years

it may effect more than do some more ambitious schools of fewer years. With the facilities at command, and with the hindrances to be met, surely the old Southern and Western Theological Seminary did as worthy service as any institution has ever rendered. "Dr. Anderson lived to educate 120 young men for the ministry," says Professor Lamar. In 1840 the majority of the membership of all the presbyteries of the Synod of Tennessee was said to be made up of graduates of Maryville; and but for the instruction of the Seminary, East Tennessee would have no Synod. The graduates were also scattered all over the South and the West. At the same time, the institution, in spite of its name and fundamental purpose, educated many young men for law, medicine and other pursuits. What education Gov. Sam Houston had, he secured under Dr. Anderson. In the preamble of the charter (1842) it is stated that the institution had sent forth "several hundred alumni, many of whom are now the ornaments of the different learned professions, and some of them members of the National and State Legislatures."

CONCLUSION.

God never forgets faithfulness. He builds an everlasting monument to it. In New Providence Cemetery sleep the honored Anderson and Hoyt of the earlier days, while in the College woods rest the honored Lamar and Bartlett and Crawford of the later days. All of these professors, except Mr. Hoyt, have their monument of stone with which friends have marked their resting-place. But crowning yonder hill is an institution that is an enduring and sublime monument that God has reared to their faithfulness, and to the faithfulness of their colleagues. The endowment itself that sustains the school, and the buildings that shelter it—not merely Anderson Hall, the Lamar Library and Bartlett Hall that bear the names of some of them, but Memorial Hall and Baldwin Hall and all the structures, whatever names they bear—declare that God is not unmindful of their labor of love, and that he has ordained it that their works shall follow them. No college is made in a day; and richly endowed indeed is that institution that has behind its present and future eighty full years of unsullied record of accomplished service for God and man! Encouraged by that past and by the benedictions of our God, we lift hopeful faces toward the future. The grave responsibilities of life seem to be rendered even more weighty and sobering when they are passed on to us by men who bore those responsibilities so nobly that they pleased the King in his glory.

IN MEMORIAM.

Wednesday, October 23, was a sad day at the College. All work was suspended. The flag on the tower was dropped back at half-mast. Not a bell was heard. The Hill was in mourning; the College was showing respect to the memory of Dr. Bartlett, who through so many years was intimately connected with the College. The death of this good man brought sorrow into the joy of the inaugural of the new president. As Rev. Samuel Tyndale Wilson, D. D., was being inducted into his office as the fifth president of the Maryville College, Rev. Peter Mason Bartlett, D. D., LL. D., the third president, was entering into a service vastly higher.

The funeral services were held in New Providence Church Wednesday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock. At 2 o'clock the students formed in column at Anderson Hall, and marched to the church, where the entire east side was reserved for them. The services were conducted by Dr. McCulloch, pastor of the church of which he was an attendant for so many years; Rev. J. G. Newman, a student and graduate of the College during the presidency of Dr. Bartlett and now a professor; and Rev. L. B. Tedford, of Panhala, India, a graduate also under the same administration. They were assisted by Rev.

J. J. Robinette, pastor of the M. E. Church North at Maryville, and Presiding Elder Ruble, of the same denomination, both old and valued friends of the deceased. These all spoke of his stalwart Christian character and virtues, his learning, his mighty influence and the service he rendered to Maryville College, which must ever remain his most enduring memorial; but none referred so touchingly as did Professor Newman to his tenderness, his sympathetic nature, the consolation he was wont to give to those in affliction and bereavement, the kindness to all to whom he could do good, and his love for young people, especially children. All must remember the interest he took in the spiritual welfare of the students. He was always present at the College revivals and worked with his fellow ministers in bringing the gospel to the unsaved.

Dr. Bartlett loved flowers, and in death as in life he was surrounded by them. The students and teachers of the College sent a beautiful floral piece as a tribute of respect to their late ex-president.

According to his request, he was laid to rest in the College cemetery, near to the graves of his associates, Professor Bartlett—his brother—Professor Lamar and Professor Crawford. It was sunset when the concourse of sorrowing friends turned from the little plot of sacred ground down by the old woods, and the brilliant hues of the sky seemed to speak of the beauties of the city beyond, now the home of our old friend.

The Synod of Tennessee, which was in session at Dandridge, telegraphed its message of sympathy and condolence.

The Senior Class met Thursday, October 24, and passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, Almighty God hath called his servant, Rev. Peter Mason Bartlett, D. D., and hath taken him unto himself after a life of usefulness, in fullness of years, "as a shock of corn fully ripe cometh to his season;" and

Whereas, The Rev. Peter Mason Bartlett, D. D., was for many years president of Maryville College, and to him more than any other man, as a result of his wise solution of the difficult problems presented at the reopening of the College at the close of the war, is due her material prosperity and her prestige among educational institutions of the South; and

Whereas, He, by his philanthropy during the years of his presidency, assisted so many needy young men and women in their struggles for an education; and

Whereas, We all loved him for his friendship, in addition to his valuable service to our *alma mater*, which were to him labors of love;

Therefore, Be it resolved by the Senior Class of Maryville College that we thus express our sincere sympathy for the bereaved family, with the prayer that the consolation which was so often given by our deceased friend may now be with those to whom this affliction has come.

Be it resolved, that these resolutions become a part of the records of the Senior Class, and

Be it further resolved, that these resolutions be published in the College Monthly, the Maryville *Times*, and that a copy be sent the bereaved family.

Joe S. Caldwell,
Frederic Lee Webb,
Helen Ervin,
Mame Stebbins,
Arthur Holtsinger.

The words spoken by Prof. John Grant Newman, '87, at the last service, so voice the tribute of respect that all Dr. Bartlett's friends have expressed, that we print it entire:

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

The peaceful end has come. Nature has punctured this earthly life with a period. The lips, which have trembled in sympathy with other burdened souls, are this day closed in silence. The voice, accustomed to speaking comfort to others, has become mute. The heart which always beat in ready response to the joys or sorrows of other hearts, doubling their good and sharing their evil, is at last senseless to joy or pain or sorrow or suffering. The soul which lived in this once strong house, so well built and so perfectly

cared for; the soul which looked out upon humanity and upon all the works of God with such peculiar strength, and which delighted always in His glory; the soul which dwelt here among us for more than eighty years, has left its house of day and has gone to those mansions which are eternal in the heavens. Dr. Peter Mason Bartlett has "fallen on sleep."

What a beautiful Scripture that is! "He fell on sleep." The death of a righteous man is a peaceful sinking to rest. It is an exit from the earthly home and an entrance into the heavenly; and this exit is made as easily, as gracefully, as peacefully as is the departure of a child to its cot at nightfall, when it, with lips fresh from prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," has kissed its fond parents an affectionate good night. The child is gone to sleep. From such a home secure as this, God would instruct us. From such living poetry the Almighty would inspire and encourage us. To the great Father, whose hands are ever spread in gentle benediction over his children's heads, this silence, this end of life which we call death, is only a peaceful sleep. He tells us so. And our friend, Dr. Bartlett, has only fallen on sleep. The time of awakening with refreshed powers, the coming forth to new glories, will be on the morrow. For as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. With this hope, dear friends, comfort your hearts.

As a specimen of physical manhood, Dr. Bartlett was as nearly perfect as any one I ever knew. His frame was as strong as iron, his muscles like steel. Not one in a thousand of the born sons of men live as long as did he, and not one in five hundred of those who are so abundantly blessed with number of years, come to the end of life so vigorous, so strong, so nearly perfect in every part of the physical, as was he. As was his body, so was his mind. He was always a man of strong intellectual powers, and these he retained in a wonderful manner up to the last.

There are many characteristics of this man which are worthy of our attention and emulation. I wish to mention but three.

His deep interest in the culture and moral development of the youth of this section of country, is one of these characteristics. Many a young man, many a young woman, in eastern Tennessee has felt the influence of Dr. Bartlett's friendly words of advice and kindly encouragement. This interest was felt not only while he was president of that college on the hill yonder—the position he occupied there gave this characteristic scope, and may have intensified it—but the interest he felt for the young people was not an assumed interest; it was heart-deep and life-long. The sun to-day will hardly set on men and women who have felt this power of Dr. Bartlett's. Those friends of his live all over this and other lands, who would gladly be here to-day to speak a kindly word or to let fall a silent tear as a loving tribute to the memory of him to whom they owe so much. The news of his decease will bring sadness to many a heart. Many men and women have been led into intellectual pursuits and into true wisdom's ways by that strong hand now motionless upon that quiet breast. He has actually gone out into the highways, and has compelled the youth of this land to come into a better and nobler manhood and womanhood.

Another trait which others might pass lightly by, but which always appealed to me, was his tender regard for children. What parent whose children have come into close contact with this form now lifeless, has not noticed this tenderness? Always young in heart himself, he dearly loved the sweet buds of humanity. That such an affection was his by nature, no one who knew him will deny. That genial smile with which he greeted the children, his gentle caresses, his loving words, were as truly characteristic of him as was his strong body. And scores of persons here present will remember that that love for the little spotless ones of our homes has often and again been shown, not only by touches of affection toward the children themselves, but that it has found expression before the throne of grace in that line so often incorporated into his public and private prayers: "God bless the dear children, and bring them into thy fold."

Then, too, when we who have come here to-day to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of this departed friend, have ourselves been passing through the bitterest afflictions of our lives; though others have at such times been tender with us, yet none have

ever surpassed, in expressions of sympathy and love, the tenderness he showed. Maryville and the church have lost in him a friend whose sympathy in sorrow and suffering has not been surpassed in our community. I, as one who has been stimulated by his example and words of encouragement to try to make a stronger and better life; as one who has felt his kindness of heart to my own dear children; as one who has felt his deep sympathy at a time when the clouds were hanging low and the darkness was dense; I, who have tested these qualities of Dr. Bartlett, and know what he has been to me in these ways, bless God for the good which has come to me through his servant. We cherish his memory; we believe his spirit has gone back to God who gave it; we tenderly lay his body to rest. *"Requiescat in pace."*

THETA EPSILON ENTERTAINMENT.

The annual entertainment of the Theta Epsilon Literary Society was held in the chapel of the College, Friday evening, December 13. The young ladies of the society, and their friends, worked faithfully in the afternoon, and had the auditorium very artistically decorated with holly and flowers and the society colors.

Mrs. A. F. Gilman was the presiding officer, and just at eight o'clock she asked the audience to rise, and Prof. J. W. Ritchie gave the invocation. The subject of the program was, "Old Days in Tennessee," and it was a program of which both the Thetas and their Tennessee audience may well be proud.

The literary program was divided into seven parts: "Eloquent Days"—Indian Days, Frontier Days, Patriotic Days, Loving Days, Mountain Days and School Days. Under "Eloquent Days" were two recitations —"Landon C. Haynes' Tribute," by Miss Ella Hybarger; and "On the Banks of the Tennessee," by Lulu Goddard. Under "Indian Days" was a selection, "Aborigines," by Miss Nancy Milsaps. Miss Anna Magill spoke of the "Frontier Days" in an oration, "A Tennessee Hero." Miss Anna's hero was the bold frontiersman, David Crockett. Miss Grace Gamble's declamation, "The Battle of King's Mountain," represented the patriotic days of the Revolution. Under "Loving Days" Miss Johnnie McReynolds recited "Major Jones' Courtship." One of the best numbers on the program came under "Mountain Days" and was an oration by Miss Ada Hammontree. The last number of the literary program was "The Old-time School," by Miss Grace Badgett.

While the literary program was well received, the unusual numbers were even more popular. This part of the program consisted of instrumental and vocal solos, and selections by the Theta Epsilon Quartette. The first musical number was a piano solo by Miss Carrie Bittle, and the next a selection by the quartette. The quartette singers were Misses Magill, Yates, Howard and Goddard, and during the evening they received several enthusiastic encores. Miss Yates' vocal solo was well received. Miss Cora Howard sang a solo and was heartily encored. The second number of instrumental music was a violin solo by Miss Anna Goddard. Miss Goddard was called back for a second selection. The last of the program was a selection by the quartette. The benediction was pronounced by President Wilson.

This society, though the youngest society in the College, has had the honor for several years of presenting some of the most superior entertainments ever given in the College. The entertainment this year has elicited for the participants the applause and congratulations of their competitors.

FREDERICK H. HOPE received, during the closing days of College, the sad intelligence of the death of his brother Chester at his home in Flat Rock, Ill. The young man was a good Christian young man, so our fellow student sorrows not as they "which have no hope." The sympathies of the student body are with him in his affliction.

ryvil College Monthly.

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1902. No. 3.

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Maryville, Tenn.

Entered at Maryville, Tenn., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

An Important Mission.

President Wilson expects to leave Maryville about the middle of January, and spend two months in traveling in the interest of the College. This trip is taken in accordance with the resolution passed by the Board of Trustees at the May meeting. The expenses and wants of the College are growing more rapidly than its income, but by a systematic campaign, carried on every year by the president, it is hoped that some of the most pressing needs may be supplied. The president will have the best wishes of the students and teachers as he goes out upon this important mission.

The Maryville Type.

There are two general types of mind: the one creative, the other receptive. These two are frequently combined in the same individual, but every teacher who has turned a class from purely receptive to purely constructive work, has been amazed at the utter helplessness of some of his most intelligent students, while others, who have been considered dullards and drones, produce results that are no less astonishing. It is not that the receptive student is illogical. He can draw correct conclusions from given facts. But he lacks the mental inquisitiveness that gives him the stimulus and power to discover facts for himself.

The mental aspect of the individual is largely natural. Some minds trend so strongly to the receptive or to the creative that it is impossible to alter their character. But many well-balanced minds are sufficiently plastic to be influenced very markedly by their environments, and this capability of responding to influences gives rise to the different college and university types. The great difference in these types, from the intellectual standpoint, is in the mental viewpoint and not in the knowledge that has been acquired; in the manner of attacking problems and not in already gathered data concerning these problems.

From a similarity of atmosphere and environment, many institutions must produce the same type. Also, every curriculum trains a student to a certain degree in both absorption and construction, so that types are not as distinct as many suppose. Yet we believe a study of Maryville students and alumni will show that Maryville College produces the absorptive, rather than the constructive, type. We believe this is also true of other small schools, to a greater extent than it is of the larger schools. Curricula are necessarily more fixed in smaller colleges. Library and laboratory equipments are limited, and subjects are selected which can best be taught without these, which gives more rigidity and definiteness. Text-books are more closely followed, and this, again, is conducive of inflexibility. Above all, each student covers a wider range of subjects in the smaller schools, and this precludes the possibility of anything but elementary work. The higher regions of any subject are the regions of uncertainty and doubt, and this the student never reaches. Mooted questions which do arise, can not be investigated for lack of time, and the student accepts the views of his author or his teacher. In reference to this, one of the most successful of our modern text-book au-

thors says: "Our modern education must rise above fourteen-week courses. A young mind is naturally inquiring, the power of observation is good, and the reasoning faculties very acute, but in need of systematic training. But the custom of reciting a text, often blindly learned and quickly forgotten, instead of developing these faculties, so blunts them that most students, by the time they have reached college, are no longer good observers with inquiring minds and good reasoning powers. Their aim in education is absorption of knowledge, not training of faculties. This, I believe, *is the most fundamentally important error in our educational methods.*"

To give more training in constructive work, one small college requires each student to produce an original thesis during his Senior year, as a substitute for some course of study. These theses must be crude, for they are first efforts, but they compel each student to think once for himself, and they give him a glimpse of the vigor and independence of intellect necessary to meet unknown problems, and of those qualities with which the self-taught man so often outstrips his college brother. In addition to this, the development of the local resources of history, politics, sociology, biology and geology would be a real contribution to the world's knowledge.

The trend of modern education seems to be away from the receptive. This is probably because our education has been specialized in that direction. Maryville is moving in the line of progress, but the above plan seems to present an additional opportunity for reaching the desired end.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

Prof. "Bob" Walker purchased a kodak as a Xmas gift for—himself.

Mr. C. N. Magill, '99, was a chapel visitor several times during the past month.

Rev. Charles Marston has been secured to teach classes in English Literature and take charge of the Library during the rest of the College year.

Mr. J. H. Newman, '96, will teach the classes which formerly recited to Mr. Walker.

Miss Mary Sharp carries the honor of being the champion lady tennis-player of the Hill.

The New Year's prayer-meeting was held in the chapel from 8:30 to 9:30 A. M., and was well attended.

A reception for the students was given by the Faculty and teachers on Friday afternoon at Bartlett Hall.

Miss Andrews has resigned her position as teacher of Modern Languages, and Miss Henrietta Lord will take her classes.

A Physical Director from Butler, Pa., has been secured for the gymnasium, and he will enter upon his duties this month.

A very pleasant party was given on New Year's eve by Dr. Wilson and his wife to the Faculty and teachers of the College.

The Bainonian Society gave their mid-winter entertainment on December 7, and the large audience enjoyed the "Scotch" evening.

The Sophomore Class wish to thank Dr. and Mrs. Wilson for the pleasant party they gave us at their home one evening last term.

There were eleven members of the Sophomore Class last term, and we expect the spring term to add a few names to the list of "Wise Fools."

C. H. Gillingham spent the "hollydays" at his home in Philadelphia, Pa. Before leaving he gave his friends a spread at his room in Memorial.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Amanda Andrews and Prof. Robert Walker was made at the close of the term. All extend hearty congratulations.

The farewell social was given the last Thursday night of the term, in Bartlett Hall. A large attendance of students and friends

of the College made the occasion one of the most pleasant receptions of the term.

B. H. Barnard, of Barnardsville, one of last year's fellows, spent a few days in Maryville and vicinity holiday week. Mr. Barnard has been teaching the past fall.

Dr. Barnes is another professor who has recently opened his home as well as his heart to his classes. The Psychology students were the recipients of a very enjoyable party a few evenings ago, at the Doctor's beautiful home on Indiana Avenue.

Prof. E. B. Waller entertained his class in Conic Sections at his home on the Hill, Thursday night before examinations. The evening was most delightfully spent, and at the close, dainty refreshments were served. The professor is a royal entertainer, and the thanks of the class are his.

The Alpha Sigmas trebled their membership last term, and paid off the society debt. This term the society meetings will be held in the society hall every Friday evening at 6:30. All new students are cordially invited to visit our meeting. President, F. E. Laughead; Vice-President, T. G. Brown; Corresponding Secretary, A. A. Penland; Recording Secretary, L. E. Foster; Censors, Hope, Caldwell and Holtsinger.

Rev. Krikor Hagop Basmajian, a native Armenian, lectured to an appreciative audience in the College chapel Monday night, December 9. His subject was "Constantinople, Turkey and Armenia." The gentleman exhibited several Armenian and Turkish costumes and explained many of the customs of Orientals. His instrumental music was especially good, and he also sang some Greek, Turkish and Armenian songs.

A recent Tuesday evening prayer-meeting was on the subject, "Sky Pilots of the Northwest." The meeting was under the direction of the Student Volunteer Band, and was led by Frederic Lee Webb, '02. The topics presented were as follows: "Sky Pilot; or, Work Among the Ranchmen," by the leader; "Phases of Alaskan Work," Miss Noble; "James Evan, Apostle of the North," Miss Andrews; "Black Rock; or, Work in the Camps," Joe. S. Caldwell, '02. The meeting was interesting and profitable.

Professors Ritchie and Walker have received appointments as teachers in the Philippine service. They had filed their applications with the Commission just before Commencement last spring, and, having received no previous communication from the Commission, their appointment came rather as a surprise both to them and the College management. The teachers and students will be very sorry indeed to lose two popular and efficient members of the teaching force, but wish them the best success in their work. Their sailing orders assign them to U. S. transports leaving San Francisco, February 1.

FALL TERM CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Joe Caldwell arrives on the Hill early, and goes out to the Smoky Mountains.

3. Bassett puts the Registrar's joint in shape, and prepares to meet the invading army.

4. The wheels begin to turn.

5. Pickle and McCaslin arrive.

6. The receptions at Baldwin and Bartlett. Tom Brown and Professor Waller make the speeches of their lives.

9. Baldwin begins to look more cheerful and homelike. After all, there are no girls like "our'n."

13. In the afternoon, Prexy's reception! Ice-cream and "things!" In the evening, the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. function. Pickle sees visions. Later, a spread at Killwell's from the fragments of the afternoon affair.

14. Pickle posts a notice: "I, Ego Boanerges Pickle, do hereby declare to College Hill, especially Baldwin Hall, that, so far

as I know my own mind, I am a Lady's Man. So help me, Major Ben."

16. The "horse" went up. Pickle is seen musing over this endorsement to his thesis: "ICURAMCJ."

20. The Village Improvement Society, in order to shrink and season some new and very green material, takes Beecher, Seraffi, Griffiths and Curtis out after watermelons. See Appendix A.

21. The Improvement Society holds a spread—mostly watermelons—at Schell's joint.

22. The green timber is considered to be somewhat shrunken. Te laudamus John Crawford and Creed Wilson.

28. Dickie goes in for Senior girls, also begins to perpetrate blank verse gems.

OCTOBER.

4. Gillingham arrives from Pennsy with a dress-suit case.

12. Junior party at Crawford's. Graw initiates Gillingham's spike-tail—so also do the Chi Lambdas.

14. Schell's whiskers growing abnormally.

parochial squirt-gun. Whiskers quit the business.

19. Baldwin Hall girls go to Look Rock.

15. Caldwell sprays the whiskers with the Ditto Memorial boys. Prexy said: "Now, boys, live upright lives and keep out of Faculty meetings."—!!!!!! —— —— ——!!!

22. Hope comes in from Illinois, bringing in a barrel of apples. F. H. is surprised at the number of his friends.

28. Hope waits each day now by Professor Gill's door for—the elevator.

30. Baldwin girls meet to decide whether Griffiths is an infant industry that should be fostered by protection or suppressed by taxation. Decided 4-1 for the latter.

31. Hallowe'en. Birthday party—stag—for Caldwell by the Sut Lovingood Club at the clubrooms in Bartlett Hall.

NOVEMBER.

1. Foster enjoys the fruits—and flowers—of a broken leg, and expresses thanks to the Baldwin girls.

2. Baldwin Reception—most delightful thing of the season. "Guanty" Rankin Newman and Miss Ethel have "such a lovely time" with some taffy. See Appendix B.

APPENDIX A.

Regarding Beecher, Seraffi, et al., and their watermelon deal.

APPENDIX B.

On the subject of Newman's taffy.

4. Mass-meeting of the football team to re-form and also resuscitate lost members.

8. "The young ladies must be getting tired of going out to watch the fellows play tennis."

9. Baldwin decides that she isn't "so weary."

15. College spirit and big bonfires.

19. The great M. C. vs. K. H. S. football game. Knoxville arrives without a brass band, but with a mascot. Baldwin girls with tin horns "queer" the latter. Kelly's boys fix the line up.

20. Armstrong decides that he will—in future—leave his dog home on Bible mornings.

22. Sophs entertained by Prexy. A good time, so they say. Chi Lambda decided that the Sophs are moral, so they were not given a dispensation.

28. Thanksgiving—moonshine *ad lib.*

29. Walker, Ritchie and Webb play "co-ed golf."

30. Caldwell (Killwell) goes to the C. E. Convention, and takes ill.

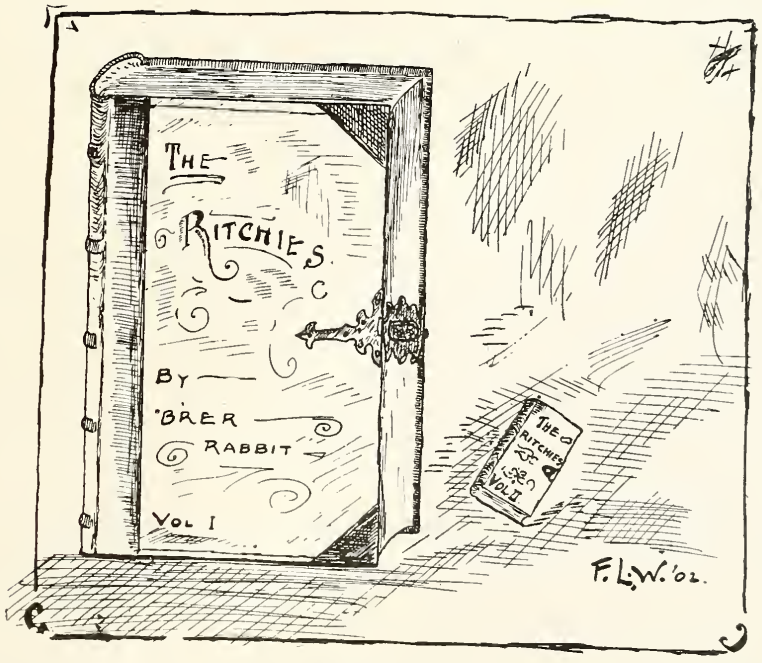
31. Caldwell, much improved, returns home.

DECEMBER.

6. Bainonians entertain. Sasaki insists on showing Miss Kingsbury a good time. Ritchie gets an "Andrews" brassie for a birthday present.

9. Ah, ha, McCaslin! You will steal moonshine, will you?

APPENDIX C.
Descriptive of Prof. Walker's Philippine School.



APPENDIX D.
Advertising the latest work on the Philippines.

13. Theta girls have their annual moral show. Griff says that he'll "stag it."

14. Professors Ritchie and Walker get Philippine appointments as schoolteachers, at $1,200 per annum.

16. Professor Walker sees a vision of his school in the far-off isle—"where every prospect pleases and only man is vile" (see Appendix C), and hears himself as he gives English instruction:

"Here, you black chunk of midnight—this is a club."

——?——?——

"Yes, club, driver, golf club."

——!——!——

"Club, 'Andrews' club."

——?——?——

"That's right—'Andrews' club, and don't you forget it.

19. Farewell reception. Professor Walker spends evening at Baldwin. Schell goes to "Florida," believing with Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit that "Andrews" is a good name to conjure with.

20. Professor Ritchie gets all kinds of sailing orders for Manila, and buys *two* trunks. Also announces the latest work on the Philippines—"The Ritchies," by Brer Rabbit, in two volumes, with clasps, one long quarto, half calf, rough edges; the other, small 32mo, full silk cloth, sumptuous binding, gold edges. (See Appendix D.)

24. And we all hung up our little stockings.

25. Baldwin learns the significance of mistletoe berries. ABE.

THE Ministerial Students' Association of Maryville College has done very satisfactory work this term. The Association holds its regular meeting the last Saturday of each month. The topics discussed were as follows: September 23, "Echoes of Our Summer Work." October 12, "Plans for the Year's Work in the Country Sunday-schools." Rev. Mr. Marston was present, and gave a report of the Sunday-schools and the need of three teachers. October 26, "Methods of Personal Work." Dr. Wilson gave us a very interesting talk, which was appreciated by all the members and visitors. December 14, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" The Association consists of nine members. Several more will be expected next term.

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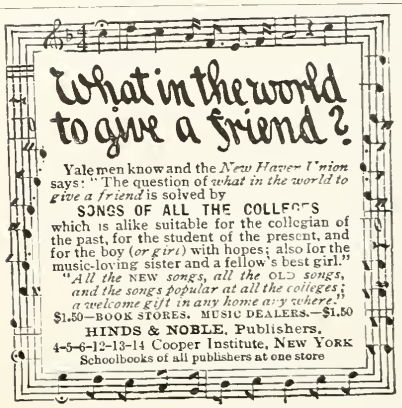
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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. IV. MARYVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 4.

ALL FOR FAME.

I had been Botanical Professor in Yale University seventeen years at the time of the following story.. In the Spring of 1898 the University of Paris conducted a competitive botanical convention, in which the famous botanists of the world were to exhibit their most complete collections of rare and beautiful flowers.

Prof. B. M. Gordonia, of Harvard, and I, of Yale, were the only two American competitors! Packing our collections with extreme care, and sailing from New York on March 13th, we arrived in Paris on the 22nd. The convention was planned to last ten days. Competent judges from famous educational institutions were to decide on the merits of the different collections. The following day was spent in arranging the various collections in the beautiful botanical hall that faced the wonderful Luxemburg Gardens. The following ten days were of great interest and enthusiasm to the fifty or more famous botanists who sailed from the four quarters of the globe. Collections of rare beauty and nicety of arrangement were praised and admired by the judges and privileged nobility of the city. Prof. Gallileo Saraphie, of the University of Athens, presented a magnificent display of pressed flowers and leaves from over twenty different nations. In addition to his pressed specimens, he had preserved in glass jars a most beautiful assortment of flowers and fruits suspended in a liquid clear a crystal, which showed off the natural colors. The judges awarded him second place, although my Yale collection almost ran him a close tie. But the honor of first was destined to belong to a Frenchman, M. Lagens-Malplaquet. Malplaquet had been at the head of the Natural Science department of the University for over forty years. Malplaquet's collection was certainly beautiful, and of great variety and elegance; still, in numbers Gallileo Saraphie's far surpassed his. However, Malplaquet had spent thousands of francs in his travels, wending his way with native guides through the jungles of the Amazon, in search of the Brazilian orchids; down in the heart of Africa, hiring the little forest dwarfs with shining beads to lead him to the haunts of the jungle lily (Rosa Silvarum). He had specimens of this beautiful flower measuring thirteen inches across the corolla. This botanical enthusiast was certainly attaining his heart's desire, of possessing a collection in rarity second to none. His crowning glory, and also the feature that gave him the first rank, was the discovery in a certain remote oasis in the great Sahara Desert of an entirely new family of flowers of rare beauty, and beautiful, wax-like appearance. He had just returned from his African tour, and had named this flower "Miraculum Deserti." Malplaquet had but one specimen of the flower, which was the admiration and wonder of the whole convention. Though in the flower only one color predominated (orange in this one), still the exquisite shading was of a quality never before seen. The beauty of the whole flower was enhanced by each petal in the outer fourth of its length parting into beautifully shaded feathery ribbons, like those of a fine ostrich plume.

On the closing day of the convention, M. Deloufrappet, President of the University of Paris, announced that the faculty would give a prize of 500,000 francs for the finest collection of two hundred rare flowers, all of which were to be preserved in glass jars of crystal alcohol. I was sitting next to Malplaquet at the time and saw his face light up with almost a fierce triumph as he heard Deloufrappet's marvelous offer. He gave an inward chuckle, and, pulling out a small note-book, gazed intently at some

sheets of parchment he had in it. As he had the book open in his hand, Gallileo Saraphie asked him some question. The moment Malplaquet turned his head to answer, a gentle gust of wind caused two of the bits of parchment to flutter down at my feet. Suddenly a strange sense of curiosity took hold of me, and I swiftly stooped and picked the slips up. Glancing hurriedly at one of them ,these words met my eye: "Haunt of the 'Miraculum Deserti,' as reported by Mohammed Ali: Oasis of Insala, Tazile Plateau, 23 degrees and 43 minutes N. Lat., and 8 degrees and 13 minutes E. Long." That was enough. Impelled by some power, I thrust the slips into my coat pocket, just as Malplaquet turned around and returned the book to its former place. Here my Yankee nature surged up within me. Malplaquet's actions during the whole convention had been haughtiness personified; and his long experience and fame caused him to almost sneer at those he thought his inferiors. Now, here I had the exact location of this new wonder, and the greatest variety of this flower would surely win the 500,000 francs the following Spring.

As it would be hard to tell when Malplaquet would start on his journey for Sahara, I made all haste to return my collection to the Yale Museum, and buy my outfit for an immediate start. May 1st found me in the great Mohammedan harbor of Tripoli. My outfit was as complete as money could buy, my heavy glass jars of crystal alcohol having come in perfect condition. Having gone to the American consul's quarters, I laid my plans before him. He told me the Tazile Plateau was one of the wildest places in all Sahara, and the only possible way of reaching it, and returning with a whole skin, was to join one of the large caravans that traveled from Tripoli far into the interior of the Sahara, circling from oasis to oasis almost as far as Timbuktu, and back again by another route. This special class of caravans, he said, make their journeys in search of lion and tiger skins, precious stones and ostrich plumes, all of which bring handsome prices in the European markets.

We both went to the Arabian part of the city owned by the caravan Sheiks, who had their camel stables and granaries in that place. The great desert caravans always started from this point. "The most influential Sheik I know," said the consul, "is old Mohammed Ali. He doubtless stops at the Oasis of Insala, or will do so for a few more gold mohurs. It is wonderful what these Orientals will do for a little glittering gold." To my great delight, Mohamed was to start the next day; but when I mentioned Insala, he shook his head, dubiously, stroking his long white beard. "By the Beard of Mohammed!" he said, "the lion skins of Insala are the finest in Africa. Bismilla! I have known them to sell for eight mohurs apiece to the French traders. But listen, thou blue-eyed trader; the Mahabdur hills about Insala contain bandits as fierce as the very lions they trap. Still, Mohammed Ali has Arabs who can shoot as straight as the rays of the sun, and before whose keen spears even the Insala brigands have fled in days gone by. Listen, O child of a lucky moon," and here the old Sheik's black eyes sparkled at thought of the gold that might be waiting for him. "Listen, O adventurer; Mohammed Ali knows what goal you are seeking." Here the old Sheik gazed upon the loads of the five camels I had hired to bring my outfit to Ali's camp. I saw him cast a keen glance at the immense leathern panniers of four of the camels, which contained the large glass jars. "Ha, ha! You, like the learned Frenchman, are after the rare flowers of Insala? And how did you find out that the Paradise Flower existed? By the Beard of Allah! I thought the white-haired stranger would better keep the secret which seemed his life's treasure. Ah, well. The desert ca not forever hold her secrets. Stranger, give me four hundred gold mohurs, and you shall have five camels, a tent with one of my trustiest Arabs to cook the best food

I can furnish you during the whole journey."

The consul scowled when he heard the price. "Twice too much," he muttered to me, aside, "but you had better accept. Offer him three hundred, and the extra hundred if your journey's end is gained. After some parley, Mohammed Ali consented. "Be it so," he said; "and, further, you shall taste of the hospitality of a true follower of the Prophet."

The next day we started. Ali's caravan numbered two hundred camels, with their drivers, and six score chosen horsemen for protection. Mohammed himself rode his favorite steed, a beautiful white Arabian donkey. The sturdy, long-eared beast had been dedicated to Allah as the finest specimen of its race, and Ali treated it as tenderly as a child. I paid Ali one hundred gold mohurs as evidence of good faith, and carried the rest of my money, five hundred more of the gold pieces, some in a leather belt which I constantly wore, and the rest in a bag which I kept in a grip that was always near me.

Day after day passed, and we gradually neared Insala, where I vowed to outwit the sneering Malplaquet and obtain the assortment of the "Miraculum" which would gain me the great prize.

One day at twilight, after a slight skirmish with some robbers who had attacked us, just as the tents were pitched for the night, on returning to my tent, I noticed my bag of money was gone from my grip. I immediately told the Sheik, who looked very grave. "At day-break, good stranger," he said, "I will do all I can to get your money back. Such a disgrace can never happen in Ali's caravan."

When morning dawned and the time came to start, Ali suddenly summoned all the camel drivers, who numbered about fifty, to come and stand in a ring about the great heap of baggage in the center of the camp. "A great disgrace has come to our caravan. We have in our midst a black-hearted thief. Men, yonder is my tent, and in it, tied to the pole, is Shah Jehan, my revered donkey. He shall pick out the culprit. Now, every man of you in turn go into the tent, pull the donkey's tail, and return to his place. When the thief pulls the donkey's tail, he will bray. Proceed!"

Every man, with troubled face, performed his duty and returned. Then Ali went to the beginning of the line and placed his face into each man's hands. Thirty men were passed, when, as he laid his face into the next man's hands, he suddenly started back, and in most vehement terms accused the man of the theft; whereupo nthe wretch groveled in the dust like a dog, and slinking off, produced the bag of gold from a remote camel saddle.

How had the Sheik done it? Why, that is simple enough. Every innocent man had boldly pulled the donkey's tail, (which was rubbed with a fragrant oil), but the guilty child of the desert, trembling within, dared not pull the donkey's tail in fear that the inevitable bray would condemn him to the lash. So he had simply gone into the tent and come out again. So when Mohammed Ali made his round, and buried his face into a pair of hands which did not have the peculiar smell, he at once safely accused the owner to be the thief.

At last we came to the Oasis of Insala, and, true to his promise, Ali gave me a band of his sturdy armed Arabs to act as guard. Setting out with my five camels loaded with the jars of crystal alcohol, under the guidance of a swarthy resident of the oasis, we set out for the little vale where alone, Johansing, the guide, said, the Paradise Flower bloomed. We were plodding on towards our goal, when I noticed in the sand the unmistakable tracks of a European shoe. I had thought I was the only foreigner within hundreds of miles. "Has any white man been this way of late?" "Yes," said Jhansing, "a white-haired stranger came to Insala just yesterday. He had only one camel, which was loaded with big glass bottles. He rode a white horse, and with him were two Moors of Algiers.

"Thunder!" I exclaimed. "Malplaquet has missed his parchments, and must have started immediately after the convention." Those 500,000 francs glittered in my eyes, and grasping my revolvers, I told the Arabs to hasten on toward the longed-for vale.

On approaching the spot, as minutely described by the precious parchments, I heard shots and fierce growls. Hastening forward and bursting through some thick underbrush, we found ourselves spectators of a desperate conflict between three men and four of those fierce desert lions. But we had arrived too late to be of assistance. Two of the men, whom we recognized as Moorish soldiers, were, though fighting bravely with their rapiers, borne to the ground by three of the savage brutes. The third man, whom I recognized as Malplaquet, was defending himself valiantly against the fourth lion. Again and again did the old man's dagger taste of blood; but just as I was running up to help the Frenchman, the lion, with a determined spring, sank his fangs into the old man's throat.

At that instant, my Arabs came up and dispatched the lions with their spears. On looking around, after all was quiet again, I perceived the fierce conflict had had other spectators, whom I was very happy to meet.

There, peacefully nodding their beautiful heads in the morning zephyrs, and standing in a picturesque group by themselves, were about twenty lovely specimens of the "Miraculum Deserti."

To make a long story short, I will say it was wonderful how these spectators helped me to win the Parisian prize of the following Spring. ARTHUR C. TEDFORD.

CONVOLVULUS.

"I can't imagine what's the matter with the child!" Convolvulus listened. It was Aunt Crete's thin, sweet voice.

"Of course you can't! There isn't anything wrong with her," came in decided tones from Aunt Cordie. "Don't worry about Convolvulus. She's just growing. Give her time to show of what material she's made."

"But, Cordely, she's so discontented. I can't stand seeing her little face all puckered up. What would her father say?"

"Well, I believe the girl is only finding out that she has a conscience. That's what we all have to do some time. But I hate to see her moping around as much as you do, Lucretia Willecks, though, for all you say, you know she's the sweetest little girl in seven counties!"

"Why, Cordelia! Of course she is. If—." Here Aunt Crete's mental processes were interrupted by the smell of burning bread. She ran to the kitchen and jerked her second panful out of the oven.

The subject of these remarks leaned back, thankful that she was out of sight, and drew down her pretty mouth into a still more doleful droop. What was wrong with her? Everything, she told herself. How could she help being miserable when she was so wicked? It would be more wicked to act as if she were satisfied with herself. Tears were very near the surface. But the afternoon sun was very warm, and soon a curly head nestled against one of the veranda's white pillars and its owner was fast asleep.

Perhaps Convolvulus' father might have given some wise counsel, had her aunts not been so unwilling to send him anything except a good report of their charge. Upon her mother's death he had gone West leaving his tiny baby to the kind hearts and hands of his two spinster sisters. Although a busy man, he took time and trouble to write occasionally, sending money, and usually asking for "another picture of my girl." The day his daughter's eyes first blinked at him in the soft light of early sunrise, he called her his pink morning-glory and named her Convolvulus.

The little maid on the south veranda awoke, rubbing her eyes drowsily. She smiled at her sleepy image in the hall mirror as she passed. But when she appeared before Aunt Crete and Aunt Cordie, they

saw a flower face framed in damp ringlets. Convolvulus walked straight to the table where Aunt Cordie sat, sewing.

"Aunt Cordie, what day is to-day?"

"The sixteenth, dear."

"Well, it's almost time to send papa his birthday present, isn't it? And, please, Aunt Cordie, let me pick it out this year, won't you?" asked Convolvulus, her face brightening.

Aunt Cordie looked astonished, but smiling.

"Why, yes, child; this afternoon, if you want to do so. What do you intend to get for him?"

"I don't know yet. I'll look at the things in the store first." She put on her white sun-bonnet.

"Get something dainty, darling," called Aunt Crete.

"Get something useful," said Aunt Cordie.

"I do hope she'll make a good choice," fretted Aunt Crete, taking up her work again.

Aunt Cordie sewed steadily on.

But there were no misgivings an hour later, when Convolvulus walked in and shyly held up a booklet, its pearly white covers strewn with sprays of morning-glory vine in blossom, and tinted in delicate shades of pink and green. On the front cover, in gilt letters, were the words: "Morning-Glories for the Morning Watch."

"I thought this might remind papa of me, and besides, O aunties, let me read you just a little!"

Her selection was merely a sketch of an unselfish life. At the close of a happy girlhood the wife of a young missionary accompanied her husband to his work in the China Inland Mission. Her days had been brimful of gladness. If she was asked the secret of her joyousness, she said, "Jesus does satisfy." But would Jesus continue to satisfy, if happiness were gone? Thrown into the midst of dreadful perils, she lost both husband and baby, yet her beautiful spirit triumphed. The constant refrain that rang through her letters was still: "Jesus does satisfy. Jesus does satisfy."

The reader's voice trembled more than once in the narrative. Yet the final sweet testimony came in tones clear and resonant, if they were girlish—the tones of one who for the first time sees the way plainly and immediately enters upon it.

The aunts looked first at their niece and then at each other. Convolvulus had solved her own difficulties. Or, rather, Christ had met her between printed pages and had revealed himself as the One who alone can satisfy the longing heart and fill the hungry soul with his goodness.

The little book had been glorified in Convolvulus' eyes. Her father's birthday that year was remembered with a gift with which it cost heartache to part, although his daughter hid her grief and gave her new-found treasure as loyally as she would have given him her life.

The message had wrought its work in a pure young heart. Would it affect a hardened, reckless man? One to whom this world's goods were all and in all, save his child? Save his child! Ah! human love often proves an entering wedge for the Spirit in a slumbering conscience.

Convolvulus was anxiously awaiting her father's customary note of thanks. Instead came a telegram:

"Henry Willecks badly hurt. Wants his child."

In that unnally quiet, orderly home was bustle and confusion. The days and nights on the cars passed like in a dream. Aunt Cordie took care of everything. They reached their destination in time for Convolvulus' father to look on her and die.

After her first passionate weeping Convolvulus noticed that her birthday present lay beside him in the bed. It was open at the story of "Jesus does satisfy," and there were traces of tears on the margin.

HELEN M. POST.

Tedford, '01. Gillingham. Goddard. J. H. Alexander. Webb, '02.
Franklin, '05. D. W. Crawford, '03.
Grau, '03. Bassett, '05. Gill, '05. McCaslin, '03.

THE ATHENIAN MIDWINTER ENTERTAINMENT.

The Athenian Society gave its thirty-third annual mid-winter entertainment Friday night, January 24th, in Bartlett Hall. Regardless of the inclemency of the weather, a large audience assembled in the beautifully decorated auditorium and listened attentively to the well-rendered program. The auditorium, with all its decorations, had assumed almost a palatial appearance. An arch, covered with cloth having the society color and garnished with holly, extended across the entire stage, while footlights illuminating the background and the flowers along the front, added much to the attractiveness and beauty of the scene. The room was also very artistically festooned and bordered with red bunting.

About eight o'clock the presiding officer, Professor Waller, announced the beginning of the exercises, and asked the Rev. L. B. Tedford to make the invocation.

The chorus, composed of thirteen of the society members, then rendered the Athenian song. This beautiful song is original, having been written and composed a few years ago by Athenian members. The first speech of the evening was a reading by Mr. E. L. Grau. The title of his selection was "Lasca." The speaker delivered the Texan story in such a real way that an intent listener could almost realize himself as being on the plains of the Southwest.

The next number on the program was an oration by Mr. R. H. McCaslin. His subject was "Admiral Schley." The great Schley-Sampson controversy has doubtlessly awakened the interest of the people to such an extent that they fully appreciated the just and earnest tributes given by Mr. McCaslin to the great hero and victor of Santiago. The A. L. S. Quartette then favored the audience with two select songs.

The evening's subject for discussion was: "Resolved, that the United States should adopt the plan of initiative and referendum." The affirmative was ably upheld by Mr. C. H. Gillingham. He cited the success of its working in Switzerland, and also showed how it would be a potent factor in the abolishment of political rings and other frauds practiced in the government of our country. The negative side of the question was defended by Mr. Bassett,

who at once began to tear down the affirmative arguments. In addition to his refutation, he proved the impracticability of the adoption of the scheme in so thorough a manner that he rightly deserves the appellation of "Little Giant."

Two more selections were then given by the quartette.

The second oration of the evening was made by Mr. D. W. Crawford, on the great sailor, Paul Jones. He showed the constant heroism always manifested by our naval commanders and the fair example for imitation this first hero of our navy was for heroes to come.

Mr. Arthur Tedford gave a reading, "Ben Hur," which was very heartily appreciated by the audience.

Mr. James Goddard then sang a barytone solo. The important part of the program, for which everyone was waiting in expectation, was "The Athenian Annual," edited this year by Mr. Frederick Lee Webb. Mr. Webb exhibited more than ever his wit and humor in this issue. The quartette gave another beautiful selection. The members of the quartette are: Robert Franklin, first tenor; F. W. Gill, second tenor; James Goddard, first bass; Theron Alexander, second bass.

The benediction was pronounced by Dr. McCulloch.

The entertainment was a success in every respect. The Athenian Society has added another successful exhibition of its literary attainments to the long list it has already made in the past thirty-five years.

THE GREEN AND WHITE.

"ALIIS VOLUMUS PROPIUS."

"We aim higher than others" in many things, but when it comes to weather we have to be satisfied with whatever kind happens along.

The Bainonian mid-winter entertainment was given on the night of December 6th, a night unfavorable to any but witches' projects. But circumstance favored the society in a more important matter, namely, the selection of a presiding officer. Mrs. L. B. Tedford, our first president, was prevailed upon to honor the event by accepting the chair.

As the evening's inspiration was to be drawn from Scotch sources, the music (encores of course excepted) was of Caledonia's contribution. Three pupils of Miss Minnis, the Misses Sharpe, Mitchell and McGinley, rendered a very sweet piano trio, a medley of Highland airs. Miss Minnis, herself a Bainonian, executed the instrumental solo entitled "Tam O'Shanter," in a manner in keeping with her high repute.

The Bainonian Quartette, including Miss Minnie McGinley, first soprano; Miss Mary Cox, second soprano; Miss Norma Patton, first alto, and Miss Cora Cort, second alto, permitted us the pleasure of hearing their rendition of "Annie Laurie" and "Blue Bells of Scotland." Of this quartette, only one had been, even for a year previous, a member of Maryville College, or had ever participated in a Bainonian entertainment. Though amateurs, and as such justifiable in choosing simple music, the quartette, sacrificing its own convenience, chose songs in harmony with the theme of the evening.

Miss Lois Alexander and Miss Cora Cort, essayists whose merits had been tested in our weekly meetings, gave new evidence of their powers in excellent papers on "Earlier and Later Scotch Writers."

"Robbie Burns," with his poems like "homespun cloth of gold," was a general favorite. From his writings came "The Cotter's Saturday Night," given by Miss Niccum. Also, hearts were comforted by Miss Nellie Jackson's declaring that "A Man's a Man for a' That."

"The Duel," a tragic selection from Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," was recited with feeling and intensity by Miss Nancy Gardner.

Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls" yielded "The Courting of Thowhead's Bell," which, as spoken by Miss Freddie Goddard, drew forth peals of laughter from the audience.

A very affecting bit of pathos out of "The Stickit Minister," by S. R. Crockett, was given by Miss Nannie Broady.

The efforts of the Misses Norma Patton and Lelia Cooper, of whose talents it is our town's pride to make use on public occasions, added brilliancy to the evening's performance.

But the success of the night was due not only to the skill of the well-known participants, but certainly in as great a degree to the hard work and indisputable ability of some of our younger members, on the mid-winter program for the first time in their lives.

As a fitting close, "Comin' Through the Rye" was sung behind the curtain by Miss Cox and pantomimed in front by five of the most graceful girls of the society, in Greek robes.

And all went home, taking as souvenirs pictures of Scott and Burns, and a last look at the bonnie flag of Scotland, the silver cross of St. Andrew on a patch of azure Scottish sky.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The following brief review indicates the work of the Y. M. C. A., as carried out up to the end of January:

Gymnasium work has taken a definite form and system. F. W. Cleeland, of Butler, Penn., has been secured as physical director, and this department of Association work is under his direction. Regular daily class exercises are in operation, and basket ball teams have been organized.

Several new sources of revenue have been devised. A check-room for wraps, hats, rubbers, etc., has proved a successful experiment during the college socials, which are now held in Bartlett Hall. The large attendance at these socials and the consequent inconveniences in disposing of wraps have made this check-room a necessity. The receipts are placed in the Y. M. C. A. treasury, and the Association appreciates the support which its friends have given this system by their patronage.

Application has been made by the literary societies for the use of the auditorium in giving their entertainments. This has been granted, and 10 per cent. of the gross receipts are to be paid to the Y. M. C. A. for the use of the building.

The interest in Bible Study has been kept up throughout the year. A beginning class in "The Harmony of the Gospels" has been organized for the benefit of those who have entered school the second term. Four classes are now at work, with a total enrollment of forty-five.

The Sunday afternoon devotional meetings have been profitable and well attended. A prayer circle, in which a number were deeply interested, was organized, and held short services every night for several weeks at the beginning of the term.

The usual campaign committee looked after the new students, and a reception was given to them in Bartlett Hall. The revised roll shows 47 active and 8 associate members of the Association.

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors the building committee of Bartlett Hall made its final report, which is as follows:

The receipt of fifteen hundred dollars in the early part of the year, from Mrs. Nettie McCormick, of Chicago, enabled your committee to finish the construction of the building, which has been upon your hands for the past six years. With this generous gift, the interior of the gymnasium and the interior of the second floor in front were completed. Radiators were placed in the students' rooms and in the gymnasium, at a cost of $135.35. The wiring of the entire building for electric lights, together with the outside connections, cost $167.70.

Outside of the basement of the gymnasium, where at present, without sewer connections, it would be inadvisible to place baths and closets, as called for by the plans, very little remains to be done, and the unexpended balance in the treasury of $169.20, together with good subscriptions, which ought to net $75, will be sufficient to pay

for some minor improvements about the building.

As this is the last report of the building committee, it may not be inappropriate to give the chronology of this edifice, which now crowns College Hill as a monument to the initial zeal of our Oriental graduate, Kin Takahashi.

In 1895 the bricks were made.

In 1896 the foundations laid.

In 1897 the building erected and enclosed.

In 1898 gymnasium part opened for use.

In 1899 Y. M. C. A. part opened for use.

In 1900 McCormick Auditorium finished.

In 1901 completion of the building.

The name of the first contributor on the treasurer's book is J. M. Sexton, who gave $1 in June, 1895. The long list of other subscribers has been published in the College Monthly during the past years. The latest donor, (but let us hope not the last, for the rooms need to be furnished) is Benjamin Reed, of Parkersburgh, Pa., who gave ten cents.

The total amount received, including $4,000 from the College, is $13,086.75. Deducting some of the traveling expenses of the various solicitors, it will be fair to say that in round numbers the building has cost so far $12,500. And the late Dr. Grey, of Chicago, when he went through the building, a short time before his death, expressed great surprise that it had been erected for such a small amount of money. The general usefulness of the building and its beneficial effects upon the student body is becoming more and more apparent as time passes.

We recommend that the committee be discharged.

Respectfully submitted,

ELMER B. WALLER,

Chairman of Committee.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

The past term has been a memorable one. We look back on it as pleasantly and profitably spent. Chemistry has opened its treasures and wonders, and shown us how to dissolve the elements with H^2 S 04, the nature of which substance Brown has learned to his grief. Logic has shown us its wonders and how to put our thoughts in syllogistic form. Our class throughout the term has made progress, and its record as a hard-working class is surpassed by none other. And this term we intend that the banner of the Junior Class shall float high above all others.

The Junior yell, as selected by the class, is as follows:

Rah, rah, ree; rah, rah, ree,
Juniors, Juniors, 1903;
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Juniors, Juniors,
Rah, rah, rah!

Two new members have joined our class this term—Miss Mollie Gamble and Mr. Robt. Franklin.

The Junior Class has organized a basket ball team, which is ready to receive and accept challenges from any class. The team is as follows:

E. L. Grau, center.

H. R. Crawford, forward.

T. G. Brown, forward.

Robt. H. McCaslin, guard.

Robt. Franklin, guard.

The first game will be played with the Sophomore Class.

Juniors are well represented in the official positions of the literary societies. E. Lysander Grau is president of the Athenian Literary Society; Thos. G. Brown, vice president of the Alpha Sigma; Hugh Crawford, an Athenian Censor, and Dennis W. Crawford, treasurer of the Athenian Society.

The class is well represented by ministerial students, four being in the class—E. L. Grau, Robt. O. Franklin, D. W. Crawford and Robt. H. McCaslin. Mr. Franklin has charge of the four churches this term.

R. H. McCaslin has charge of the jail work, while Mr. Grau is engaged in Sunday School work, and is the president of the Ministerial Association.

Maryville College Monthly.

VOL. IV. FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 4.

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Students, graduates and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items of general interest for publication.
Subscription price, for eight numbers, 25 cents.
Address all communications to
MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY,
Maryville, Tenn.

Entered at Maryville, Tenn., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Prize Stories. Last year only three stories were submitted for the prize offered by "The Monthly." This year five stories were handed in, and the winner of last year was not a contestant. On January 24th, Major W. A. McTeer, the chairman of the judges appointed by the editors, awarded the prizes in chapel.

Mr. Arthur C. Tedford was awarded the first prize of five dollars and Miss Helen M. Post the second prize of three dollars. The two prize stories are printed in this issue.

During the past two year there has been a decided gain in this class of writing, as the files of "The Monthly" will show. The poetic muse, however, has deserted us or is hiding very successfully in some of the college buildings.

College Spirit. One of the real needs of Maryville College is "college spirit." The student body should more loyally support her athletic teams. Perhaps it is hardly a fair comparison to refer to the spirit shown, or rather that was not shown, in football during the fall term, as only one inter-collegiate game was played. It is different, however, this term. The boys expect to turn out a first-class base ball team. The team should be accorded good and hearty support, whether in victory or in defeat.

Base ball is a game in which "rooting" is a great factor towards winning. Let a team play even against great odds, and if it is accorded hearty and loyal support by a large and enthusiastic crowd of "rooters" the chances for victory will be greatly increased.

Not many of us can make either the college basket or base ball team, but all of us can come out to the game and cheer for the teams in a manner which will not only be an inspiration to the players, but also a credit to the college.

Maryville's "co-eds" have always been loyal supporters of the "orange and garnet," but the boys at times fell short of what is no more than their duty.

So let us all, as the basket ball season continues, and the base ball season opens, resolve that we will one and all come out to the games(with our flags and banners, and with all our zeal and energy help by our "rooting" to raise the standard of our athletics higher and to cheer our teams on to victory.

Giving. The story of what five hundred dollars will do in a college treasury was beautiful told by Frances J. Hosford, in the "Advance," some months ago. A brief statement of the facts may encourage those who are now asked to give scholarships to Maryville College:

A bequest to Oberlin of a Miss Jones, of Syracuse, N. Y., of $529, was placed on interest in 1859, "for the benefit of needy and deserving young ladies." The interest only has been loaned, and when repaid has been loaned again. About $300 per year is now available. Altogether, 329 loans have been made, aggregating $7,369. In the year 1879, $545 was loaned, more than the original sum. Many worthy women have thus been tided over and enabled to promptly complete the course of study, who might otherwise have failed to do so. Among the number are several foreign missionaries and city doctors, some college

professors, and at least one woman of national reputation. After relating these facts, the writer says:

"When thus placed under the control of vital forces, the activity of money is tremendous in power and unlimited in duration. The woman who founded this Loan Fund has lain in the grave for nearly half a century. A few years more and no living being will retain a memory of that vanished life. And yet, with the mammon of unrighteousness she has made to herself an ever-increasing company of friends, and they have received her into everlasting habitation."

While our President is now abroad soliciting for the college, what a pleasing surprise it would be for our treasurer to receive a scholarship fund of this character from some one at home, either as a thank-offering or as a debt due to Christian education!

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

William Sevier, '95, is teaching this year in North Carolina.

The Co-Operative Boarding Club serves one hundred and fifty students.

The second term opened with the usual number of students. The enrollment is 302.

John E. Tracy, '01, is in the law school of the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, Wis.

Fred B. Stewart, who was in college in '99-'00, is at Maryland Medical College, Baltimore, this year.

We have received a pamphlet entitled "Baptism for Service," published by Rev. J. T. Reagan, Lohrville, Iowa.

The laundry is giving good satisfaction, and Mrs. A. A. Wilson deserves the thanks of the college for her enterprise.

The two dormitories are well filled this term. Baldwin Hall has forty-eight girls and Memorial Hall forty-nine boys.

More than sixty girls were present at the Y. W. C. A. reception, given in the parlor of Baldwin Hall on Friday evening, the 3d of January.

The faculty is big and strong,
As all the students know;
They make the lessons good and long
So as to see us grow.

The attendance upon the Tuesday evening prayer meetings is very gratifying, as it is not unusual to have more than one hundred students present.

All girls are cordially invited to attend the devotional meetings of the Y. W. C. A., held every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock in the parlor of Baldwin Hall.

The alcoves of Lamar contain
Books never known to fail,
And they who search with might and main
Their secrets will unveil.

H. C. Rimaner, '00, after a year's study in McCormick Seminary, is supplying three mission churches in Northern Wisconsin. His address is Stratford, Wis.

Dr. W. J. Trimble, of Vineland, N. J., formerly of Chattanooga, will conduct the usual ten days' evangelistic services in the college, beginning on the 3d of March.

Rev. Robert C. Jones, '94, is located at Petchaburie, Siam, and the "Bi-Monthly Letter" published by the Mission tells of some of the experiences which he and his wife have had.

President Wilson left Maryville on January 17 for a two months' trip in the interest of the college. He will visit Cincinnati, Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. Frank Cleeland, the physical director of the gymnasium, has entered upon his duties this term. He is from Butler, Pa., and was a student in Washington and Jefferson College last year.

J. Rol Simpson, who organized and was leader of the college brass band from '96 to '98, is at present express messenger between Birmingham, Ala., and Greenville, Miss.

The Asembly Herald contains an article by Dr. Thompson on his visit to Maryville

and the Synod of Tennessee, in which he speaks in high terms of our famous graduate quartette.

The Bible study class, organized by the Y. W. C. A. this term, has fifteen members. This makes a total of twenty-eight in the Bible classes of the society. Mrs. Cort conducted the New Year's meeting of the Association.

Rev. Ralph D. Smith, a former student of the college, after his return from China, where he was engaged in the mission work, has lately accepted the position as secretary to the Los Angeles Bible Institute, in California.

A letter from Dr. Boardman, Bloomfield, N. J., shows that he is still greatly interested in the progress of the college and in the contemplated services in March. Something from his pen would be very acceptable to his friends and the "College Monthly."

On Sunday, December 1st, the funeral services of Mr. A. A. Wilson were held at Baldwin Hall. Mr. Wilson had reached a ripe old age, and was ready to depart to the better land. He leaves a widow and one son, to whom the sympathy of the college is extended.

John W. Dosser, who entered college last September, but later enlisted in the U. S. Navy, is at present cruising in West Indian waters. He says that he likes the sailor's life well enough, although he is anxious to get back to the "States" again.

The students and teachers at the beginning of the term were shocked at hearing of the sudden death of Henry Penland near his home at Marshall, N. C. He was crossing a narrow foot-bridge and fell off into the raging stream. He was a graduate of the Farm School at Asheville, and had only been one term in Maryville College, but his pleasant manner and Christian character had made him many friends.

The January meeting of the Board of Directors of the College was held on January 15, with fifteen trustees in attendance. Reports from the president, executive committee and special committees were heard and acted upon. Among the transactions were the repeal of the fifteen-year age limit, the discharge of the building committee of Bartlett Hall, and the establishment of prize scholarships in various schools and academies.

The event of December was the Rough House given in honor of the birthday of Professor Ritchie, by the Sut Lovingood Dialect Literature Club, of which the professor is Patriarch. The dispensation was given in Bartlett Hall reading-room. At nine o'clock the gentleman was carried from his apartments in Memorial Hall to the banquet hall in a sedan chair borne by eight members of the club. The club is not superstitious, so the number that gathered round the board was thirteen. While the company lingered over the coffee, toasts were proposed and drunk off with bumpers of coffee. Two of these speeches deserve special mention because of the quality of their wit: Professor Ritchie's response to "The Future Tense of the Girl I Left Behind Me," and Professor Walker's "The Fellows of the Hill."

The Butler Times, Butler, Pa., has the following account of the marriage of two of our graduates:

"Miss Sara Pearl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Andrews, of this place, and Prof. John W. Richie, of Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Center avenue, at 8 o'clock, January 16th, the ceremony being performed by Rev. J. S. Richie, of Plain Grove, a brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. E. R. Worrell, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of this place. Miss Andrews is a graduate of Maryville College and has been a successful teacher in the Butler public schools the past term. She resigned her position a short time ago, the time of her marriage having been hastened by the appointment of Prof. Richie to a position in the proposed normal and agricultural school at

Manila, Philippine Islands. A reception was tendered the bride and groom during the evening, which was attended by quite a number of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Richie expect to sail for Manila February 1st. The groom is a native of Sparta, Ill.

"The young people have the hearty congratulations and good wishes of a large circle of friends and acquaintances."

The Maryville College crowd in Hyden, Ky., gathered socially in the parsonage parlor on Thanksgiving evening. The walls were decorated with class and college pictures and colors. Dr. Wilson's photo was framed in a triangle of three beribboned diplomas. On the tables were catalogues, college monthlies and photographs. We looked with reverence upon the pictured faces of Dr. Anderson, Dr. Bartlett and Dr. Boardman. How the old feeling came back as we recalled happy days on the dear old cedar-crowned hill, and laughed again at the old jokes! The member of the crowd who represents the class of '02 hustled the '01 picture out of the conspicuous place which its owner had selected for it, and triumphantly hung one tied with red and white there. (The '01 was hung up again, all right!) The '93 picture, gay with orange and garnet, contained the pictures of two of the party. The member who expects to begin his first term after Xmas has been overwhelmed with wise advice. The member who attended in '00 passed around his photos and played on his guitar. Upon request, the professor read a college poem written in '93 by himself and another. Games were played, the crowd partook informally of candied popcorn and apples, and after singing—as every Maryville College crowd should—"Orange, garnet, float forever," separated. Each took as a souvenir, a card in which was tied the colors, and on which was written the date.

A UNIQUE WORK IN JAPAN.

"The Presbyterian" of April 17th, 1901, contains a full account by the Rev. F. S. Curtis of the work of Kin Takahashi, '94, in Japan during the past year. We quote only the first part of the article:

"A unique door of opportunity has recently been opened to us in an entirely new field—at Hirao, a large village a few miles distant from the town of Yanai. Mr. Takahashi, a native of this village, recently sent us, together with a letter of introduction from Mrs. Winn, of Osaka station, a very pressing invitation to come and help him in connection with some work he was carrying on with a company of young men. This young man has made quite a remarkable career in America. He was for two years captain of the football team of Maryville college. Through his personal efforts, eight thousand dollars were raised for a Young Men's Christian Association building for use in connection with this institution. After thirteen year in the United States, he returned to Japan and engaged in the Association work in Tokyo; but health failing, for many months he has been laid aside from such active service. However, in spite of weakness, he has been letting his light shine in his native place. In this town there are some seven thousand people, and in the immediate vicinity the number would reach twenty thousand. There is a large number of the better class of Japanese in the place, and their zeal for education is shown in the flourishing schools, which have an attendance of twelve hundred pupils. Mr. Takahashi saw an opportunity for wor kamong the graduates of the higher school, and formed a literary club with twenty-three members. After drilling seven or eight of the young men for public exhibition, he sent a request to Yamaguchi for assistance, which was gladly given."

The sequel to this article appeared in "The Maryville Times" of August 31, 1901, in a long letter from Kin himself. The little society expanded to a regular school. He organized a literary society and taught the boys to speak and debate "after the dear old Maryville style." A small tuition was charged, and the school, beginning

with forty-seven scholars, now has one hundred and twenty, with the prospects of many more.

ATHLETICS OF THE FUTURE.

MARYVILLE'S TRIUMPHS AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN ATHENS DUE TO THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR LONG-WISHED-FOR ATHLETIC DIRECTOR, MR. I'M A. COMING.

[Extract from M. C. Y. M. C. A. Secretary's books of '02-'03.]

At last Mr. I'm A. Coming, our athletic director, arrived on College Hill. It was on the first Thursday after the beginning of the fall term of '02-'03. Mr. Coming was met at the train by quite a party of College boys, all curious to catch the first sight of the noted athlete who had agreed to leave his splendid position as assistant master of gymnastics of Yale University, and come to train the athletic material of Maryville College in acceptance of a handsome offer of $1,000 a year by President Wilson. When the train pulled in, the boys recognized their man by "YALE" in blue letters on his cap and athletic jersey. It is superfluous to say they were pleased in his appearance. His superb proportions and well-knit figure showed them a magnificent specimen of a college-bred athlete. After a hearty welcome to the newcomer, the party, led by Sam McCambell, and other particular enthusiasts, turned their faces towards the Hill.

At the College door they were met by President Wilson, who had that pleasant sparkle in his eye which the boys had learned to know always meant something out of the ordinary. "Glad to have you with us, Mr. Coming," said the Doctor, extending his hand. "I am sure this afternoon's mail has brought something which will please you all [drawing a letter from his pocket and opening it]. Mr. Carnegie sends a check for $1,000 to fit up the gymnasium, and sends five competitors to the Grand Revival of Olympic Games at Athens in the spring."

Cheers upon cheers rent the air at the announcement, and dozens of red M. C. caps were tossed heavenward.

The next day Mr. Coming had his plans for the fall term completed. Apparatus to the value of $125 was at once ordered, and four drill classes of thirty minutes each were organized, lasting daily from three to five o'clock.

Although, during the previous spring, Maryville had regained her old-time valor in baseball, and had scored several victories for herself in this line, it could not compare with the honor and excitement of competing in the international games at Athens, which were only a few months distant. Still, the baseball skill was not to profit us much, for it was a game peculiar only to the United States and would not be indulged in at Athens. The long, hard training was to be in discus throwing (which was the delight of Saraphie's heart), high and broad jumping, pole vaulting (in which Laughead had run up his record to 12 feet 1 inch), in the old and noble sport of archery, hurdle racing, and many other athletic features.

As the school term proceeded, the professors were growing more and more pleased at the quality of the general scholarship among the boys (the girls, of course, alway do well); and as the days sped by, declared that never yet had a school year started with such a fine record. Wherein lay the reason? A. T.

(*To be continued in our next issue.*)

GOLF.

The season just closed has been the most prosperous one yet enjoyed by the College Hill Golf Club. The club has nineteen members, and bids fair to double the enrollment by spring. We shall soon lose two of the charter members and officers, President Robert Pierce Walker and Vice President John Woodside Ritchie, who leave on February 1 for Manila, P. I., to lay out a golf course on the Island of Luzon, and incidentally teach in the Government schools.

Late in February the club will hold a tournament for the open championship of the College. A committee has concluded all arrangements regarding entries, rulings and handicaps for the event, and all members are looking forward with much eagerness to the contests. Both singles and foursome will be played.

Mr. W. W. Woodruff, Jr., of Knoxville, has authorized the chairman of the Committee on Tournament to offer a prize of a fine club to the winner of the singles.

The tournament will be played on the new course, which is now being completed. The new links have been accurately surveyed, and are one and one-fourth miles in circuit; and is a six-hole course.

To go around the links: Tee off from the Hilltop in front of Anderson Hall, drive down The Incline towards the old turntable. If you go over the fence, you are in Oblivion; if you pull and land on the rocky front drive, you've found Destruction. From such hazards as these this hole in Perdition. Hole No. 2 is The Cedars, way over on the west side of the campus by Bryan's. In following your drive you climb The Smokies. To go to the next hole—The Trysting Place, at "The Stile by the Red Barn"—drive east through Paradise Alley, an open stretch between two rows of beautiful cedars, then across The Bad Lands. Smyrna, a clump of fig-trees, is a wicked little hazard by the green. Pick up your ball, walk up Boardman Avenue to The Target—the next teeing-ground—the big cedar that both Sherman's and Wheeler's soldiers practiced upon in the "days of '61." Drive over to The Pines. The putting-green is bounded by The Wilderness. The next hole is Chilhowee. You tee in Paradise. Your first hazard is Donder und Blitzen, two trees in the line of the hole; beyond them is The Goal, next The Pit, ascend The Steep and hole out. The last hole is Prex. Tee from The Stadium, by the running-track. A good drive may put you across Bogey Lake, but it is safe to go either to the left on to the Prairie or to the right over on The Gridiron. Either will give you a pretty shot into The Grove by the green.

Accept the invitation of the club and come out and watch the tournament.

WEBB, '02.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Officers: President, M. B. Hunter; Vice-President, A. C. Tedford; Secretary, Lois Alexander.

Class colors: Dark green and garnet.

Class yell:

Ala gara gara garoo,
Rickety kex hullabazoo,
Zis boom kallamazoo,
Sophomore, Sophomore,
Just a choice few.

The Sophomores this term are the most expansive class on the hill; if none of us have fallen by the wayside in the mid-term examinations, we still number eleven. Half of us are boys; indeed, when we paired for our first class party, we found that a little more than half of us were that way, which means that one of the boys must excercise enough diplomacy to substitute a girl, or he must needs go to parties alone.

On Wednesday night, October 30, our class was entertained at the elegant home of President and Mrs. Wilson. The occasion was in honor of the twentieth birthday of Mrs. Willson's nephew, our vice-president, Arthur Tedford. The Sophomores present were Misses Goddard, Alexander, Post and Bryan, and Messrs. Tedford, Hunter, Quist, Dickey, Lewis and Laughead. Mr. Gillingham and Misses Katherine Niccum and Cora Howard were Sophomores for the occasion. The evening was spent in playing crokinole, jenkins and other games until nine o'clock, when we were ushered into the dining-room and served to the most delicious refreshments of ice cream, cake, bananas, chocolate and chocolate candy. After refreshments we were favored with recitations by Messrs. Gillingham and Tedford and Miss Freddie Goddard, and a class poem by Mr. Dickey. At 10:30 we took our leave of our genial host and hostess, and slowly wended our way across the campus, making the night melodious (?) with our "ala gara gara garoo."

THE NEW MINERAL COLLECTION.

Prof. A. F. Gilman has had his fine collection of New England minerals brought from his old home and placed in the College Museum as a loan. The collection contains about four hundred valuable specimens, nearly all from the New England States, many of them from the rich mineral localities of Hoddam, Chester, Northampton and the other famous fields and mines. The group of actinolites, spodumenes, diaspores and tourmalines are especially fine.

The professor has taken much interest in mineralogy, and has long been an ardent collector of minerals. This collection has been awarded prizes. It makes quite an addition to our already valuable collection.

THE CIGARETTE'S SOLILOQUY.

My aim in life, and my only one, is simply to have a lot of fun. The rarest sport and the greatest joy I alway have with a half-grown boy. I play with him all my latest tricks, until his liver is out of fix, his stomach weak and his heart impaired, his lungs dried up, and his parents scared, for fear that consumption's deadly grip into the grave may cause him to slip. What do I give him for all this fun? I give him a breath that's good (to shun). A nervous system shaky and frail, a hollow eye, and a visage pale, a constitution so undermined that the least success he'll hardly find. Oh, say! for fun and unbounded joy, give me a chance at a half-grown boy!—Exchange.

EXCHANGES.

We have received a few exchanges so far, and shall be glad to receive many more. We had about one hundred exchanges last year, and should be glad to increase this number, as we have put an exchange table in the library, where the students may have ready access to them and learn about other institutions and schools. Those received include: The Doane Owl, The Oracle, Otterbein Aegis, The Earlhamite, The Oberlin Review, The Killikilik, M. H. Aerolith, The Black and Red.

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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. IV. MARYVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1902. No. 5.

HOW PAPPY WAS "PLUM FOOLED."

PART I.

PLOTTING.

Spring had returned to Long Pine Cove. The arbutus was trailing her rosy-tinted wreath over the rocky mountain sides, and the delightful scent of the delicate blossoms was luring the bees from the "gums" behind many a little cabin home. All through the cove the bustle of preparation for the plowing and planting of the cleared fields was another proof that the season of new life was at hand.

In a field at the upper end of the cove a young woman was working alone. She had broken the cornstalks that remained bladeless from the crop of the previous year, and was gathering the stones that were so abundant on the surface of the soil, and piling them in tall cairns, that the field might be more easily plowed.

She had been engaged at this tiresome work all the afternoon, and was quite weary. When the sun was just about an hour high, she was aroused from her abstraction by the clanking of chains. Quickly shading her eyes with her hands, she looked in the direction of the sound, and saw coming out of the fringe of timber above her a young man, mounted on a small mule. He had evidently been working in the fields, for the plow harness was upon the beast, and the traces looped upon the hames were rattling together. Catching sight of the red sun-bonnet, he waved his hand to her and dismounted. Throwing the bridle over a fence rider, he was soon striding toward her.

"What y' doin', Cordie?"

"Jes' a-pilin' them rocks, so's pappy kin plow a few in here. How's 't happen y're comin' daown this-a-way?"

"Well, I'd bin a-plowin' up 't th' Laurel Ridge, 'n' Bud Todd 'lowed es 'e kem pas' 'at 'e seed a woman pilin' rocks daown en ole Wash Willetts' stalk graoun', 'n' then I got t'r'd 'n' started out t' hunt a hoss swap," he added, facetiously.

"I'm pow'rful glad t' see y', but I don't know what t' think about y'r bein' here. Ef pappy wus t' come araoun' here 'n' fin' you, thar'd be no eend ov a bad time. He's jes' a-gittin' wus about y' all th' time."

"Well," he said slowly, but with feeling, "I cain't unnerstan' y'r pappy. I ain't never done erry thing t' git th' ole man s' daown on me. I've allus tried to conduct m'se'f es a perfesser ort t', 'n' never made 'im no trouble, 'n' don't owe him 'r enybidy else th' wuth ov a squirrel hide"—

"I know; but pappy's sot agin y', 'n' keeps a-gittin' wuss sot."

" 'Tain't right 't all. Now he favors Gul Nedbetter all 'e kin—'n' Gul's pore cattle. I ain't got es much lan' es Gul, but my pappy's never bin tuck up fur stillin' 'n' sich."

"Things 'll change some time, Cyarson. Hit cain't allus stay like this. Pappy 'll shore come t' reason atter while."

"Now, Cordie, y' know we're promised this good while, 'n' don't y' reckon ef we'd go raoun' t' th' ole 'Squire's 'n' git married, 'at that wouldn't fetch 'im?"

"Hit mout; but, Cyars', nobidy 'll ever marry you 'n' me but Preacher Bryson, over in Hutchins' Cove; he married mother, 'n' he's t' marry me."

"Cordie, y're right. Come t' think about hit, I don't want no 'Squires messin' raoun' me when Brother Bryson's araoun': but, then, 'e ain't; 'e's over on Sittico Creek, a-holdin' ov a meetin'; but 'e 'll be back by 'n' by, 'n' then we'll fool y'r pappy."

" 'Taint jes' th' right thing t' do, but, then, 'e 's jes' made 's. I'm jes' s' tired o' hearin' 'im bemean you, 'n' talkin' all th' time what a likely feller Gulliver is, I c'd

jes' run off t' th' mounting, 'n' I will when th' time comes. But, Cyars', we've got t' act deceited about this, 'r pappy 'll fin' out; hit's all right with mother; she likes y'."

After a few more words they parted, and none too soon, for old Wash sought his daughter a few minutes after Carson had ridden back into the woods. His anger scarcely knew bounds when he found whose beast had made the hoof-marks beside the fence where the path crosses the fields to the road.

His hard words were received with no show of resentment, and as they neared home she mustered her spirits and gave a deceitful smile of pleasure as she saw Gul tie his roan by the block and wait their approach. The visitor tried to explain his business—something about a froe to rive the clapboards for a wonderful "four-pen" barn he would build after harvest; but Cordie was not a whit less cordial than her father in pressing him to enter and tell what he wanted after supper. Under such circumstances it is not remarkable that he stayed, and the young lady of the home made the evening so pleasant for him that he left with his head in the clouds. And so irreproachable had been her behavior that nothing was said about Carson Hepburn after the guest had departed.

And in the fortnight that followed there was little to say anent the unfavored suitor. He continued his plowing until the last furrow had been thrown; then it was heard that he had gone to the county-seat on business; then it was talked at the store and postoffice that he had been seen at Preacher Bryson's meetings at Sittico. These were all items of interest to old Wash, and he felt assured that Gul would make hay during this interval of sunshine.

The first hint that Cordie had of her lover's return was on the third Sabbath after the meeting. She had walked across the fields from her home, and had just come to the path through the thicket at the foot of the knoll on which stands the little white frame church, when she saw waiting for her Lorena Hepburn. When she came up, Lorena beckoned her to come to her, and she walked back behind a tangle of laurel, green briars and rhododendron, which made a most effective screen.

"I've got somethin' t' tell y'."

"What is it, Lureny?"

"Cyarson kem back las' night, 'n' wants t' know if y' c'n meet 'im up by th' lick-log atter dinner; 'n' 'e said t' tell y' 'at he'd told me about you-uns' troubles, 'n' 'at I wus a-goin' t' holp y' all I c'd."

"Hit's good o' y' t' do all this, 'n' I'm pow'rful obleeged t' y'. Y' c'n tell 'im I'll be thar soon 's I kin; but I cain't stay long, becuz I'm a-lookin' fur Gul t' come 'n' see me this evenin' shortly atter dinner, 'n' I dasn't disappint 'im, 'r pappy 'll go t' chairgin' agin. But hit's all right."

The girls exchanged glances, and Lorena knew that her brother's interests were safe.

They went up to the church separately, so as to avoid the slightest hint of suspicion; but once at church, they mingled with the other girls as usual, walking in the old graveyard between services, as they had done every sunny Sabbath since they were little girls, and as their mothers and grandmothers had done before them.

The dinner over that day, Cordie contrived to slip out unobserved, and managed to remain unmissed for an hour. She climbed the steep knob behind the house, and was soon at the old log where the cattle were salted. At first she thought she was the first at the trysting-place, but a familiar form appearing from behind a tree trunk undeceived her.

"Did y' hev trouble in gittin' away?" he asked, after their first greetings had been exchanged and they were sitting close by each other on the gnarled old log.

"No; but I'll hev t' be pow'rful easy goin' in. I'm 'spectin' comp'ny this evenin'."

"Yes, Lureny told me."

"Gul hev hed a sight o' good times sence y've bin layin' holed up, 'n' 'e 'pears t' be

en better sperrits than I've seed 'im fur quite a spell. Hit's goin' t' be kind o' hard-like t' drap 'im s' unexpected 'n' unbeknownst t' 'im; but"—

"Everything's all right, Cordie; 'n' ef we don't hev no 'sturbamints in our projec's, w'y, nex' Sunday night Brother Bryson 'll say how es you air Mis' Hepburn."

"Now hit's this-a-way," and he unfolded his plan to her while she listened with bated breath to his ingenious scheme to outwit an unreasonable parent. The fact that Preacher Bryson had given his sanction was sufficient for her, and she consented to every detail. She was to inveigle Gul into taking her to "night meetin'" at the church the next Sabbath night; Carson and Lorena would be waiting by the fence in the thicket at the foot of the knoll; then when the meeting would be over and the groups of worshipers go down the hill, in the good-natured confusion arising as they climbed the fence, Cordie would leave Gul and step aside in the darkness, and Lorena would go off with him. When he would notice the difference, even though but a moment later, it would be too late to do more than express his chagrin and accept his fate. Preacher Bryson would be in waiting at some appointed place, and in a few minutes the faithful lovers would be joined.

Cordie assented to it all, and bidding Carson a hasty good-by, hastened down to the home, and returned to the family unsuspected.

Gul arrived ere long, and the night meeting of the following Sabbath, when a visiting preacher with a wide reputation would hold forth, was discussed, and it was only natural that such an ardent suitor should embrace the offered golden opportunity to continue the pursuit of the prize.

Part II.

THE WEDDING IN THE CAVE.

The moments of the intervening week sped on swift wings. Sabbath came, but the event of Sabbath was the night meeting.

The meeting was a success. The visiting brother was eloquent. The perspiration ran down his face in little rivers as he labored, painting vivid word pictures of the final end and estate of lost sinners. He lined out the closing hymn, which was received with much satisfaction by the appreciative audience:

"Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine;
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine.
But oh, their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below."

And the service closed.

There was a goodly number present, and about half the congregation wended their way down the little hill side path. Gul and Cordie were accompanied by several worshipers, the Todds, the Ghorleys, the Willetts, and a few others living near old Wash's farm. It was an ideal night for such business as Cordie had on hand, a dark, misty night, only an occasional star visible. As they came to the fence Gul climbed first to assist the others in crossing in the darkness. As he was stepping over he put his foot on a loose rail and was neatly sent sprawling. In the laughing and chaffing that followed, the girls cleverly exchanged places. As soon as Cordie reached Carson's side they stealthily followed the fence to the "big road." By tortuous bypaths they crossed through woodland and fields. During all this time she had asked no questions, but when he prepared to cross another fence and the bulk of the mountain loomed up just ahead of them, she whispered:

"Whar 're we goin' to, Cyars'?"

"Up t' th' cave."

"Th' cave!"

"Yes. Brother Bryson 'lowed es we'd better meet 'im thar, becaze ef 'e went t' er house 'e might be 'spicioned, 'n' ef Gul gits

t' rampaigin' raoun', 'e mout axerdently git on er wa'm trail. But y' ain't afeard?"

"N-o; but it seems like a quare place t' marry en."

"So 'tis."

By this time they had come into a wilderness of sassafras and blackberries, and a moment later the hollow sound of their steps indicated the proximity of a cavern of some sort. Hepburn found the entrance without difficulty, and throwing his arm around Cordie, half carried her down the steep incline and through the narrow opening in the great lime rocks and into the spacious atrium of the cave. Their footfalls woke reverberating echoes. Carson essayed to speak an assuring word, but his voice had such a sepulchral tone that she clutched his arm in alarm. The flare of a pine torch sprung up in front of them, then another. A startled bat fluttered by on leathern wing and brushed their faces. What an uncanny place for a wedding! Cordie was right. It certainly was "a quare place."

However great the fears of the young bride had been a moment previous, they disappeared like the fog banks of her native mountains under the smile of the morning sun, as she looked into the benevolent countenance of her old friend, the venerable Preacher Bryson, as he came toward them from the adjoining chamber. He took both her hands in his, and in the kindly tones that had won him friends without number up and down the mountains, said:

"Well, gurl, this es quare, ain't it? I used t' court raoun' this ole cave when I wus young like Cyars' thar; but I never 'lowed es I'd marry in thar," then he laughed a mellow, contagious laugh, "Cyars' hes bean a-tellin' me all you-uns' troubles. Hit's a sight, t'at's a fac'. Your pappy 'll be all right in a day 'r two, atter 'e gits t' missin' y' frum home. I married him 'n' y'r mammy, 'n' you-uns air a better lookin' couple way yander.

"Now, when Cyars' kem up t' Sittico, I wus jes' taperin' off a big meetin'. 'E told me 'e'd a pair o' license en 'is pocket, but nobidy c'd use 'em but me, 'n'—well, I reckon we'd better be a-usin' of 'em, too. Hit's a naycheral curios' ov a place, but hit's es good es a chu'ch house fur courtin' 'n' marryins."

They walked back into the cave to a place that the mountain folk had called the "dancin' floor." It was a level space surrounded by magnificent limestone columns, fluted and wreathed by Nature's own hand; pointed stalactites were pendant above, and the drops of water upon them shone like jewels in the light of the torches.

The torches were handed to Jerry Hearon, a loyal friend of the groom, whose fealty had won for him the honor of wedding guest and witness. Jerry often declares that he never expects "t' see th' beat ov hit, fur ennything purty." The venerable preacher, with hoary head and his long, silvered beard, a very patriarch in appearance; the stalwart groom; the blushing bride, simply attired in her Sabbath dress. It was an impressive sight.

But leave for a time the happy bridal scene and go to the erstwhile favored suitor. As the little group journeyed from church, fortune seemed to favor the runaways. Gul tried his best to be agreeable to the whole party, and carried on an animated conversation with old Wash, addressing now and then an occasional question to Lorena, which she answered in low monosyllables. At the gate, though, he lingered until the family had gone in. Then she said, in an undisguised voice:

"What y' stoppin' fur? Ain't y' a-goin' t' take me home?"

"Home! Gal, what y' mean? What air you doin' here, Lureny Hepburn? Say, how'd y' come here?"

"W'y y' tuck m' arm at th' fence, that's how; 'n' y' ain't never led go ov hit sence."

"Lureny, whar's Cordie Willetts?"

"Don't know."

"Don't, eh; the Jim Tom! Yo're foolin'

wif me. Now you quit. Whar is she, I say?"

"Don't know no more'n you do. All I know 's 'at y' tuck m' arm 'n' ain't led go ov hit sence. Now y' take me home."

"No, I don't, nuther. I'm er goin' en 'n' ax Wash ef he's bean projec'in' wif me"—

"No, sir; you jes' come along home wit me."

There was no mistaking the seriousness of the situation. Those determined words meant trouble, so he obeyed, but with miserable grace. They went round by the "big road," because Lorena was insistant upon that point; it was so much farther, and would give the wedding party so much more time for the playing of their parts. And so it happened that Preacher Bryson, on his little sorrel, and the bride and groom came out of the woods short-cut and up to the house, and met face to face Gul and the headstrong Lorena.

"What's this? What's this all mean?" Gul asked his companion, savagely.

"Ax Brother Bryson."

Cordie heard the question, and answered for herself.

"Hit's this-a-way, Gul—now don't go t' gittin' tored up. Cyars' 'n' me 's bin promised fur a long time, 'n' th' time wus set fur t' night. I hated t' fool y', but wus jes' obleeged t' doh it, so 's t' git the ups on pappy"—

Brother Bryson interrupted: "Hit were sharp ov 'em, wa'n't hit? Now, Gul, you jist take this en good part. Her pappy 'll come raoun' all right, 'n' don't y' go t' gittin' spunked up. Hit were a pow'ful joke."

"Whar wus th' weddin'?" asked Gul, sullenly, but interested.

"En th' cave."

"Th' cave! The Jim Tom! You uns shore did 't 'bout slick as foxes. Well, I won't say much more. 'N' this gal's a slick one, too," he added, thinking to release Lorena's arm, "'bout es slick es erry one o' y'. I'll drap daown t' y'r house, Cordie, 'n' tell y'r pappy hit's all over 'n' fix 't up fur you-uns. 'E'll take on ef 'e don't know whar y' air. Fur y' fooled me, an' hit's all right."

* * * * *

There was a stormy session in front of the fireplace at old Wash's that night; but the old man finally listened to reason when the mother's arguments were backed by Gulliver. Within the time limit set by Brother Bryson he "came around," declaring that he had been "plum fooled, becase he wus too big a fool t' holp hit."

Whether Carson and Cordie "lived happy ever afterwards" remains to be seen; but their honeymoon, which is not yet over, has been all that even the storybooks could desire.

Abe Clevenger.

THE RETREAT OF FERGUSON'S CANNONEERS.

It was the 2d of January, 1863. Those who are conversant with history will remember this as the third and last day of the battle of Murfreesboro.

Two days earlier the armies of Rosecrans and Bragg had found themselves facing each other on opposite sides of Stone River. On the night of December 30, General Bragg shifted his line of fortifications and threw his left wing across to the west side of the river, and in the morning the flower of his army, twenty thousand strong, confronted the Union right, which was under the command of General McCook. While the Confederates were crossing the stream under cover of darkness, the Union commander was forming his plan to concentrate his troops on his left, intending in the morning to crush the Confederate right. McCook's command was weakened to support Thomas in the center and Crittenden on the left.

Thus the two Generals, with nearly equal forces and equal advantages, had formed the same plan of battle. In the morning, before Rosecrans realized the danger that threatened his right, Bragg began a furious attack, and by noon had hurled McCook's

broken columns back upon the Union center. The brunt of the battle now fell upon General Thomas, and but for the magnificent courage of the division of General Hazen, who, with only thirteen hundred men, withstood the terrible onslaughts of the enemy until nightfall, the Union army would have been swept from the field. That night more than seven thousand Union soldiers were missing from the ranks.

New Year's morning found the defeated army strongly posted with shortened lines, but with a manifest disposition to fight. General Bragg grew wary of his stubborn antagonist, and the day was spent in reconnoitering and skirmishing. In the afternoon Rosecrans ordered Crittenden to cross over with the left wing and to fortify the steep range of hills that lies along the valley east of Stone River. Thomas had already posted artillery on the bluffs back of the west bank, and with both sides of the stream fortified, Rosecrans could throw his reserve forces across to strengthen either wing of his army. Crittenden posted his guns along the range of hills, and then hastily threw up a line of intrenchments for his infantry beyond the artillery and at right angles with the river. The Confederate right was already stationed almost parallel with Crittenden's forces and farther down the stream, between the Union line and the town of Murfreesboro.

Early in the morning of the 2d, the battle broke out anew on the east side of the river, and for several hours there was terrific cannonading in that quarter. Near the middle of the afternoon, the Union commander discovered that General Bragg was keeping up his artillery fire to conceal the movements of his troops farther down the river. Before the reserves could cross to the support of Crittenden, the Confederates were massed against the Union left, which was forced foot by foot to withdraw to the east bank under the protection of the Union guns.

Lest the Confederates should outflank him, Rosecrans began to move his infantry back to the west bank. At this point on Stone River the fords are shallow and the valley is about eighty rods wide. On each side, nearly a furlong from the stream and running parallel with it, is a range of steep hills. While Crittenden's infantry was huddled in the narrow plain between the river and the east batteries, the eastern hills concealed their movement from the Confederate right. Most of the troops were on the west side before the movement was detected by the enemy.

All this time the artillery had been pouring a deadly fire into the Confederate intrenchments, half a mile to the east. The moment Bragg learned of the Federal retreat a swift horse dashed down his line of works, and the next moment the cannoneers could see the enemy leaping over their breastworks and forming for a charge. This was the critical moment for the Federal cannoneers. They were left unsupported by infantry. Less than half a mile away fifteen thousand of the enemy's troops were moving across the level plain at the double-quick. Should the Confederates reach the crest of the hills and seize the cannons, they would immediately turn them upon Crittenden's solid masses of infantry in the valley below. That would mean the annihilation of the Union army. The battle must change to a race.

To add to the confusion of the gunners, a regiment of North Carolina mountaineers had swept round the Union flank, and having crept along the thickly wooded hillside, were now emerging from the woodland a quarter of a mile to the left, and were pouring in a deadly cross-fire. The Confederate batteries far down the river had found the range, and the air was ablaze with bursting shells. The grand army of Rosecrans was doomed! But, no! The artillery commander was a man of undaunted courage. Above the roar of battle the trumpet tones of Captain Ferguson rang down the line to limber the guns.

With the precision of clockwork the gunners limbered the field pieces, the plunging artillery horses sprang to their places, and the batteries swung round and began the bold dash that meant victory or defeat to the Northern army. To gain the ford from their position the batteries must follow a narrow wagon road, almost impassable, and for several rods inclosed by perpendicular bluffs. Down this steep and dangerous pass the maddened horses plunged. Captain Ferguson, mounted on a great black charger, was the last man to leave the hill. As he left the top of the ridge, he glanced back at his pursuers, who were rushing madly on after the retreating artilleryman. The swiftest runners were scarcely forty rods behind him. Even as he wheeled his horse to follow the batteries down the road, the Captain's heart sank within him. For just as the cavalcade was passing through the narrow gulch a shell burst directly over the foremost of the guns, overturning a caisson and killing two of the artillery horses. The galloping teams behind were unable to stop, and cannons, caissons, horses and men were piled upon one another, and the whole retreat was blocked.

Here was a second Bull Run. But only for an instant did the commander hesitate. Then he dashed down to the surging, struggling mass, seized the battery flag, wheeled his horse, and rode back up the hill straight for the charging enemy. When he reached the crest of the hill, the yelling enemy were half way up the other side, not a hundred paces away. He reined his charger, and waving the flag defiantly, he began firing his revolver into their broken ranks. In an instant he received the fire from a whole platoon. Though the great horse reared and plunged as a bullet struck him and another shattered the flagstaff, the rider was unhurt. He held his ground, and, flinging out the long folds of his tattered flag, he tauntingly challenged the enemy to come on.

Instinctively the soldiers halted. Here was a Union officer bearing the Union flag. No man was dare-devil enough to face such odds alone. No battalion would allow their flag to fall into the enemy's hands without a stubborn fight. On the farther side of the hill must be other Federal troops, perhaps posted batteries. It was evident that the officer on the foaming steed was trying to draw them into an ambush.

The veteran troops of Bragg would not be trapped by a single man. They were too well disciplined to rush with broken ranks upon an unseen foe. As if by instinct the panting soldiers began to fall in line. In five minutes their formation was completed, and a solid column, ten men abreast, started on the double-quick for the top of the hill, where the artillery had disappeared.

For the first time Ferguson looked back where he had left his entangled battalions, and he gave a shout of triumph. The cannoneers had righted the caisson, cut the traces of the disabled horses, and without leaving a single gun to fall into the hands of the enemy, were already dashing across the narrow valley, and in a moment more would plunge through the shallow stream to safety. The glittering bayonets were almost upon him when Ferguson once more waved his flag in triumph, wheeled his horse, and dashed down the ravine with the speed of the wind.

It was the work of a few minutes for the artillery to cross and take position on the west bank of Stone River, with the infantry drawn up on either flank. As the strong column of Confederates poured over the ridge and filed down the dangerous ravine into the valley below, they were greeted with a volley of musketry and a roar of artillery. At the same moment the heavy guns on the western highlands and the infantry of General Thomas began their work of death. It seemed that a solid flame leaped into that valley of death and swept away whole platoons of the frightened and dumfounded foes. The Confed-

erates were trapped; they could not cross the stream in the face of that deadly fire; they had no time to throw up intrenchments; the level plain afforded them no shelter. Huddled together within range of twenty thousand Union muskets, their ranks melted away like snow beneath an April sun.

As soon as the Confederates were thrown into confusion, Crittenden crossed the stream, swept them back over the ridge, and before nightfall the Union army had regained the ground that the day had lost them.

That night, as forty thousand battle-worn Union soldiers shivered around their campfires, they could hear Bragg's wagon-train rattling over the frozen ground toward Murfreesboro. In the morning the enemy had gone. Frank E. Laughead.

LAUGHEAD, '04. BEELER. HOPE.
HOLTSINGER, '02. QUIST, '04 CALDWELL, '02.

ALPHA SIGMA'S MIDWINTER ENTERTAINMENT.

Friday night, January 31, was the date of the Alpha Sigma midwinter. This was the society's twentieth annual entertainment, and was held in Bartlett Hall.

The Alphas and their lady friends had spared no pains in the decoration of the auditorium; beautiful festoons of the society colors hung from the ceiling and chandeliers, and over the stage rose a delicate arch, draped with orange bunting and entwined with sprigs of ivy. About the foot of the stage was a display of flowers, while upon the wall back of the arch hung a large portrait of the society's first President, Prof. J. G. Newman. On the right was a picture of Washington, and on the left a battle scene, "An August morning with Farragut."

L. B. Bewley, the Alpha's standard-bearer of 1901, was presiding officer. About 8 o'clock he asked the audience to rise, and Dr. Barnes spoke the words of invocation. After a word of greeting by the presiding officer, the program was opened with a song of welcome by the Alpha Sigma Quartet. The quartet singers were Messrs. Whitlow, Newman, Wilson and Penland.

The musical numbers on the program, besides the selections by the quartet, were

a piano solo by Misses Mary and Betty Sharp, and a song by the chorus. The chorus was composed of the Alpha Sigma and Theta Epsilon Quartet. The Thetas were Misses Yates, Goddard, Howard and Weisgerber. The song by the chorus, "Come where the Lilies Bloom," was perhaps the most popular feature of the evening program.

The literary exercises were declamations by Messrs. Holtsinger and Beeler, a debate by F. H. Hope and F. E. Laughead, an oration by J. S. Caldwell, and a paper by E. N. Quist. The declamations were entitled, respectively, "Tennessee" and "Against Flogging in the Navy."

The subject debated was: "Resolved, That municipal politics should be non-partisan." F. H. Hope affirmed the proposition. He dwelt on the corruption of the political parties in the cities, and argued that municipal politics should be divorced from the national parties. He maintained that the problems confronting the cities are distinct from the national and State issues, and that municipal campaigns should be conducted on local issues, regardless of State and national politics. The negative speaker showed that non-partisan reforms have never accomplished more than temporary relief. He showed, further, that the cities' most appalling evils, such as the growing power of private trusts and corporations, are beyond the power of municipal governments, and can be controlled only by the State and national legislatures. The speaker maintained that the cities, to deal successfully with these issues, must retain their alliance with the national parties. He held that the national parties are the only permanent political organizations, and that all the branches of our government are so intimately related that the reformation of municipal politics can best be accomplished by reforming the great national parties, and by thus elevating city, State and national politics together.

The subject of Mr. Caldwell's oration was "Napoleon's Influence on American History." The speaker referred to the time of our second war with England, and presented a fact that can not be ignored, that the Americans had to contend with but a small portion of the British troops, while the flower of England's army was engaged in the campaigns against Napoleon.

The last, but not the least, of the literary productions was the ever-popular Alpha Sigma Advance, by E. N. Quist. After reading the Advance, Mr. Quist favored the audience with a chalk talk on "Evolution."

The audience was then dismissed by Dr. McCulloch.

THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

The term opened with most of the Athenians back in their customary places, inspired with the determination to make the year the best in the Society's history. Several old members who were not with us last term have again taken their places in the Society ranks, and the long list of active members has been considerably increased by the addition of new members. The attendance has gained to a marked degree over last year's good record. At most of the meetings the hall has been filled to its usual seating capacity.

The large alumni picture has been remodeled and again placed in the hall. This picture makes a beautiful and valuable ornament to the lately repaired home of the Athenians. As yet the frame is not filled with pictures, and the Society would be very glad to receive the pictures of all her loyal Alumni.

There has been a striking advancement along all the lines of progress, and especially has the debate improved over that of last year. Every program has been carefully prepared and rendered with credit to the participants.

On February 22d an open meeting was given in honor of the occasion. A special program was arranged, and the exercises of the evening were a fitting tribute to the great Father of our Country.

Maryville College Monthly.

VOL. IV. MARCH, 1902. No. 5.

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BAINONIAN, - - HELEN E. ERVIN
ALPHA SIGMA, - FRANK E. LAUGHEAD
THETA EPSILON, - - EMMA E. CALDWELL
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Maryville, Tenn.

Entered at Maryville, Tenn., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Military Drill.

There are a dozen of the College boys belonging to the National Guards at this place. All the boys agree that the exercise and drill that they receive are well worth the time spent. Maryville College has enough students to maintain a splendid military company, and it would add to our standing as an educational institution to have a well equipped company.

The prime object of both the gymnasium and the military company is to afford healthful exercise to the largest possible number of students. The gymnasium may very easily fall far short of this object. Gymnasium exercise is not usually compulsory, and the average student, if he takes advantage of it at all, does so very irregularly.

The military company better fulfills its object; it provides exercise that is vigorous without being violent; it may be either outdoor or indoor exercise; it comes at regular periods; it will accommodate any number of students; a student may become proficient in it, even if he is not a developed athlete; it gives him an easy, manly carriage; it is a most valuable school of obedience; it provides that part of one's education which no patriotic citizen can lightly esteem.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Have you had the mumps?

Thirteen new members have been received into the Y. W. C. A. this term.

The Athletic Association recently purchased a bill of baseball goods from the Woodruff Hardware Company, of Knoxville.

Mrs. T. T. Alexander was present at the February meeting of the Y. W. C. A., and spoke very interestingly of her life as a missionary in Japan.

The Sophomore class gave a party in honor of the Seniors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Lamon Wednesday night, February 19th. The evening, from 7 to 10, was delightfully spent in games and other amusements. A short program was rendered, consisting of recitations by Misses Bryan and Wayland and Mr. Hunter, and a class poem by Mr. Dickey. Refreshments of oranges and bananas were served.

The College members of the National Guard visited Knoxville Wednesday, February 5th, and marched in the Schley parade. The Maryville Company composed the guard of honor and marched immediately behind the Admiral's carriage. They also formed the guard at the Woman's Building, where Admiral and Mrs. Schley held their reception. The Guards will probably be given a week's encampment at Chickamauga in May.

The Marietta (Ohio) Register has the following account of the marriage of two of our late teachers in the College:

"The prettiest wedding of the winter season was that of Mr. Robert Walker, of Maryville, Tenn., and Miss Amanda Andrews, of Marietta. The wedding was held Tuesday evening, at the home of the bride's parents, Professor and Mrs. Martin R. Andrews, corner of Wooster and Muskingum Avenues. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. J. R. Nichols, in the

presence of about fifty of the contracting young people's friends and relatives.

"The rooms of the beautiful home were very tastefully decorated with roses, smilax and carnations. Everything showed the touch of the artist's hand in arrangement, and the effect was very beautiful.

"The ceremony was performed in the parlors, the service being said by Dr. Nichols in his very impressive style. Miss Winifred Palmer acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Lowry, of Cincinnati, performed the functions of best man.

"The bride was exquisitely gowned for the occasion, and appeared very beautiful. The attending ladies were each dressed very effectively.

"After the ceremony a season of congratulations was indulged in, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker were wished many happy years of wedded life together. The bride is a charming young lady, and received the showers of good wishes in her usual modest and becoming manner. Mr. Walker was a stranger to most of the guests, but impressed them very favorably by his personality.

"After the congratulations had been extended, a splendid wedding banquet was served, the enjoyment of which was not the least of the pleasures of the evening. There were twelve seated at the bride's table, which had received the especial attention of the caterer, and was a splendid work of art. A lovely centerpiece of lace held a large bunch of bride's roses and white carnations, while other portions of the table were decorated with flowers and trailing green.

"The cutting of the wedding cake was performed before the assembled guests, and was witnessed with great interest. Miss Winifred Palmer was the fortunate recipient of the ring. Mr. Ripley received the thimble and Miss Mills the ten-cent piece.

The banquet was served in splendid style, Mrs. Hutchman, Mrs. Fleming, Miss Shaw and Miss Dickinson assisting.

"Mr. and Mrs. Walker received many beautiful and valuable wedding gifts, as the kind remembrances of their many friends. Many of them were rare and exquisite works of art, and graced the receiving table beautifully.

"Mr. and Mrs. Walker left for Washington and New York, and on the 15th will commence the long journey to the Philippine Islands, where Mr. Walker has a government appointment.

"The bride is one of Marietta's best known and most accomplished young women. Though out of the city for several years, her friends always held her in remembrance. She is highly educated, being a graduate of the Marietta College for Women, and of Painesville. She also took a post-graduate course in one of the largest universities in Germany. During the past two years she has been engaged as instructor in Maryville College, Tennessee.

"Mr. Walker is a well educated man, and one of the best known and highly respected citizens of Maryville. He is a man of staunch character and splendid habits, and his friends expect to hear of his rapid rise to fame and fortune. His present appointment will keep him in the Philippines for a number of years, where a good opportunity is open."

ATHLETICS OF THE FUTURE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Readers of the February Monthly will remember the prominent part Mr. I'm A. Coming played in the first part of this storiette.

Let them also remember that the first chapter was written some time before Christmas, when the athletically inclined students were wondering when in the world our physical director, whom the Faculty had been so long promising us, would arrive. So the article was written in hope it might help touch the heart of Dame Fortune (the Faculty) to hasten operations. In response to our desires, instead of the fictitious Mr. I'm A. Coming, the physical director arrived in the person of Mr. Frank Cleeland, of Pennsylvania, who has set the athletic ball (especially basket ball) rolling in an encouraging style.

To be sure, our theme was "Athletics of the Future," and we certainly shall triumph nobly at the imaginary Olympic games; for we were going to send some athletes of note, such as Sam McCambell, for the broad jump, Clyde Hale for the five-mile run, also three others. But what

say you, loyal Maryville College student, to change the theme to "Athletics of the Present"? Have we not now the means to bring old Maryville rapidly to the front in athletics? Bartlett Hall, considered one of the finest Y. M. C. A. buildings and gymnasium in Tennessee, is being rapidly provided with apparatus, and now has a director who is willing and anxious to help the Maryville College boys obtain supple and active bodies.

Take a look at our baseball prospects. Here we have intending to play with us this season Mr. Will Bartlett, a representative of Maryville's successful baseball days of the past, and who ought to form the nucleus of another strong and victorious team. We have excellent material for this sport, and have already secured a fine stock of mitts, bats, balls, etc., in addition to the fine McCormick suits for the first team.

Then let us glance at the College Hill Golf Club, of which Fred. Webb is chief. Under his guidance the links have been laid out anew, and Mr. Woodruff, of Knoxville, recognizing the new club's merit, has offered a fine prize to the winner of the spring tournament.

Our fine start in tennis, too, must not be overlooked. Spring is the ideal season for this delightful game; so let the membership of this club increase, in order that we may have another tournament before school closes. It might be well, however, to limit the number of entries for each player, in order to play off the tournament faster than the one held in the fall.

All in all, fellow students, let us as a body support our college athletics, and each be the proud possessor of *mens sana in corpore sano.*

BASKET BALL.

The month of February has seen some lively times in this line. Still, we regret we have not had any inter-scholastic contests.

SOPHS VS. JUNIORS.

February 4th the Sophs gathered up a team and played the Juniors a game in reply to their challenge. The Sophomores fared badly, being defeated, 25 to 4.

Line up:

'04.		'03.
Tedford		Brown
Dickie		Crawford
	Forwards	
Mitchell	Center	Grau
Pate		McCaslin
Lewis		Franklin
	Guards	

COLLEGE VS. PREPS.

A good, stiff game took place between College and Preps on February 11th. The first half was very close, but the Preps ran up the score 28-16 in their favor in the second.

Line up:

College.		Preps.
Tedford		McSpaddon
Crawford		Kelly
	Forwards	
Franklin	Center	French
Brown		Payne, G.
Cleeland		Payne, H.
	Guards	

The girls of Baldwin have taken a good deal of interest in the game, and are thinking of a public game.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION SOCIAL.

The Faculty gave the Association men charge of the regular Washington's Birthday Snap Social. Accordingly the Finance Committee in the interests of baseball, composed of R. H. McCaslin, Frank Cleeland and Arthur Tedford, arranged a musical and literary program to precede the social, which was held the evening of Friday, February 21st. A charge of ten cents was made.

The following enjoyable program was rendered:

Chairman of the evening, Robert Houston
Invocation.....Paul R. Dickie
Quartet ..... Bainonian
Recitation.....Miss Wayland
Vocal Solo.....Miss Cox
Recitation.....C. H. Gillingham
Quartet.....Theta Epsilon
Recitation.....Miss Patton
Vocal Solo.....F. W. Cleeland
Recitation.....Miss Cooper
Quartet.....Y. M. C. A.
Benediction.....Prof. J. G. Newman

Snap Social.

The Snap Social following was of the usual quality.

Net receipts for baseball after deducting hall rent and cost of printing programs were $15.65.

The Y. M. C. A. check-room took in $5.

THE ALPHA SIGMA OPEN MEETING

The Literary Societies' public meetings this year have been unusually successful. These meetings are now held in the College Chapel, and the young ladies of Baldwin are permitted to attend. Below is the Alpha Sigma program as it was rendered Saturday night, March 1st:

Invocation.....Professor Sherrill
Recitation, "Darius Green and His Flying Machine"....F. E. Laughead
Music.....A. S. Quartet
Oration, "A Peculiar People".....
.....Arthur Holtsinger
Debate, "Resolved, That the slanderer is a more pernicious character than the flatterer." Affirmative, J. W. Mitchell, J. F. Hammontree; Negative, L. E. Foster, E. N. Quist.
Vocal Solo.....Miss Maude Yates
Oration, "Abraham Lincoln".....
.....W. C. Vaught
A. S. Advance.....A. M. Caldwell
Benediction.....Prof. J. H. Newman

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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. IV. MARYVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1902. No. 6.

THE MARYVILLE "MR. DOOLEY" ON SEASICKNESS.

Ye see, Hinnessy, we wint on board the McClillin in the afthernoon, but the wind was howling of Sandy Hook and we anchored at the foot of the Goddhess of Liberthy till da-r-r-k. We were a gh-reat crowd, Hinnessy, could and hunghry and cross; but the Quarthermasther smiled and said we should have supper and beds, which same we had. The governmint's a gh-reat institution, Hinnessy. What it promises you it'll do, ayther fer yersilf or yer gr-a-ndchildhren.

The nixt mornin', as I turned out, who should I see but me friend Hogan.

"How are ye?" sez I.

"Foine," sez he. "I'm a regular saydog," sez he.

"We're on our way to Manila," sez he. We wint on dick and, be hivins, Hinnessy, there we lay at the foot of the Statue of Liberthy!

"Why ar'n't we goin'," sez Hogan to a sailhor.

"Prince Hinry isn't in," sez the sailhor. "We don't want to disappoint him," sez he.

We wint to breakfast and then Prince Hinry came. The Illinois and the Olympia and some ither vissils wint out to meet him, but the McClillin rode proudly at her anchor, and whin the Prince came along she tooted her fistle and the Prince bowed and thin we were off.

"Why don't they go straight?" sez the Missus.

"They're thryin' to avoid the bhoys," sez Hogan's woife.

"'Tis a good plan for ye to follow yerself," sez Hogan; fer ye see, Hinnessy, Hogan's just been married.

"We're goin' back," sez Hogan's woife. "I'll ax the officher why," sez she.

"Shure, ma'am, we'll anchor in the harbor to-night," sez he. "They're tistin' the insthrumints. The Captain thought we might attract the needle," sez he.

"Be hivins, the Captain knows his business," sez Hogan.

We had a foine dinner, Hinnessy, and thinks I, "I'll have wan male more." So I had baked feesh and veal cutlets, and topped it off with icecrame and cake. Thin we wint on dick, and may the saints presarve us, Hinnessy, but we were passin' right out of the harbor and the waves were beginnin' to rholl.

"We're on the bosom of the deep," sez Hogan. "How d'ye loike it, Jawn?" sez he.

"I don't loike it," sez I, "it's too neglijay. I'd rather have it starched and ironed out smooth," sez I.

The ship rholled more and more, and afther while wan girl started fer the rail. Thin another wint, and another.

"I think I'll take a walk," sez I; and, as I wint around the dick I heard thim tellin' the ould story, Hinnessy, ye've heard about the felly who was sthandin' by the rail, and whin they axed him if he was waitin' for the moon to rise, he said: "No, I haven't swallied the moon."

When I came back Hogan sez:

"How d'ye feel now, Jawn?"

"I think I'll join the rail b-i-r-ds," sez I.

Thin I saw a chap who was fixing up a camera, for a shot along the rail, drop it and sthart for the edge himsilf. "I'll take the picture fer ye," sez another passengher: and thin I saw a sthairway and ran down it to a quiet place on the lower dick.

Well, Hinnessy, I waited a minute and thin some wheels run round inside me anatomy.

"Her-up," sez I.

"Strike one," sez I.

Thin the wheels wint again.

"Her-up," sez I.

"Are ye goin' to foozle," sez I.

"Heave-ho! my hearty!" sez a passin' sailhor lad.

"Her-up!" sez I again; and this time, Hinnessy, 'twas a beautiful drive to deep cinter, and me feesh sailed over the rail to the wather below.

I lay down in me bunk and pretty soon the Missus came in with a quiet way.

"How are yez?" sez I.

"Jawn," sez she, "ye remimber I tould ye I'd give up everything fer ye?"

"Yes," sez I.

"I've done it," sez she.

"Ye're a brave girl; I'll buy ye a lunch whin we reach Gibraltar," sez I.

"I won't need it before," sez she.

Then Hogan came down, and I sez,

"How d'ye feel, Hogan?"

"Quarely," sez he.

"Don't give up the ship," sez I. "Have ye had any suppher?" sez I.

"No," sez he, "I've been on dick," sez he.

"I've had two supphers," sez Hogan's woife, comin' in; "wan down and wan up; I guess I'm sick," sez she.

"Well, Hinnessy, at tin o'clock that night Hogan lowered his colors and thin he and I wint to our quarthers below. Oh! 'twas a gr-a-nd chorus of wan hundhred and thirty-noine.

"Her-ope," sez the basses, led by a big Nebraskan on me right.

"Her-ap!" sez the barytones, and a Michigander above came out strong.

"Her-up!" sez the sicond tinors, and, Hinnessy, a little dood from Boston was leadin' thim gr-a-nd.

"Her-ip!" sez the first tinors, and a big tall Georgian was singin' with thrue Southern spirit.

I joined the tinors, Hinnessy, and I could hear Hogan singin' barytone, and me friend Bewley was doin' foine on the lead. Oh! 'twas wonderful, Hinnessy, ivery wan of us throwin' his soul and his suppher into it, and whin the suppher was done we wint deeper, and I found some Baldwin biscuits and a lad near-by brought up some ha-r-rd tack he got in Cuby in noinety-eight. But I missed me opportunity, Hinnessy; I ought to be the cham-pean wrestler of the wor-rld! I could have throwed anything.

After a while I wint aslape and dreamed I was on the Ferris wheel, and it was runnin' away, and thin I was loopin'-the-loop on a camel, at the Pan-American, and thin the divil had me in a see-saw.

"Lit me off," sez I.

"Go where they don't make ice," sez he.

"With pleasure," sez I, "if ye'll let me off," sez I.

In the mornin' I was wake and dizzy, and I lay there till Hogan came staggherin' along.

"Are ye dh-r-unk," sez I.

"Worse," sez he. "Get up," sez he, "ye mustn't lie there and die."

"I'm lying here to live," sez I; but I got up and wint on dick, and the waves were runnin' thremenjous, and when wan would throw us over and wet us, some one would say:

"Isn't it gh-r-and—her-up!"

"We're dancin' on the billows," sez Hogan.

"I want to be on the outside whin there's dancin' goin' on," sez I; and Hogan's woife started to smile and decided she wouldn't. Just then the Missus came up smilin'.

"How are ye?" sez I.

"All quiet along the Potomac," sez she. "How are ye?"

"Ye won't be a widdy before noon," sez I.

Well, Hinnessy, I was sick for days and days, and then the docther came to see me.

"What's the matter," sez he.

"I'm say-sick," sez I. "I'm loike a manuscript — it ruins me to roll me," sez I.

Thin he took me to the hoshpital; and a big naygher gave me a bath and beef tea and brandy, and, Hinnessy, if that naygher

iver comes to Maryville admit him fer me sake, for he saved me loife and me remains. But, before we got to Gibraltar I felt better, and it's a gr-a-nd place to land, it is—solid as the Prudential Inshurance Company, as Prof. Wallers sez—and thin I was all right, Hinnessy, and it's a foine toime I'm havin' now. Oh rever.

John Woodside Ritchie, '98.

Malta, March 14, 1902.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S TRIP.

It costs twenty thousand dollars a year to provide the young people that throng the halls of the Maryville College the educational advantages they come to seek. To pay the salaries of the twenty-five or more teachers, officers and employees that are required to conduct a college of such high grade, is itself a very expensive matter. Then, too, there is the unending and great necessary outlay demanded in the heating, the lighting, the repairing and the insuring of the ten buildings, the care and the improvement of the extensive campus, the supply of water, and the bills for printing, school supplies and the like. For several years there has been an annual deficit, the income from all sources not being sufficient to provide for all the outlay.

The present college year opened with the financial problem more serious than for several years past. By the action of the directors, last May, taken in view of the necessities of the case, the endowment was in effect reduced from about $250,000 to about $225,000, by the transfer of $26,500 to Swift Memorial Institute. So the problem was to overcome a deficit that last year amounted to $1,500, and an additional one of $1,590, the interest of the $26,500 no longer in the endowment. In short, a possible deficit of $3,000 had to be provided against; and the earnest desire of the faculty and the directors was to do so with as little increase of expense to the students as possible. The glory of Maryville, from its foundation, has been that scores of students that otherwise would have been unable to secure an education, have been enabled to complete a course of study within its hospitable walls simply because its terms were lower than those of most institutions of similar grade.

With a view to continuing this inexpensiveness the faculty recommended to the directors that the tuition be increased only $6.00; and, in order to work as little hardship as possible, that this $6.00 be collected for the last half of the second term—the period now called the spring term. The directors adopted the faculty's recommendation, and fixed the tuition at $18.00 a year, an average of only $2.00 a month, certainly little enough for one of the best colleges of the South.

The faculty then spent much effort in readjusting the work so that the same amount of work could be done by a somewhat smaller body of instructors. They succeeded in their attempt, and economized to the extent of the greater part of a thousand dollars. The necessary expenses incurred in the renewing of Memorial Hall, however, amounted to about a thousand dollars. So it became evident, early in the year, that unless additional funds could be secured from some source, the threatened deficit could not, after all, be averted.

It has, for some years, been felt that new friends must be raised up for the college, in order that it be enabled to enter into the work providentially opened before it. Since the death of Prof. Lamar there has been comparatively little systematic effort to interest the benevolent in the history and the claims of Maryville College. The donors to Prof. Lamar's great achievement—the $100,000 endowment fund—have all long been dead. Had it not been for the providential coming of the Fayerweather legacy, the development of the college would have been checked. As it is, that development must now also be untimely checked if additional endowment be not secured.

With the authorization of the directors, President Wilson spent two months during the recent winter term, in visiting different

cities of the North, with a view to introducing the college to a new constituency of friends. During his trip he visited eight cities and presented the claims of the institution to a considerable number of millionaires and other wealthy people, and made the acquaintance of many prominent persons, whose moral support is an absolute necessity in securing access to the wealthy men who have confidence in their judgment. The trip was, necessarily, a very hurried one, and not much could then be done toward following up the introductory call. That will be done in the future, as opportunity offers. Yet there were some immediate results. Enough help from generous donors was secured to enable the college to close the year without debt, and several important pledges were received regarding future gifts. There were also some very encouraging indications favorable to the hope for some large gifts in the future. There indications will, of course, be carefully watched and followed up. Enough money was secured to enable the Students' Work Fund to have the largest bank account it has had since its establishment.

The great kindnesses shown President Wilson in different cities made a most unpleasant and difficulty work much easier than it would otherwise have been. The graduates of Maryville College, whom he met in six several States, did everything in their power to advance his mission. Their loyalty and zeal were very inspiring.

The difficulties to be encountered in such a campaign are very great. Wealthy men are, most of them, more interested in augmenting than in distributing their wealth; while those noble exceptions who look upon their money as a trust from God are so widely known for their benevolence that they are simply inundated with appeals of every conceivable variety, many of which are in behalf of causes of especial personal interest to themselves, through local or other associations. Such men are made trustees and officials of many benevolent enterprises, and naturally give to those enterprises. Their time, during office hours, is so taken up by the exacting demands of business that, however well disposed they may be toward all worthy causes, it is often simply impossible to give even five minutes to any of the horde of college presidents and representatives of ecclesiastical, national and municipal charities, and promoters of the almost inconceivably long list of enterprises, general and personal, who crowd their waiting rooms. To give what is asked, even during one month, would, in some cases, reduce the wealthiest to penury.

Most of these capitalists, worn with the cares of their immense business interests, are unwilling to receive the calls of importunate strangers after they have retired to the privacy of their home. Nor can we much blame them for this inhospitality. It is of the nature of self-defense. The knowledge that they are wealthy and benevolent subjects them to such incessant, indiscriminate and annoying appeals that were they not to take measures to protect themselves against the horde of beggars, they would have no time left for the management of their business interests, or the enjoyment of the privacy of home life.

Most of these benevolent rich men are interested in colleges in their own section, and contribute to them; and very naturally are not interested in far-away Southern institutions, of which they have heard little or nothing. Then they insist that the local friends of Southern schools should give more to those institutions as an evidence of their real interest in them. Others urge that there are too many small colleges in the South, and that in the interests of economy and efficiency there should be consolidation of similar colleges wherever feasible. This year there were also special difficulties to be encountered by a representative of Maryville that required patient effort to meet and remove. Many of those whose interest in Maryville was confidently expected were absent from home in search of health, or a milder winter—for the past

winter was the most severe experienced for many years—or in prosecution of business.

In spite of these and other difficulties, the outcome of Dr. Wilson's trips was very encouraging. Besides the liberal donations collected, several pledges of valuable help in the future were received, the interest of a number of wealthy men and women was aroused, misunderstandings were corrected, and a solid basis was laid for systematic work in the future. The remarkable service rendered by Maryville College, when once understood, engages the sympathy and will secure the support of thoughtful men. There is also a decided interest in Southern colleges being awakened by the Southern Educational Association, recently organized in New York City. This is also an epoch of gifts to colleges. There is a better day before us, but there is also patient and persistent work to do in hastening it.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE, WALKER'S VALLEY.

A NEW EDUCATIONAL WORK IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

It is not often that the editors of the "Monthly" give valuable space for the promotion of enterprises that do not directly concern the college. But this new work, although not immediately connected with the institution has taken hold on the sympathies of the college people—and has found among them ardent promoters. This fact, and also that it originated in the college town, and above all, that it is for the benefit and elevation of the people of our own beloved mountains, give ample reason why the magazine is adding its influence toward arousing interest in this very important educational movement.

Last autumn, the Chilhowee and Tuesday Clubs of Maryville, in conjunction with the Newman and Ossoli Circles of Knoxville, decided to engage in educational work in the East Tennessee mountains. The decis-

ion was inspired by an article contributed to the Maryville paper by a gentleman who had just finished teaching a two months' school in Walker's Valley, in the mountains above Tuckaleechee Cove. This was the first school taught in the little valley since white men made it their home.

Recently a short visit to the valley was made, at the request of the ladies, for the purpose of determining the exact needs, that the work be more definitely arranged and thus insure success in the execution.

The valley is located on the middle prong of Little River, between Fodder Stack Mountain and Timbered Ridge, and about four and one-half miles from Tuckaleechee Cove. It is very inaccessible. The river must be forded eight times between Tuckaleechee and the valley. The road, which in many places is simply a bridle trail, winds along the mountains. In many places it is dug out of the perpendicular mountain side, and as one traverses that road—seemingly nothing but a scratch along the cliff—he hears the roar of the torrent far below his feet, and can see the foam and green water; while above his head, hundreds of feet, towers the dizzy heights.

There are eight families living in the place, and these have thirty children entitled to public school privileges. They are eager for an education. Mr. Dunn, the former teacher, says the children were attentive, studious, and well behaved. He administered scarcely any discipline during the session.

The distance from the nearest public school is four and a half miles, and with eight swift fords of the river to cross en route, it is readily seen why the residents of Walker's Valley have not availed themselves of public instruction.

Then a reason why the school was not established within the valley sooner should now be presented. That part of the district is very sparsely settled, and the per capita money for school purposes would amount to a very limited sum; so former school boards, in administering the funds, thought it wise to concentrate efforts and centralize the work in Tuckaleechee. This method held for years, until Mr. William Walker importuned the authorities, and the school of two months, just mentioned, was the result. A two months' session with ten months' vacation seemed such a travesty on the whole school system that the interested club women became unanimous for an improved condition of affairs.

The women's plan, in brief, is to hold a two months' summer school, during the months of July and August, closing when the public school teacher appears to take up the work in September. The summer school will use the State text books, and all the instruction will be given by a highly equipped teacher. The course of study will be unbroken through the session, the only change being a change in teachers. Now in addition to the regular school work, the summer school teacher will teach the girls, in her home, sewing and housekeeping. She will teach the children music, for which they are especially anxious, and will hold a Sabbath-school. It will be a grand opportunity for the people, and they realize it and will give the teacher a hearty welcome, and do all in their power for her comfort. They have promised to build a log-house, with two rooms and a porch, in a beautiful location by the house that will be used for a school-house, for a teacher's residence.

The present school building is an old log-house that was given for the purpose to serve as a makeshift until something more pretentious and comfortable can be afforded. The furniture consists of some benches made by inserting wooden pins into hewed puncheons.

The work is one of the most thoroughly practical plans to give assistance to worthy people in need that can be imagined. The people are kind, hospitable, eager to learn. All they need is the opportunity. This they covet for their children.

Mr. Walker, a resident and leading spirit of the valley, and Mr. Dunn, the teacher of the valley children and the warm friend

of every person there, have explained the situation to Miss Margaret Henry, of Maryville, and she will be very glad to confer with any one who would like to make a contribution to this work. There are numberless things to be done toward establishing and carrying on this work, and even the smallest contributions will be received with gratitude. If any one would like to contribute books or school furnishings they can be used to good advantage.

It is the hope of the editors that some of the many Maryville graduates and ex-students, who are now settled and engaged in business and professional pursuits in various parts of the country, may be constrained by this statement of facts regarding the work, to contribute to it of their means, and thus have a part in educational matters back at the old college town.

F. L. W.

A SQUIB.

It was a dark rainy night. Approximately dark as old days in Egypt. The wind howled dismally as it usually does when October is waning. There was quiet in Bartlett Hall. This portended no good, for quiet at Bartlett is as the calm which precedes the hurricane—death dealing and destructive. From across the campus came the wailing notes of the plaintive violin and the shuffle of feet. Oh, 'tis the Juniors making merry with their confreres. Hughie and Dennie have opened wide their doors. There is revelry.

A door opens. It is the great door of Bartlett. A small figure stands for a moment on the portico. He looks for a minute to see if he is observed, then descends the step and is lost in the darkness. Look, there he is again. See, he stands beneath the glare of the arc-light in front of Fayerweather and looks at his watch.

The watch appears to be a silver repeater, of antique workmanship; surely it is at least nine centimetres in diameter. He takes note of the time; gives the stem a few turns, and is off.

But we have observed him. He appears suspicious. We will shadow him. He is short of stature, slight built and wears no beard. He wears glasses and looks innocent. He has a large umbrella under his arm, and carries a large roll of electric light wire. He don't look like an electrician. This excites our suspicions. In the other hand he carries a pail of yellow paint and a brush. He looks more like a clerk than a painter. Our nerves are on a strain. This is exciting.

He has stopped at the library. He is up to something. He ties his wire to the door-knob. What a mystery. He runs from tree to tree with his wire, until it is all played out, and the cedar grove is but a maze of wire meshes. Oh! this is terrifying. What next? The paint! Swiftly he runs along the wire, coating it thickly. Drip, drip, drip. Better keep away from the cedars.

Hark! The revelry has ceased, the revelers approach. The rascal has flown.

Abe.

THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

The Society has entered upon the last term of the current year. Its present officers are: Hugh R. Crawford, President; Robert Franklin, Vice-President; Robert L. Houston, Secretary; Leonard McGinley, Librarian; Arthur Tedford, Frank Cleeland and W. E. Lewis, Censors.

During the part of the year preceding this term the ordinary programs consisted of essays, declamations, character sketches, the debate and "The Athenian," but the political spirit of the members has been so aroused by the recent elections that the Society decided to have a program in which the political number is the dominant feature, to take the place, at times, of the usual program. So, in accordance with this act, the Society proceeded to organize a "Model House of Representatives." It was arranged on the 28th of March and the 4th of April that the "Model House" will convene, and take the place of the debate

every other Friday night during the remainder of the year. The President and Secretary were unanimously elected Speaker and Clerk of the "House." At the session, April 4th, bills were presented, and the first reading heard. The "House" then adjourned to convene on the 18th of April. In this session the great inter-oceanic canal bill will be acted upon, and it is expected that the calmest deliberation and best judgment will be displayed in the consideration of this great bill.

MONTAVILLE FLOWERS,

THE COMMENCEMENT RECITAL UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

Montaville Flowers in the Interpretive Monologue "Ben Hur."

The class of '02 have been exceedingly fortunate in securing talent for the annual recital, which will be given in the Auditorium of New Providence Church, Monday, May 26.

Beecher has said, "The real benefactors

of mankind are the men and women who can raise their fellow-beings out of the world of corn and money; who can make them forget their bank accounts by interesting them in their higher selves; who can lift them above the realm of the common and sordid, and make them feast on being's banquet."

Such a man is Montaville Flowers.

Mr. Flowers presents a story involving many characters of widely differing manners and voices, and conflicting purposes and deeds. Unless well given, a monologue of such complications and elaborateness is apt to descend into a farce, and the speaker into a caricaturist to be laughed at. He must be natural; he must not overdo; he must not become monotonous; he should not allow the auditor to become drowsy and uninterested. He must be dramatic, but subdued; he must read with proper and fitting tones, but he must not really act in a theatrical sense.

Mr. Flowers meets every demand, and meets them all pleasingly. He is an impersonator of great versality and wide resource. He succinctly tells the story in dialogue, culled from the original; happy in his choice of passages, because keeping in mind that the dramatic quality is the indispensable essential to prevent monotony. Thus he has a story full of spirit, and one that in itself holds an audience. He develops it with evenness, and throughout it wears the language of the author.—The Louisville Courier-Journal.

The best Lyceum Agencies of America, the leading attractions of the platform, and widely separated and differing audiences declare Montaville Flowers to be a great artist and unexcelled in his profession; and further that no one presents so wide a range of refined literature with such uniform excellence; and no one in his profession, in every recital offered and before every grade of audience, has met with such certain and general acceptability.

Concerning this gentleman's work Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben-Hur," gives the following indorsement:

"It was a most excellent arrangement of Ben-Hur, and Mr. Flowers displayed splendid judgment in his adaptation. It meets with my hearty approval. His elocutionary power is admirably suited to the work. He presents scenes and incidents of the plot in a charming manner, and his work in the presentation was, by far, the best I have ever heard. Mr. Flowers' work has my approval. It is the revival of the ancient Eastern custom of story-telling. It is a recreation of a lost art. It is in safe hands with this young man, and will prove an attractive form of high-class platform work. I wish him great sucess."

EXCHANGES.

The Mirror, a neat little magazine.

Delaware College Review for March has two good stories.

Princeton University Bulletin has scientific articles well worth reading.

Why is a kiss over a wire like a straw hat? Answer—Because it isn't felt.

Gray Jacket is a welcome member of our exchange table. The March number contains some excellent stories.

March Gates Index good thoughout. Poem, "I Wonder Why," shows keen discernment on part of writer.

"The Test of Vengeance that Failed," is a story of special merit in March Kendall Collegian. Good exchange column.

Wheaton College Record has a good ring. Poem in March number, "Light of the World," deserves special mention.

Out of the numerous good articles in the March number of Tennessee University Magazine, "Tiger! Tiger!" is especially interesting.

Maryville College Monthly.

VOL. IV. MARCH, 1902. No. 5.

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ATHENIAN, - - DENNIS W. CRAWFORD
BAINONIAN, - - HELEN E. ERVIN
ALPHA SIGMA, - FRANK E. LAUGHEAD
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Students, graduates and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items of general interest for publication.
Subscription price, for eight numbers, 25 cents.
Address all communications to
MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY,
Maryville, Tenn.

Entered at Maryville, Tenn., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Dr. Trimble. As a result of the ten days' evangelistic services in the college chapel there were twelve conversions, and a general quickening of spiritual life among the student body. This was the fourth time that Dr. Trimble had held services in the college, and his genial personality and ripe Christian experience added much to the effectiveness of his preaching.

Third Term. The third term began March 18th, with the loss of only one day for enrollment and classification.

In addition to the usual reasons which always cause a diminution of our number in the springtime, we had this year unusual sickness among the students, and an extra tuition fee. Notwithstanding, however, these conditions, the enrollment has reached two hundred and fifty two, which is as large an attendance as usual for this time of year.

College Settlement. The article in this issue, which describes the contemplated educational work in Walker's Valley this summer, ought to stimulate one or two of our readers to make a contribution to this cause. There is little excuse for the indifference of our taxpayers to the claims of the public schools, but until public opinion drives our Solons to give the children a fair chance by increasing the tax for school purposes, there ought to be centers of educational influence started and continued in selected places, under the care and direction of our college teachers and graduates.

General Educational Board. One of the most encouraging signs for the South is the formation of the General Educational Board to further in every possible way the cause of education in parts of the country where it is most needed. We shall all await with interest to see its method of procedure, and whether practical arguments will be used with our legislators to accomplish speedy results in procuring increased appropriations for the public schools. If the Board, with Dr. Harper, can convince our denominational colleges that their only hope for future expansion is in consolidation and federation, it will succeed where ecclesiastical bodies in the past have failed.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Our easy victory over Wildwood has only shown us the quality of our college base ball team.

Captain Foster has got the boys down to good playing condition, and the home team supporters were pleased with the good work. Drew McColloch did the honors in the pitcher's box. Will Bartlett is playing in his usual excellent form, and fills a very important place in the team. Will Griffith is Captain of the second team.

WESTWOOD VS. MARYVILLE.

The Wildwood base ball team crossed bats with the Maryville College boys on the college grounds, April 1st.

This was the first game of the season, outside of the practice games, and much interest centered upon this game. It was a raw, cold day, and the college boys played remarkably well, considering the first game and the unfavorable weather.

The game was one-sided from beginning to end, and not close enough to be very interesting.

The home team had the choice of play, and they took their time at bat, and the visiting team took the field. Bartlett was the first batter, and he drew a base on balls. Hill was next, and he also walked to first base. Foster was the third man, and he got to first on Murphy's error. The bases were now full, and Houston stepped up to the plate; he recognized the opportunity that he had, and when he found the ball he put it over the right field fence and out of sight, making a home run and bringing in three other runs. The college boys made ten runs in the first inning, and this gave them a good start, and at no time during the game did the Wildwood boys come up anywhere near this score, as they made only seven runs during the whole game. The principal features of the game were: A home run by Houston; two-base hits by Bartlett and Kelley.

McColloch pitched in fine form, striking out twelve men, and allowing only one man to walk to first base. He played a cool and careful game all through, and kept the hits well scattered.

Foster also played a good game behind the bat, having no passed balls, making no errors, and catching two high and difficult foul balls.

. The fielding of the college team was especially good. Those who made no errors were: Foster, Goddard, Houston, Kelley and Keeble.

Dunn played the best game for Wildwood, making two two-base hits and one single hit, and making two of the scores.

Dunn and Waters were the only men who played without making errors. Waters also made two runs.

The final score was 17 to 7 in favor of the Maryville College team. Time, 2 hours, 5 minutes. Umpire, John McCulloch.

M. D. Ex. '97.

THE SENIOR BANQUET.

The most delightful social event of the year has just passed into history. The banquet of the Senior Class was given on the night of April 4th, at the beautiful home of Major Ben Cunningham, the college Registrar; and so long as memory shall serve those who gathered round that festal board, the recollections of that evening will give a thrill of pleasure.

The table was charmingly decorated. The red blossoms of the japonica and the white of cherry and plum paid a graceful compliment to the class, as they formed the class colors.

Hand painted souvenir menus and place cards were laid at each cover. The dainty repast consisted of the following:

MENU.

Saratoga Potatoes.
Cream Cheese. Chicken Salad.
White and Brown Bread.
Pickles. Olives.

Red and White Neopolitan Ice Cream,
White Cake.

Bonbons. Oranges.

Black Cake. Coffee.

The guests lingered long over the coffee, which was itself worthy of a poet's praise—having come from "Far Araby," the gift of the Major's eldest son, Edwin Cunningham, M. C., '93, United States Consul to Aden—and enjoyed a feast of reason. Major Ben acted as toastmaster, and he filled his office perfectly, his witty speeches were quite a feature of the occasion.

The toasts were: "Our Host and Hostess," Mr. Holtsinger, '02. "The Class of '02," Mr. Schell, '06. "The Ladies," Mr. Dickie, '04. "The Absent Ones," Mr. R. M. Caldwell, Ex.-'02. "The Senior Vacation," Mr. Jo. S. Caldwell, '02.

The responses to the toasts were full of sparkling wit and humor, and will not be forgotten for many a day.

Mr. Dick Caldwell, in his speech, said that fifty years hence would see many changes in the personnel of the class and their coterie of friends. For instance, Maj. Cunningham, then a hale and hearty old gentleman, of one hundred and ten or thereabouts, will have seen himself succeeded as Registrar by his son, Ben, Jr.

In those days Ben, Jr., will have found among his father's old papers, the following in Maj. Ben's handwriting:

I met a little college girl,
Nineteen years old (*she said),
Her head adorned with many a curl,
Her beauty made me glad.

Of Seniors, in the Senior Class,
How many may ye be?
"We're ten," replied the little lass,
And wondering, looked at me.

"You're ten," said I, "my little maid
And pray how may that be?
Yourself and Mayme are the girls,
Of boys there are only three.

"Yourself and Mayme, Joe and Fred
And Arthur do survive;
If all the class but these are dead
Then ye are only five."

"But we *are* ten," the maiden said;
"Five at Maryville stay.
Sad tears for Elva and Mabel we shed
When they both went away.

"Bill Disney went away, alas!
Bill Keeble to U. of T.
Poor Dick, he failed exams. to pass
And *he* was gone, you see."

This class I bade to share my board,
And furnished them some toys;
I fed them from my ample hoard,
They played with my two boys.

And when the feast and play were past
The maiden said to me,
"What think ye now about our class,
How many think ye there be?"

"You're wrong," said I, and I was then,
"Your class is all alive,
For there is neither five nor ten,
But rather ten times five."

—Senex, '02.

Althongh this is dispntedjby some, the matter is not present open for discussion.

Arguments are all right, but here are facts.

The styles for men are made in New York. That is where our clothing is made.

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U-pi-dee, U-pi-da!
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The boys are wild, and prex is, too,
You never saw such a hulla-ba-loo.
CHORUS.—U-pi-dee-i-dee-i-da! etc.

Her voice is clear as a soaring lark's,
And her wit is like those trolley-car sparks!
When 'cross a muddy street she flits,
The boys all have comniption fits!

The turn of her head turns all ours, too,
There's always a strife to sit in her pew;
'Tis enough to make a parson drunk,
To hear her sing old co-ca-che-lunk!

The above, and three other NEW verses to U-PI-DEE, and NEW WORDS, catchy, up-to-date, to many others of the popular OLD FAMILIAR TUNES; besides OLD FAVORITES; and also many NEW SONGS.

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The Winter term opens January 2, 1902; the Spring term, March 17, 1902.

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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. IV. MARYVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1902. No. 7.

THE FITFH ANNUAL CONFERENCE FOR EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

Athens, Ga., April 24 to 26, 1902.

Several hundred delegates were present, and before the opening session they visited many interesting historic spots in the city. They were driven past many beautiful, old, ante-bellum residences, whose spacious, white-columned porticoes and well kept lawns spoke of other days in the "old South," when culture and wealth and learning laid the foundations of the institutions that now open wide their portals to this Educational Conference.

They lingered for a little space to view the old, double-barreled cannon, which was gathered from a rubbish heap after the Civil War, and now stands in a little park in front of the city headquarters.

It is the only one of its kind in the world, and was invented in Athens in 1863, by William Gilleland, and was cast in an Athens foundry. It was never fired but once; it proved a failure as an implement of war, as no chain could be found strong enough to hold the two balls together till their united force mowed down the enemy.

In looking at it, the happy thought uppermost in every mind was, that both North and South, in this Conference, are uniting in the invention of some weapon of warfare whereby the ranks of illiteracy and degradation in our entire country may be overthrown.

The delegates also visited the birthplace of Henry W. Grady; the old Harden home place, where John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," visited his sweetheart, Miss Mary Harden, and gave her the original copy of that immortal song, which, it is said, lies buried with her; the home of Crawford W. Long, the discoverer of anesthesia; the old home of the Cobbs, and the beautiful home of the Lumpkins, of deeper interest to the Maryville delegate, since Dr. P. M. Bartlett, who gave the best years of his life to the building up of Maryville College, married a granddaughter of Governor Lumpkins, of Athens, Ga.

The Conference was called to order and presided over during its sessions by Mr. Robert C. Ogden, the happiest, most genial and efficient presiding officer. He is a man already past his three-score years, the real head of the two greatest dry goods stores in the world. In "Success," May, 1902, can be found a sketch of his interesting life, which is well worthy the reading, as it shows how honesty, truthfulness, fidelity and unremitting toil have fitted him for the place he holds in the business and educational world.

He has thrown himself heart and soul into the educational movement of this new century. He gives his time and his money without stint. He brought with him to this Conference, entirely at his own expense, a company sixty-five in number, most striking in personnel. There were merchant princes, railroad presidents, bankers, philanthropists, university leaders, noted divines, editors of the world's foremost periodicals, versatile writers, deep thinkers and practical executors of the world's best work.

The South also joined its best forces with those from the North. There were strong, earnest, "educational Governors" and State Superintendents, noted educators, jurists, Senators and orators. Each spoke out of a full heart, not for the sake of mere oratory, but for the sake of the cause. Each spoke of the present needs or hindrances or progress along educational lines in his State, and each ventured to forecast for the future what the South will be when every child, white and black, enters into its rightful inheritance, that training for head, hand and heart which the industrial conditions in the South demand to-day, and which those abreast of the times see is the only solution of the difficult problems now confronting the South.

Those privileged to attend these sessions felt themselves upon the threshold of an educational crisis. Through the

open portals of this century is issuing a new tide in the affairs of men.

There are glorious combinations of time and talent and wealth for the warfare against illiteracy.

Twenty-seven per cent. of the people in the South can not read or write; the average length of school term per year is one hundred and seven days; the average number of days' schooling given to each child is three per year. The South has 2,275,000 female illiterates. What a motherhood for our children's most impressionable years!

It is well to look the truth square in the face, and the truth should rouse us to free ourselves from such conditions. The difficulties that beset the South in its educational work are many, chief among them the sparseness in population per square mile, the necessity of maintaining two school systems, one for each race, and the poverty of the South.

But a brighter day is dawning for the South. It produces sixty-six per cent. of the cotton crop of the world. Its varied natural resources are being rapidly developed; its manufacturing interests are increasing yearly. Already it spends $30,000,000 for the education of its children. The awakening has come, and the work is along most practical lines, as the following quotations will show:

Dr. Charles D. McIver, President of the North Carolina State Normal School at Greensboro, made his report as one of the District Directors. Dr. McIver said in substance:

"Everything is bright for education in North Carolina. We have taken an inventory of our needs, and will supply them. We have had about thirty elections on the subject of local taxation for public schools, and in only three or four cases was the cause of education defeated. During the past year four hundred libraries have been established in our rural schools, one-third of the money coming from the State.

"A vigorous campaign for rural schools in North Carolina has been inaugurated. A conference of teachers was held at Raleigh, where declarations were made against illiteracy, and an address to the people of North Carolina on that subject was issued. A campaign has been inaugurated to improve school houses and to urge the people to levy local taxes. The press has very kindly aided in the dissemination of useful information, and the preachers are being urged to preach at least one sermon a year on the subject of popular education.

"The county of Guilford raised $4,000 for rural education, which amount was duplicated by the general Education Board."

Several Southern States, notably North Carolina, Virginia and Alabama, have already commenced, under the leadership of their Governors, brainy, active, progressive and far-seeing men, an active propaganda for the betterment of the rural schools.

Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, with the battle-cry of "Free schools for all," has set the Old North State aflame with enthusiasm.

Dr. Alderman declared that the bulk of the population of Louisiana and Mississippi regarded taxation with less aversion than any State he knew of. They have learned the lesson from the levee tax imposed to protect them from the inroads of the Mississippi, and they somehow make the subtle connection of thought that their children need just as much protection for the submerging flood of ignorance. The old leaders have plowed the ground well, and deserve all the credit for this favorable state of the public mind.

Nor must the South work unaided and alone.

The Peabody Fund was established in 1867 by George Peabody, who gave $3,500,000 to be devoted to education in the Southern States. In 1882 John F. Slater, of Connecticut, placed in the hands of trustees $1,000,000 for the purpose of "uplifting the lately emancipated population of the Southern States and their posterity." This, in addition to Mr. John D. Rockefeller's recent gift of $1,000,000 to the Southern Education Board, swells the Southern educational fund to $6,000,000, independent of all smaller gifts.

The purposes of the Conference and its Southern Education Board, organized last year, as outlined by Mr. W. H. Baldwin, Jr., are as follows: First—To promote education in the whole country, irrespective of race, sex or creed. Second—To develop public schools, especially rural schools. Third—To encourage self-help, the urging of local taxation for schools. Fourth—The training of school teachers, especially in the industrial departments. Fifth—To co-operate with institutions already established, and to aid in their maintenance and improvement. Sixth—To co-operate with

other institutions of learning. Seventh—To collect educational statistics. Eighth—To furnish information regarding education, and to be the clearing-house of educational statistics. Ninth—To furnish the press with information looking to the advancement of education interests. Tenth—To promote every form of deserving educational work.

The Convention was invited to the State by the Georgia Legislature. The address of welcome was given by Clark Howell, President of the Senate.

Other noteworthy addresses were those of Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, on "Educational Supervision"; Mr. Robert C. Ogden's "Annual Address"; Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the "Review of Reviews," on "School Equipment and Reinforcement"; Hon. C. B. Aycock, Governor of North Carolina, on "Education and the Voluntary Tax"; Hon. Hoke Smith, of Georgia, on "Popular Education as the Primary Policy of the South"; Prof. P. P. Claxton, of Tennessee, on "The Publication Bureau of the Southern Education Board"; Carleton B. Gibson, Superintendent of Schools, Columbus, Ga., on "Education Through Handicraft"; Lawton B. Evans, Superintendent of Schools of Augusta, Ga., on "The Child of the Operative"; Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President of Tulane University, of New Orleans, La., on "The Child and the State"; Dr. Hamilton Mabie, of New York, on "Co-operation in Educational Effort." Not one discordant note was struck throughout the entire Conference.

Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, said: "I count it more gain to meet here in this fraternal spirit and discuss these questions than all the millions that could flow into the treasury of this movement." Mr. Hamilton Mabie, of New York, said that he believed the day would come when on squares of Northern cities would stand statues of Lee and Jackson, and that, in like manner, Southern cities would honor that hero of our nation, Abraham Lincoln.

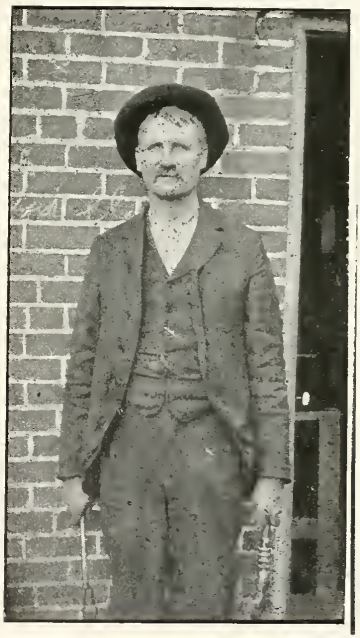
One spirit, one aim, one deep undercurrent of enthusiasm pervaded every session of the Convention. Each member felt himself drawn thither by the providence of God to see the needs, the possibilities and the plans of the work as a whole, and from that broader outlook to become, as never before, a part of that mighty working force which is to revolutionize the schools of our beloved Southland.

Margaret E. Henry.

Maryville, Tenn.

THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF THE "OLD MAN."

When the Old Grad. comes up to the Hill after years of absence, he usually crosses the lower style wearing a thoughtful air. Doubtless he assumed this demeanor when, seated in the familiar old coach of the K. & A. flyer, he watches the panorama from the window, presenting to him many bits of landscape that recall his



THE "OLD MAN."

student life. The first glimpse of the mountains suggests the driving parties to Look Rock, "Stolen moonshine" and Faculty meetings. Little River brings memories of hot afternoons cooled down to the point when a man could live a moral life by a plunge into the placid waters beneath those great birches, whose boughs sweep the stream; and later the plunge, followed by a gourd full of milk surreptitiously obtained at some farmer's cool spring house. By the time the train has sighted "the

cut" he is leaning out of the car eager to see the lofty cupola of Anderson, and his memory unraveling many a choice half-forgotten yarn of those old days. But when he climbs the cedar-covered slope he comes not as a student, but as a wandering son of Alma Mater.

A figure strikingly familiar approaches. He is carrying a couple of wrenches and a length of pipe. A benevolent collie and an aggressive terrier attend him. Smiles of recognition light up each countenance; a wrench is dropped, and the honest hand that held it is brushed across a trouser leg, and then a hearty hand-clasp.

"Old Man, I'm glad to see you."

"Howdy, George; howdy. When d'ye come?"

Ten minutes later they may be found in a quiet place behind Memorial on a couple of much-repaired chairs, swapping yarns.

* * * * *

The Old Man—bless his buttons. To the old student he stands out sharper in memory than anything else in the institution, even counting in Prexy and the faculty of the boarding-hall.

* * * * *

In the days of the old regime "Old Man Thomas" was proctor of Memorial, and the old boys remember well the vigils kept by the old roundsman. His three thumps, then a pair of twinkling eyes peering round the edge of the door, then "All in?" "Good-night," then his shuffling step retreating down the corridor. And the student would be left on his honor till after study hours. Sometimes this confidence would be shattered, and then a fellow would be laid for, and usually about the time the water would come swish from "Third" a cheerful voice would say, "That's all right. See you Tuesday night." And he would, but to his discomfiture.

* * * * *

The Old Man likes to tell of the time that he took Welsh's cork under by meeting him while busy doing some "choice dirt" out near Baldwin. A short run, and "Pud" never smiled again.

He also smiles when he remembers Hallowe'en, '95, when he pursued Sam Houston, '98, across the campus in the dark, and old Sam caught his toe in a tuft of sedge and sprawled his six-foot-six length over quite an area.

There was great preparation made once to celebrate Hallowe'en, and in a quiet way the Old Man got on. He didn't care to patrol the campus all night, but devised a slick scheme. He got his loading tools, and industriously loaded twelve-gauge shells all that afternoon. He used bird shot in all of them, and this finally roused the curiosity of one fellow, who was, by the way, the ringleader. An inquiry brought no response from the old man. But the fellow was persistent, and finally got his information. After being bound to secrecy, he was told that there was going to be some "devilment" that night, and that some fellows were going to get "scared up." "You see, fine shot like that won't hurt nobody." That night the hill was quiet as the tomb.

* * * * *

But there is not space to tell of the old man's fun with Strawberry Post, of Tammany Miser, Long John Davis, John Ritchie and his "horses." Nor Bill Keeble, nor yet many others of the old guard. Yet we must tell of once when he proved that even a faculty man could be fooled.

Professor Goff had the coldest room in Anderson, and usually had a continuous chill from November till April. The old man, in his official capacity of engineer, was constantly in demand to "Get us just a little more heat, please," and always tried to do as he was bid. Once, however, when the pipes burst and not a suggestion of heat could be secured—the mercury stood at ten below—his inventive powers were taxed to the utmost. Chapel time, and still no heat. A happy thought; seizing Professor Goff's thermometer, he ran into Dr. Barnes' lecture-room and cooked it over his radiator, then returned it to its place. Just then came in Professor G.

"Think you'll have no trouble this morning, Professor. Will you look at your thermometer?"

"Ah, 71. Well, that's good. I'm certainly obliged."

And then off went the Professor's topcoat, and he perspired profusely the remainder of the day.

* * * * *

Many a time when the Old Man has been very sick, he would receive a written pledge, signed by all his "hall boys," that they would stand by the rules and give no trouble to the powers that be until his return. These papers the Old Man keeps as priceless treasures. F. L. W., '02.

THE MERCIFUL SIDE OF THE "OLD MAN."

To the Maryville student in whom the "Old Man's" accurate scrutiny detects any littleness or meanness, the statement that such an element as mercy enters into his make-up may seem incredible. He is the relentless and implacable enemy of the deadbeat, the shirk, and the sneak. Woe to the man who tries to get even with some one whom he dislikes by irrigating him with a bucket of slop from a third-floor window! Woe to the even meaner man who "puts up a horse" in which unjust criticism of a professor or unkind ridicule of a fellow student is the end aimed at! The "Old Man" opens on the trail of such a one with the untiring energy of a greyhound, and the offender finds it just as impossible to avoid betraying himself when under the "Old Man's" searching cross-examination as it is to outrun him on the campus. He who attempts to carry out a joke which does real damage, or which has anything maliciously mean about it, is sure to be called to meet with the Faculty, and he meets there, too, with an exact account of what he has done. Attempts to beg off when caught are utterly useless; indeed, they only add to the enormity of the offense in the "Old Man's" view of it.

But for the fellow in whose pranks there is nothing but clean, wholesome, good-humored fun, there is no terror in the "Old Man's" approaching footsteps. If such a boy is found in the act of "putting up the horse" or breaking into Baldwin's kitchens in a futile search for edibles, Mr. Thomas will give instant chase, with loud-voiced threats of demerits, disgrace, and probable expulsion; but it is seldom indeed that he overtakes such a one. If the boy thoughtlessly keeps within the glare of the campus lights, Mr. Thomas will run him down merely to keep up his reputation. His grieved and surprised remarks on discovering the identity of the culprit would put to shame any but the most hardened, and many a weak-kneed boy has abandoned a promising career as a practical joker as a result of taking one of the "Old Man's" lectures too seriously.

Two years ago those in charge of an Alumni banquet learned of a plot to steal a part of the refreshments, and the writer asked Mr. Thomas to assist in preventing the theft. We did not forget that he was roaming about the building with all the vigilance and latent ferocity of a dozen bulldogs; so when the crowd was gone he was called in. I sat out a big bowl, put into it a quart of the finest strawberries, and covered them with ice cream. When the last berry had disappeared and the "Old Man" leaned back in his chair with a long-drawn sigh, I caught sight of the softened look in his eye, and knew that I had completely won his heart. I was thenceforth a "trusty."

Since that time it has only been necessary to suggest that his customary morning inspection of the buildings is superfluous, in order to be sure that a "horse" put up the night before will remain undiscovered and undisturbed until chapel.

Sometimes, when, upon a nightly marauding expedition, his ponderous footfalls have been heard in the distance, it is best to seek cover, if possible; but I once concealed myself behind an inch sapling, near an electric light, and within six feet of the walk, while he went slowly past in total unconsciousness (?) of my presence.

But the evil-doer, he who delights in any form of meanness pure and simple, has an easy time when compared with the unhappy mortal who has enjoyed the "Old Man's" confidence and has broken his tacit agreement to "act white." He will find, instead of a good friend, a silent Nemesis, who can not see the slightest good in anything he may do, who will listen to no flattery, who will hear no promises, who will wait patiently for the slightest infraction of the rules, and then quietly track him down in spite of the most careful plans to escape detection.

To those whom he can trust he is another man. Many a prank has he overlooked, many a discouraged fellow has he cheered up, and many are those to whom he has advanced a few dollars to help over a tight place, asking only in return, "Now, have all the fun you can, but don't do any meanness that will give me trouble." And to the credit of human nature be it said, that there are few indeed who betray the "Old Man's" confidence. J. S. C., '02.

The gentlemen from Pea Ridge, in venturing a game with Maryville College on April 19, were vanquished to the tune of 15 to 14.

OUT IN THE WORLD.

(A Fancy.)

CHAPTER I.

It was the morning after the great disaster. Grim Silence paraded like a specter to and fro upon College Hill.

The fine old campus had, the night before, been the battle-ground of the fierce elements.

Alas and alas! who of that happy crowd of students and professors that had assembled only the evening before to listen to the Seniors' Ivy Planting exercises, would have dreamed of the awful calamity that was hovering over both them and their dear old Alma Mater? Ah, would that it were only a dream!

But no. The most ravaging cyclone that the South had ever experienced, only a few hours ago vented its rage along a narrow path in East Tennessee, and our beloved old college buildings swelled the list of its victims.

Still, how strange are the workings of Nature! The narrow path of the unwelcome visitor had left Baldwin and Bartlett Halls standing; but the howling fiend, entering the cedar-covered campus from between the President's mansion and the Crawford residence, had, though leaving these last two buildings safe and sound, snatched up the library, Science, Anderson and Memorial Halls in its arms, and scattered them to the four winds of the earth.

Ah! a sad day it was to be for the friends of Maryville College when the sun rose in all his splendor over the great heaps of ruins, and when the news was flashed all over the United States and the world.

CHAPTER II.

Dickie (just waking up in the Lamar mansion): "Great Cæsar's ghost! what awful dreams I did have! Whew! quarter past seven! Well, if I want some breakfast"—

He springs with hungry agility for his school uniform, and soon is on his way toward Baldwin. He soon spies Hunter, Bassett and Schell perched up on top of the ruins of Anderson Hall, weeping as if their hearts would break.

"Wa-wa-wa—well, what's this?"

But no words were necessary to tell the sad tale.

"Well, fellows," said Hunter, bravely wiping the tears from his eyes, "it's very evident that there's no more school for us in Maryville for many a long day to come. Boys, we've got to get out and *work*. Just look here," and pulling a copy of the New York Tribune, he points to a column and reads:

"Wanted—Uncle Sam wants one thousand college men to help him build his great Isthmian Canal, along the Nicaragua route. Only those ready to brave hardships need apply. Promotion in proportion to merit. For particulars address Rear Admiral John G. Walker, Chief Engineer, Washington, D. C."

"Just the thing!" exclaims Dickie.

"I'm ready for it," mutters Schell.

"I tell you, fellows, let's go down to join Uncle Sam's forces on the isthmus, and show what sort of stuff we are made of, and get a hold of part of the fabulous sums that are sure to be made. Then I tell you, fellows, let us turn it all over to Dr. Wilson to rebuild Maryville College."

"Agreed!" say all but Bassett, who declared that he must stay and keep books for Dr. Wilson, and keep within hail of Kansas.

CHAPTER III.

Oh, happy day! Hunter writes to Rear Admiral Walker, applies for positions for self, Dickie and Schell, and delights the hearts of these honorable gentlemen by reading in three days the reply of acceptance from Rear Admiral Walker. They take the train for Tampa, Fla., where, being provided with outfits, they set sail for Greytown, Costa Rica, in the gulf steamer Sultana, on May 9th.

On the way Dickie has quite an adventure. Just before sailing he read about the wreck of a large trading vessel with a rich cargo and several wealthy capitalists on board, just off the coast of Honduras. On approaching the place of the wreck he spies the dorsal fins of immense sharks swimming about the supposed site of the disaster.

"Say, Bre'r Schell," says he, "let's get permission from the captain to catch one of those big shark. We might nip one that has swallowed some of the valuables."

So, hailing Hunter, the three bait an immense hook, which one of the sailors gave them, with an old yellow cat that had slipped on board at Tampa, and which the captain was only too glad to get rid of.

Schell then thinks of something, and

telling them to hold on a moment, runs down to the state-room, and soon reappears with a tin box full of Baldwin biscuits, which the matron had presented him as a parting gift.

"Just you bide a wee," says he, "till I entice those sharks this way with these delicacies."

Then he begins flipping the savory morsels far out into the briny deep. Soon great fins are seen cutting the waves close by. The next step is to fasten on a strong manilla rope to the hook, and then toss the yowling yellow tomcat over the rail. Presently the three Maryvilleites spy a tremendous old shark, with phosphorescent lights playing about his hungry jaws, make for kitty as he goes bouncing along over the billows in the wake of the steamer.

Hark! A breathless silence, a heart-rending me-o-o-ow! from Tommy, a sudden tightening of the rope, and the fun is on. By this time the stern was crowded with passengers and sailors, and good, lusty help was given on the windlass with which our dauntless friends were pulling the monster on board.

At length the great flapping old fellow was making things pretty lively on deck. The valiant Dickie with an ax soon induced the unwilling visitor to part with his head and tail; then all was "quiet along the Potomac" again. At once began the work of carving and investigation. Well, talk about your variety! That old chap contained everything, from oysters up to dinner plates. But as yet no valuables. Suddenly Schell made a dive into a remote corner of the shark's stomach, and very slyly, though unnoticed by the rest, slipped something among the few remaining biscuits in his tin box. After some further research without any very important finds, save a pair of rather ragged Regal shoes, which probably one of the unfortunate capitalists had worn, our heroes tossed the remains of the big fish overboard, and descended to their cabin to take a needed rest.

Schell now, with an exceedingly wise look, opens his tin box and takes out what appears like a sealskin wallet before the eyes of his comrades.

Their imaginations know no limit. Tearing it open, the three see a roll of crisp greenbacks unroll before their eyes. Five hundred thousand dollars! Enough to erect a magnificent building for Maryville College!

CHAPTER IV.

Arriving at Greytown on the 16th, our friends first mail home the money in installments, to escape suspicion, and then set to work with a will. Schell, through his previous experience with the squirt-gun, soon receives a promotion to chief of the hydraulic engineers. Dickie and Hunter also, through grit and perseverance, are raised to positions of importance.

The canal was finished in exactly ninety days, and our three friends pulled into the beautiful little city of Maryville about September 1st, to be delighted with the stone towers and marble minarets of the new Maryville rising to the skies before their joyful eyes. Arthur C. Tedford, '04.

IVY DAY.

The Senior class celebrated Ivy Day Monday afternoon, May 5, on the campus by Fayerweather Hall. The exercises were attended by a large concourse of friends from town and the entire force of college people. Seats, draped in the colors of the four classes, were arranged on the lawn for the college men and women. The front facade of Fayerweather was draped in red and white, the Senior colors, and the balcony was decorated in fluttering class and college flags and pennants. All the classes attended with flying colors.

Class President Arthur Holtsinger was ill and unable to be present—a matter of regret to all—and Professor E. B. Waller was chosen by the class to preside over the occasion. President Wilson offered the prayer of invocation, after which Professor Waller made the welcome address in behalf of the class. He said, among other things, that though the class was not large in numbers, yet it was large in efficiency, and was already known far beyond the college walls. In testimony whereof he read from the Wooster College "Voice" the Senior poem read at the banquet a few days ago, which had been published in the college mazagine, and thus found its way to the exchange table of that Northern magazine. Miss Mayme Stebbins, the Ivy poetess, was next introduced, and presented the Ivy poem. This beautiful creation was much enjoyed by all. The next number was the singing of the Ivy song,

"Alma Mater," by the Senior and Sophomore classes. The voices of the singers were assisted by violin accompaniment, by Miss Mary Alexander and Arthur Tedford, '04. After the Ivy song, the Ivy oration was delivered by Frederic Lee Webb. The subject of this oration was the class motto, "Gradatim" (step by step). At the conclusion of this number the audience walked around to the front of the building, where the ivy was planted. Miss Helen Ervin, using a silver-handled trowel tied with the class ribbons, officiated at this very important rite. The next feature of the occasion was the "Burial of the Class Treasures and Funeral Oration," by Joseph Stewart Caldwell. The treasures had been collected through the four years' history of the class organization, and were too precious to be taken away from the old hill. Among them were to be found Miss Ervin's rattle-box, which had been the comfort in many a trying hour of the youngest member of the class; Professor Waller's and Mr. Bassett's taws, or "shooters"; the '01 scalping knife, and the famous old squirt-gun, which had, with the forty-nine notches on the plunger, helped make the class famous. These were buried in a grave close to the ivy vine, and the large "class stone" laid upon it.

Scarcely had this ceremony been performed when one of those depraved, wilting spring showers took a place, all unannounced, on the program, and the assemblage adjourned, led by the Junior contingent, who had the good of their new "ducks" at heart, to the lobby of the hall, where the remainder of the exercises were held. The four classes sung in chorus the college song, "Orange, garnet, float forever," and following this was pandemonium, for about the time it takes to play one inning, for the class yells, and joint organization yells, and college yells, and other yells, not a few, were given; and the shower fled whence it came.

The exercises then closed, peace and harmony prevailing. Senex, '02.

Thy love, O mother, dear,
And thoughts of this, our foster home,
We'll keep through coming years,
When sundered far we roam;
When answering to Life's call
On Duty's plane,
We plight our honor here
To shield thy 'lustrious name. '02.

FUNERAL OF HON. THOMAS DUNN ENGL'SH, M.D., LL D., AUTHOR OF "BEN BOLT."

I have attended this afternoon, at the House of Prayer, which is High Church Episcopal, in Newark, the funeral of the physician, lawyer, poet, dramatist, novelist and statesman, Dr. Thomas Dunn English. The door-plate on front of his late residence, 57 State Street, Newark, bears simply "Dr. English." He was born in Philadelphia, June 29, 1819; studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania; but was admitted to the bar in 1842. He resided for some years in Virginia, but since 1856 has lived in New Jersey. Sixty years ago, in 1842, at the age of twenty-three, he wrote the five stanzas, containing in all forty lines, which became at once widely popular, and which has given him a reputation ever since. He has written a good deal for the press, and published several volumes, but none of them have attracted much attention. He is said to have been somewhat annoyed by the fact that he was known chiefly by "Ben Bolt." The poem assumes to be from an old man, addressed to an early, faithful and only surviving schoolmate. He was asked to write a sea song, but failed; wrote "Ben Bolt" without giving it a name, and told the editors to burn it if they saw fit. They liked it.

"Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry;
And of all the boys that were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I."

It was something to see to-day, after sixty years, the only surviving companion of Ben Bolt carried out at last to his own burial in Fairmount Cemetery. Nearly fifty years after the composition of this little poem Dr. English was nominated for Congress by the Democrats, and it is said was literally sung into the office by the constant use of "Ben Bolt" as a campaign song, though tune-writers said at first it wouldn't sing. He served for two terms about 1890. It affords a striking illustration of the possible power of a happily conceived and well-written bit of composition, and also of the especial value that sometimes attaches to the first productions of very young authors. The first sap of sugar maples is the sweetest. This, how-

ever, does not apply to all trees. Dr. English published, among other things, "The Mormons," a drama; three novels under his own name, besides others, and a series of ballads on events in American history, in Harper's Magazine. He published "Poems" in 1855, "American Ballads" in 1879, "Boys' Book of Battle Lyrics" in 1885. Later he wrote a poem on the blowing up of the Maine. After coming to New Jersey he practiced medicine. Interest in "Ben Bolt" was lately revived in Du Maurer's "Trilby." The Society of American Authors, of which Dr. English was a member, sent a beautiful bunch of palms, which symbolized victory. The Celtic Club sent a large Celtic cross, and the Jeffersonian Club a large wreath of roses and greens. Ex-United States Senator and Mrs. Smith sent a large floral piece, and Congressman R. W. Parker and Mrs. Parker another. The placid features of the departed author were seen at the house. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, his ancestors having been also Quakers. The Celtic Club attended as a body, and a delegation from the United Irish League. That organization also sent a floral harp over five feet in height. General James Grant Wilson and Senator Smith were among the honorary pall-bearers. The body was borne by members of the Celtic Club. A surpliced choir of fifty male voices chanted the musical parts of the Episcopal service, which was conducted by the rector, Rev. John S. Miller, assisted by Rev. Cyrus S. Durand. Thus has passed away one of the very last of the poets who flourished in the first half of the last century, with Poe, Morris, N. P. Willis, Dana, Pierpoint and others. S. W. B.

Bloomfield, N. J., April 4, 1902.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Seldom have Baldwin girls entertained a more delightful guest than Miss Frances Bridges, Traveling Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Her short stay of little more than thirty-six hours, including the fourth Sunday of April, was filled to the brim with friendly criticising and catechizing, and especially with the good counsel and good cheer that always attend her visits.

At our afternoon meeting Miss Bridges first touched briefly on the "high points" in the history and development of the Young Women's Christian Association. Then the work and needs of the American Committee were discussed by her, and our attention was called to the city department in particular.

The Cabinet met with the Secretary at the close of this session. Remembering last year's experience, the members of that body had come well primed with facts concerning the history, aim and present activities of the Y. W. C. A. But we were agreeably surprised by being invited to ask the Secretary questions instead of her putting them to us.

In the evening Miss Bridges spoke on the Toronto Convention, and impressed three questions of Mr. Speer's address there. These were: "What place in our thoughts does Jesus Christ occupy? In our affections? In our life purposes?

Miss Bridges is a graduate of Smith College, and to her perfect culture and broad humanity is due in no slight degree her success as a secretary. Her retirement from official duties at the year's end is much to be regretted.

The Ministerial Students' Association of Maryville College has held four regular monthly meetings since the Christmas holidays. It will hold its last regular meeting on the 17th of May.

The various subjects for discussion at the several meetings of the Association have been very ably and thoroughly discussed.

The subject discussed at its first meeting, February 1, was "Foreign Missions." Rev. Mr. Tedford made an address on India, where he has labored for over twenty years.

The topics treated on March 1 and March 29 were: "Am I my brother's keeper?" and "How can we best help those who have just been converted?"

On April 27 Rev. Mr. Tedford again addressed the Association. His theme was, "Francis Xavier's Work in India and the Work of His Successors."

Dr. Wilson will speak before the Association at its next regular meeting on "Ministerial Students' Relationship to Summer Work."

The Association desires to express to Rev. Mr. Tedford its heartfelt appreciation of the interest that he has taken in its behalf.

Maryville College Monthly.

VOL. IV. MAY, 1902. No. 7.

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Students, graduates and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items of general interest for publication.
Subscription price, for eight numbers, 25 cents.
Address all communications to
MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY,
Maryville, Tenn.

Entered at Maryville, Tenn., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

ATHLETICS.

The Gym looks deserted.

Cleeland is on the move getting ready for field day.

Wildwood got pretty badly beaten by the M. C. team on April 1. (See April number for report of this game.)

It is really quite interesting to see Phillip make goo-goo eyes when he notices the girls watching him playing tennis.

BASEBALL! BASEBALL!! BASEBALL!!

Eight games played during April, all having big crowds and plenty of rooting.

April 18 saw another game between Maryville College's second team and Friendsville. The fates were against us, so we lost, 17 to 20.

The Golf Club is having a good time, and losing balls as fast as ever. Professor Daunt Newman and Sam McCampbell apparently think there is nothing like it.

Tennis Club members have been on the hustle. Though our membership is down to fifteen, still our courts this spring are strictly O. K., and if you want to see some good playing, just take a stroll out our way.

On April 5 our second team boys played Friendsville Academy a good game on the home diamond. Friendsville did not score until the sixth inning, as a result of their general weak batting. Farmer put up a fine game, striking out fourteen, while Hafley struck out only five. Our boys did good work, and won with a score of 15 to 2. Dr. John McCulloch, umpire.

April 12 found our boys again lined up against Wildwood, but this time at Wildwood. The grounds were simply miserable in comparison with ours. This time the Wildwooders found the ball pretty often, in spite of McCulloch's pitching. Wildwood got the lead by running in six scores in the eighth. Maryville made six scores in the ninth, but she began too late, losing the game by 13 to 15. McCulloch struck out nine, and Dunn, Bartlett and Goddard made double plays twice. Dr. John McCulloch, umpire.

stand that we also knew something about the game of baseball. There were very few errors during the game. The best batting was done by Bartlett, who got a three-base hit, two two-base hits, several singles, also six assists, three put-outs and no errors. Good batting by Goddard, Foster, McSpadden and Houston. The Grays' fine battery was their strong point.

The score kept pretty even throughout the entire game, and at the last of the ninth stood 9 to 9. The Grays had last bats, and after Ira McTeer made the telling run the game was called finished, 9 to 10 in favor of the Grays. Every one went away believing it to have been the finest game of the season, and also that the Maryville College boys had been only slightly outplayed by the visitors.

Positively the finest game of the season was on April 26, when the Mountain Grays played Maryville College at Maryville. Their battery consisted of two professional players, Wiley Davis, pitcher, and Ira McTear, catcher. Maryville College pitched McCall for this game, who played in very good form. The game was both close and hard, for our boys gave them to under-

April 17, Seniors-Sophs., vs. Juniors-Freshies.—Well, this was a game! Fun? I should say so! All of Baldwin out. Plenty of class spirit. Good playing and bad playing. Juniors and Freshies made

four scores in the first, then no more until the fifth inning, when they made five more runs. Houston pitched during the first part of the game for the Juniors-Freshies, and Hugh Crawford during the rest of the time. Holtsinger pitched a good, steady game for the Seniors-Sophs. Every good play was heartily applauded by supporters of that particular side, and very often it was that the air was rent by yells and toots from the extensive grandstands.

Some of the especially entertaining features of the game were Grau's cake-walkish prancing about second base, a home run by Houston, Vaught's thoroughly cooling the air by repeatedly fanning it with a baseball bat, Dickie's three-base hit, Grau's making five out of the seven errors on the Junior-Freshie side, and also many other points too numerous to be mentioned.

The Senior-Sophs. put up a noble fight, and lost the day only like Napoleon at Waterloo.

Score: Seniors-Sophs., 7; Juniors-Freshies, 14.

PROGRAM OF COMMENCEMET EXERCISES AT MARYVILLE COLLEGE.

May 21-23, Wednesday to Friday—Examinations.

May 23, Friday night—Annual banquet of the Adelphic Union Literary Society.

May 25, Sabbath morning—Baccalaureate sermon by President Wilson.

May 25, Sabbath night—Annual address before the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

May 26, Monday morning—Undergraduate exercises.

May 26, Monday night—Senior class recital: Montaville Flowers in the interpretive monologue, "Ben Hur."

May 27, Tuesday morning—Annual meeting of the Board of Directors.

May 27, Tuesday morning—Undergraduate exercises.

May 27, Tuesday afternoon—Class day exercises.

May 27, Tuesday night—Annual exhibition of the Adelphic Union Literary Society.

Wednesday morning—Commencement exercises.

May 28, Wednesday night—Annual meeting of Alumni Association.

May 28, Wednesday night—Reception.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

Junior Yell—Rah rah ree, rah, rah ree, Junior, Junior 1903. Hurrah, hurrah, Junior, Junior 1903.

On Sunday, April 27, Robert O. Franklin dedicated his church at Caledonia, Dr. Wilson preaching the sermon.

Several new members are expected to join our class next year, and the high record made this year will be continued.

The Astronomy Class, in studying the heavens, discovered a new planet, the name of which is "Rendrag," the brilliancy of which outshines Sirius.

The Junior Class is again represented in the official positions of the Athenian Literary Society. Mr. Hugh Crawford was elected President, and Robert Franklin, Vice-President, for this term.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McIlvaine invited the Juniors and their friends to a party at their home on the evening of March 26th, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Refreshments were served, and all left declaring the evening most pleasantly spent. those present were: Misses Coxe, Ingersoll, Gardner, Gamble, Watson and Cort. Messrs. D. W. Crawford, H. D. Crawford, F. G. Brown, R. H. McCaslin and R. O. Franklin.

Our President, Miss Gardner, will spend the summer at her home in Salyersville, Ky. Mr. Grau will spend the summer at Dante, Sweetwater and Chattanooga. H. and D. W. Crawford will remain on the Hill. R. H. McCaslin will spend the vacations at his home in Sweetwater and in the mountains, with E. S. Grau, on a fishing trip. T. G. Brown will be at his home in Philadelphia, while Robert O. Franklin will continue his work with the four churches under his charge.

On April 26 the Junior and Freshman classes, with a few of their friends, met at Baldwin Hall for an early breakfast, and then went for a picnic to the mountains. It had been rumored that the Sophomores were going to steal our dinners, but we quietly gave the sleepy Sophs. the slip, and left for the mountains, going first to "The Tannery." While there one of the hacks.

experienced some exciting times, being stuck in the mud with a team that couldn't be backed out. The party then went back to Mt. Nebo for dinner, and late in the afternoon started for Maryville, arriving at Baldwin Hall at 6:30 o'clock.

The Junior and Freshman classes challenged the Senior and Sophomore classes to a baseball game, and on April 17 the game took place. It resulted in a complete victory for the Junior-Freshman classes. The line-up for the Junior-Freshman was as follows:

Houston	Pitcher
McCaslin	Catcher
Cleeland	First base
Grau	Second base
Franklin	Third base
H. Crawford	Short-stop
Brown	Right field
D. Crawford	Center field
Vaught	Left field

Among the features of the game were Houston's pitching, Grau's work on second base and Cleeland's on first base. The score was 14 to 7 in favor of the Junior-Freshman classes.

We Sophomores, the jewel class,
Are happy all the day,
Because three things have come to pass,
Of which I now portray.

The first we're sure all understand,
It is our tiger yell,
Which Tedford brought from Hindoo land,
Thus rings out like a bell.

The second is our pretty girls;
They number almost nine;
As none are of the matron's pearls,
We moonshine all the time.

The third we whisper in your ear,
Of work done in advance,
By two who'll skip their Junior year
And make the Seniors prance.

So let each have class spirit pure,
And show his colors more;
For then the goal is his for sure,
With worthy "Sophomore."

Rupert, '04.

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MARYVILLE COLLEGE MONTHLY

Vol. IV. MARYVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1902. No. 8.

PROF. ELMER BRITTON WALLER,
Editor-in-Chief.

FREDERICK LEE WEBB, '02
Business Manager.

TO A FRIEND.

Our friendship is enrolled above
By him who binds our hearts in love.
Thy way must be apart from mine,
Yet we may live with true resolve
In presence of thy Guide and mine.

Perhaps not often we may meet
While surging waves between us reek,
And meet the clouds to form a vail—
To hide thee whom my eyes still seek,
While I as thou must onward sail.

If on the way I signal thee,
My earnest message this will be:
Oh, steer thou straight and steer thou true,
The stars of heaven that shine for me
Reveal the path of life for you.

And on that shore there's no sad heart,
No tears for friends from whom we part,
But we in love responsive meet—
And those who sojourned here apart
Are friends forever, communion sweet.

Howard Martin Welsh, '99.

COMMENCEMENT, '02.

It has been said by the editor of one of our college contemporaries that Commencements are pretty much the same the country over, and that an account of the happenings of Commencement Week isn't especially interesting to exchange editors.

This may be true.

It is also true that there are other people in the world besides exchange editors, and, strange to say, a number of them enjoy reading this prosy matter. The Old Grad, amid his duties in a distant State, or even far away in a foreign land, awaits with an impatient interest the arrival of his college magazine, the one medium of communication that keeps him in perfect touch with his Alma Mater. To pass by such an important and so delightful season as Final Week, with but a simple reference in the "Locals" column, is to do an injustice of

such proportions that the old student finds forgiveness a hard matter.

So, as in former years, the editors of the Monthly have decided to devote enough space to Commencement news to give an adequate idea of the happenings of the last days on the Hill.

Another pleasant Commencement season has passed, and another class has left Alma Mater's walls to go out to seek their place in the new life. The roll of graduates this year is: Mr. Joseph Stuart Caldwell, Jefferson City, Tenn.; Miss Helen Elaine Ervin, Wartburg, Tenn.; Mr. Arthur Holtsinger, Dandridge, Tenn.; Miss Mame Stebbins, Grand View, Tenn., and Mr. Frederic Lee Webb, Cincinnati, Ohio.

While the graduates of 1902 were few in number, it is the voice of the students and Faculty that they have a large place in the hearts of those left behind on the Hill.

"The Week" in our American colleges begins with the beautiful and imposing services of Baccalaureate Sabbath. To an old Maryville alumnus the scenes of this day must ever remain uneffaced in memory. This year these services were especially impressive, and as usual, held in the college church—New Providence Presbyterian Church. President Wilson preached the baccalaureate sermon, and was assisted in the exercises by Rev. Edgar C. Mason, '87, of Knoxville, and Rev. George D. McCulloch, D.D., the College pastor.

The sermon was one of the most masterly discourses that President Wilson has ever delivered. His theme, "The Seen and the Unseen"; his text, "For the things that are seen are temporal; but the things that are unseen are eternal." The sermon was grand, and the charge delivered to the class touching.

There are two other services always held on Baccalaureate Sabbath. The first is the Final Joint Missionary Meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A., held on Sabbath afternoon. It is of increasing interest from year to year, and is one of the indicators of the increasing mission interest in the College. There were present at this meeting the Tedford family, who, after enjoying a year's furlough here, at Mr. and Mrs. Tedford's Alma Mater, will soon return to their post at the mission station of Kolhapur, India. Miss Cora Bartlett, '80, who has been visiting her old college home before returning to her field at Teheran, Persia, was present, and addressed the meeting.

This year Maryville is sending two more workers afield—Rev. Richard W. Post, '99, and Miss Mame Stebbins, '02, who sail early in the autumn for Siam, where Rev. and Mrs. Robert C. Jones, '94, await them. Two young men from the Sophomore class volunteered for the foreign work the past year.

The evening's exercises were under the auspices of the two Christian Associations. Rev. Edgar C. Mason, '87, pastor of the Ft. Sanders Presbyterian Church, Knoxville, delivered before these organizations his lecture, "The True Value of the Commonplace." Mr. Mason's thoughts were sound and calculated to make men better, and were clothed in beautiful language and exact rhetoric.

The Class Day Exercises were held in the chapel, Anderson Hall, Tuesday afternoon. The old chapel was crowded for many of the people of Maryville and also of the residents of Blount County received their education at Maryville College, and they still retain their old love for the institution, and are always present at its high days and festivals.

Class President Holtsinger presided over the exercises. After the invocation by Dr. J. J. Robinette, Miss Helen Ervin, the former President of the class, and the class musician, rendered a beautiful piano

solo. Following this Mr. Holtsinger delivered the salutatory and class oration, "Universal Education," a strong plea for the higher education of the masses. The Seniors, assisted by their loyal supporters, the Sophomores, then sang their class song, "Sweet Bunch of Daisies." This pretty blossom has been the class flower through all the years of their pilgrimage. The class prophecy was foretold by the Class Prophet, Miss Mame Stebbins, who spoke the oracles with a delightful ambiguity, unequaled by any save the Delphian priestess herself. Once more the audience was treated to a musical selection —a piano solo by Miss Bittle. Mr. Joseph Stuart Caldwell made the annual address to the undergraduates. This number had been awaited with much interest by all, and this interest was manifested in a variety of ways down in the class seats. The Juniors were in mortal terror and withal somewhat wrathy, striving to present a smooth front; the Sophs all jollied; the Freshs uneasy; the Preps disinterested; the Faculty anxious, not knowing what might be brewing or what would happen next, for all knew that those depraved Sophs had purloined the white duck trousers of the Junior men, and were even then wearing them and displaying them to the best possible advantage as they served in the capacity of Senior ushers. But all who were anticipating a brilliant exhibition of Caldwell's satire were doomed to disappointment. His opening sentence robbed the undergrads of all their thunder, and his whole address was one of deep feeling and pathos. His theme was "The Best Things of College Life." The response was made by Mr. Frederick Field Schell, one of the most representative men on the Hill. Though a Senior preparatory man by class, he has been identified with all the college enterprises, and in a social way has been at all the functions of all the four classes. His speech was considered one of the finest of the occasion. Mr. Frederic Lee Webb made the farewell address for the class of 1902. His subject, "Farewell, Old Hill," was presented in a unique way.

The last number on the program was the singing of the college song, "Orange, Garnet, Float Forever." This song, which all the college people love, was sung with a will by the entire audience.

Scarcely had the last note died away when the deep roar of the Senior cheer:

"Who do?
We do.
19-02!"

Resounded, and after the three times three had been given, the sharp staccato of Juniors followed, then Sophs, then the Freshmen, then the joint organization yells, and lastly all joined in the rousing old cheer that is now heard round the world:

"Howee how, Chil-howee—
Maryville, Maryville, Tennessee."

After the class exercises were over the audience repaired to the lawn between Anderson and Baldwin, where they partook of a collation served by the young ladies of the Y. W. C. A.

But the great day of the feast was Wednesday. On that day the young men and young women who have been spending year after year within Maryville's walls, in faithful, diligent toil, saw the consummation of their labors and longings. The weather was ideal, and this fact, taken in consideration with the small class, increased the appreciative powers of the Commencement visitors, many of whom declared that this year's exercises were the most enjoyable they ever attended. The Commencement music was furnished by Miss Lillian Kirby and Mr. James Goddard, soloists, and Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Helen Minnis and Miss Carrie Bittle.

The orations were marked by being almost absolutely parallel in merit. All were

characterized by height of thought, purity of language and diction; and all were uniformly well delivered.

The Commencement parts in the order of their presentation were as follows: "The Best Gift of the Past Century"—a thesis upon the new type of mind that has been produced in the college and university trained men—Joseph Stuart Caldwell, B. A. in the classical group; "The Battle of the Languages," describing the triumphs of the English branch of the Aryan tongue over the other languages of the world, Helen Elaine Ervin, B. A. in the classical group; "War vs. Arbitration," an argument for the peaceful and peaceable methods of arbitration in the settling of national matters of dispute, Arthur Holtsinger, B. A. in the mathematics group; "Geology, the Art," a plea for the assignment of geology, because of its immense value to man, a place among the useful arts, Mame Stebbins, B. A. in the modern languages group; "The Iconoclastic Stone," a thesis upon the fulfillment of the prophecy in the book of Daniel concerning the "stone cut out of the mountain without hands," representing the missionary aspect of the church, its conflicts and conquests, Frederick Lee Webb, B. A. in the chemistry group.

The degrees were conferred by President Wilson. The President's farewell message to the members of his first class were words of exhortation such as a father would give to his own children. He bade them "Farewell"—"travel well" to the end of their journeys.

And thus closed the Commencement Exercises incident to the Eighty-third Academic Year of Maryville College.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

The Senior recital, Montaville Flowers in the interpretative monologue, "Ben Hur," was one of the finest entertainments ever given in this city.

President and Mrs. Wilson entertained the graduates of this year and their parents at dinner Commencement day.

Miss Henry, Miss Lord, Mr. and Mrs. Gilman will attend during the vacation the summer school at Knoxville; Professor Waller will study at Cornell University, and Professor Barnes at Chicago University.

Among the delightful functions given in honor of the class of 1902, in the closing days, were those at the beautiful homes of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tedford, Mr. and Mrs. J. Monroe Goddard, and Dr. and Mrs. Barnes.

Miss Stebbins will make the first great break in the class ranks. She will soon become a bride, and, with her husband, Rev. Richard W. Post, '99, will sail in the early autumn for Siam.

Mr. Holtsinger has accepted an offered position, and September will find him occupying the principal's chair in an Oklahoma Academy.

Miss Ervin will spend the coming year with her parents at her old home, at Rockwood, at work on her music.

Mr. Caldwell will spend this summer and the next two or three years at some university, probably Chicago, fitting himself for teaching the biological sciences.

Mr. Webb will spend the summer teaching and preaching in Walker's Valley. In September he will enter Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLASS SONG.

(Tune, "Sweet Bunch of Daisies.")

I.

Sweet golden daisies
  In a shining chain;
Flowers of our old class,
  Bringing thoughts again—
Whisper now softly
  How the bright days sped
We were together
  'Neath the White and Red.

Chorus—

Sweet bunch of daisies
  Plucked on the Hill,

Cherish these flowrets
Ever we will.
Classmates in parting,
Pledge to be true—
Maryville forever!
And dear '02.

II.

Dainty white daisies
Twined with colors gay,
Here mid the cedars
We would ever stay.
Now comes the parting,
Sad away we turn;
Love strong within us
Evermore shall burn.

Chorus—

Frederic Lee Webb, '02.

ATHLETICS.

Field Day, Friday, May 16.

Our annual Field Day this year afforded much amusement and interest to both spectators and participants. However, not a single college record came anywhere near being broken. We have had splendid athletic material in school throughout the college year, but lack of systematic training failed to produce anything out of the usual in gymnastic feats.

The college boys are certainly grateful to the merchants of Maryville for their hearty co-operation in offering prizes for the several events. The different events took place in the presence of a large crowd of college and town enthusiasts, and our physical director, Mr. Frank Cleeland, had had the grounds nicely prepared, and the race tracks were in excellent condition.

Mr. Cleeland used for the Field Day the rules of the Western Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association. We regret that we are unable to print the first and second winners. Nevertheless, the following is the synopsis, showing Robert Houston to be the first all-around athlete, and Joseph Farmer second:

(Taken from the Western Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association Handbook.)

Rules of the Championship Games—Rule II., Section 2.

Points shall be counted as follows: The first place in each event shall count five points, the second place in each event shall count three points. In case of a tie in any place the points shall be divided.

Sherrard, 5-5-3-5	=18	3 firsts,		1 second	
Walker, 3	= 3			1	"
Farmer, 5-3-3-3-3	=20	1	"	5	"
Brown, 3-3	= 6			2	"
Houston, 5-3-5-3-3-5-3-3	=30	3	"	5	"
McSpaeden, 5	= 5	1	"		
Kelley, 3	= 3			1	"
Mitchell, 5	= 5	1	"		
Newman, 5-5-5	=15	3	"		
Chandler, 5	= 5	1	"		
Easterly, 3	= 3			1	"
Parham, 5	= 5	1	"		
Rankin, 3	= 3			1	"

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

One of the most interesting features of Field Day was the finish of the tennis tournament, which had been started the afternoon before. The entering teams were five in number, and consisted of the following players: Frank Cleeland and Miss Henrietta Lord, Arthur C. Tedford and Miss Anna Atkinson, Will Bartlett and Miss Susie Gaines, Otto Pflanze and Miss Mary Sharp, Philip Guigou and Miss Ethel Smith.

Mr. Woodruff, of Knoxville, very generously offered a fine $3 tennis racquet as a prize to the couple winning. The racquet was won after a most interesting final series of sets, by Will Bartlett and Miss Susie Gaines. The result, of course, was that Miss Gaines took a fine tennis racquet with her to her home in Sweetwater, as a souvenir of the tennis days at old Maryville.

These are the prize donors of Maryville: Bank of Maryville, Bank of Blount County, Bittle, Webb & Co.; McNutt & Co.; J. F. Rodgers, Maryville Times, D. R. Goddard, F. H. Lamon, George & Tedford, Badgett, Young & Co., G. A. Toole, J. B. Glenning, photographer; J. H. Greer, Racket Store, S. A. Patton. M. C. students should remember these merchants and give them their patronage for the interest our business men have shown in their sports.

STANDING RECORDS OF THE COLLEGE.

Putting 16-pound shot, 36 feet 4 inches; J. L. Jones.

Throwing 16-pound hammer, 78 feet 2 inches; J. N. Davis.

Pole-vault, 9 feet 1 inch; F. E. Laughead.

Throwing baseball, 117 yards; Donald McDonald.

Forty-yard dash, 5 second; W. S. Green and D. McDonald.

Hundred-yard dash, 10½ seconds; E. M. King.

The 440-yard dash, 56 seconds; J. L. Jones.

Mile run, 4 minutes 40 seconds; R. G. Levering.

Standing high jump, 4 feet 6 inches, T. W. Belk.

Standing broad jump, 10 feet 5¼ inches; T. W. Belk.

Standing hop, step and jump, 30 feet 10 inches; R. K. Beatty.

Running high jump, 5 feet 1 inch; J. B. Jones.

Running broad jump, 19 feet 6½ inches; George A. Malcom.

High kick, 8 feet 10½ inches; R. K. Beatty.

UNDERGRADUATE EXERCISES.

The undergraduate exercises of this Commencement have been of more than ordinary merit. Miss Minnis, of the Music Department, and Mrs. Gilman, of the Elocution Department, had at their command the best talent in the institution, and under their training the musical and literary numbers alike were successful in their presentation.

The following names of the pupils of these departments, taking part in the undergraduate recitals of Monday and Tuesday mornings of Final Week, may be familiar to old students.

Misses Margaret Eckles, Venora Gill, Sara Goddard, Nellie Jackson, Annie Magill, Henrietta Muecke, Mary Coxe, Carrie Bittle, Dora Greer, Emma Waller, Nancy Gardner, Myrtle George, Lillie Wayland, Isabel Mitchell, Mary Sharp, Nina Johnson, Maude Carpenter, Leona Watson, Maud Bryan, Grace Leatherwood, Maude Yates, Jennie Crawford, Marian Ingersoll, Lelia Cooper.

Messrs. Fred Proffitt, Frank W. Cleeland, Frank W. Gill, Frederick F. Schell, Robert Franklin.

The most brilliant of all the undergrad. events was the annual exhibition of the Adelphic Union, held Tuesday night in New Providence Church.

The presiding officer was the President of the organization, Miss Maude Yates. The college societies were represented as follows: Athenian, Messrs. Dickie and Gill; Bainonian, Misses Broady and Patton; Theta Epsilon, Misses Gamble and Weisgerber; Alpha Sigma, Messrs. Pate and Vaught. In place of the debate a symposium of discussions was presented on the question: "What is the best form of government?" The recitations and orations were high class and well delivered. The musical numbers were perhaps the most popular on the program. They consisted of vocal and instrumental solos, and selections by the society quartets and Adelphic chorus.

EXTRACTS FROM PRESIDENT WILSON'S REPORT TO THE TRUSTEES.

The problem before Directors and Faculty at the opening of the year was a very serious one. With a deficit of the two preceding years amounting to $2,615, and with an additional loss of $1,590, the interest on the $26,500, set aside for Swift Memorial Institute, the prospect for the year was not flattering. The Faculty determined that they would aid the Board as much as possible in the premises, and so, after much effort, readjusted the entire work of the College in such a way as to economize about a thousand dollars. Most of the work conducted by Dr. Boardman was taken by Professor Waller and Dr.

Barnes, and the readjusting made necessary by this addition to their work was done in the Preparatory Department, so that no efficiency was lost to the work of the College. In addition to this substantial saving, a term's work of my department was arranged for at no added expense to the college treasury, thus allowing me to make my Northern trip without involving any expense for a substitute teacher.

Besides the five active professors, fourteen assistant teachers have served either a part of the year or the whole of it. Three of this number, Messrs. Ritchie and Walker and Miss Andrews, severed their connection with the college at Christmas to accept positions offered in the Philippines.

During the year I have prepared and put through the press (1) 750 copies of a circular letter to alumni, old students and friends, asking for suggestions of names of prospective students or possible donors. Many replies were received, and valuable help given by the replies.

(2) A six-page folder (3,000) distributed principally in county normals last season.

(3) Two thousand of the twenty-two page inauguration supplement to the Maryville College Monthly. This will preserve the history of our first twenty years in permanent form.

(4) Five hundred copies of a twenty-four page souvenir of Maryville College, consisting of cuts representing college scenes. It was my most effective document during my trip, and will be of help next year.

(5) Two thousand two-page circulars containing on one page an epitome of the history of the College; on the other was a discussion of Money and Maryville.

(6) One thousand seven hundred and fifty copies of the College catalogue. To get the benefit of second-class postage rates we have numbered our catalogue as a number of a quarterly college bulletin.

(7) Professor Waller published 5,600 copies of eight numbers of the College Monthly. This periodical ranks high among college publications, and brings us students.

I stayed at the college at the beginning of the second term long enough to classify the students and see all in running order, and then on January 17 I started north on the trip authorized by the Board. I secured $1,705 from different donors. It is very important that we continue these trips, for only by insistence and persistence can we get people interested in a school off in a remote corner of the country.

It is absolutely necessary for us to continue our student aid for the coming year. This is done at no expense to the College. Many worthy young people are able to enter a college, if only a small amount of help be extended them, or if an opportunity be given to work out a small sum each month. I shall see to it that a fund for next year shall be secured that will help some such worthy and self-reliant young people.

The religious condition of the College is better than usual. Our historic Tuesday evening meeting has had decidedly the largest attendance it has ever had, and the interest has been evenly sustained from the opening decision meeting down to the Seniors' farewell meeting. The Y. M. C. A. has had about sixty members. It has its Bible Classes and Personal Workers' Class, and has had its representatives at the Asheville summer Y. M. C. A. Bible Conference. It has for two years supported a native missionary in China at an expense of $50. The new building is a great service to the Christian work of the College.

The Y. W. C. A. has had about forty members, and is also an active association. Mrs. Cort has taught one of the Bible classes with great acceptance. The association will send a delegate to the Asheville Summer Conference.

The candidates for the ministry, fifteen in number, have sustained a ministerial association with great interest and ad-

vantage, the object being to promote personal work. The members have conducted Sabbath-schools in the county, and religious services in the jail and elsewhere, and several have been in demand as preachers, some going as far as fifty miles to supply pulpits.

One of our Seniors is a candidate for the ministry and a student volunteer. One of the young ladies of the Senior class is accepted as a missionary to Siam. I give herewith the church affiliation of the students as they reported it upon matriculation. Several have since joined the different churches. Presbyterian, 140; Methodist, 51; Baptists, 15; Friends, 4; Congregationalists, 3; Campbellites, 1; Greek Church, 1; total, 215.

Of those not church members 50 prefer the Presbyterian Church; 45 the Methodist, 20 the Baptist, 3 the Friends, and one each the Congregationalists and Mennonite. Thirty-six express no preference.

Among the improvements of the year are the further beautifying of our campus, the overhauling of Memorial Hall and Baldwin Hall and the chapel, the erection and operation of the laundry, and the completion of Bartlett Hall. I recently ordered 350 opera chairs to seat Bartlett Hall auditorium. The Co-operative Club has continued its extraordinary career of success under the able management of Mrs. A. A. Wilson and Miss Kingsbury. Almost all the colleges of East Tennessee have imitated it, but I believe that none have equaled it.

Our Needs.—As the President of the Board puts it, "We need $100,000 additional endowment and $100,000 for a student aid fund."

We need scholarships and library endowment, and almost everything except new buildings. And even a new chapel would be acceptable if it were endowed. Meanwhile we shall make the most of what we have.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Maryville College Alumni Association convened in Baldwin Hall, May 28, at 7 o'clock. After prayer by Prof. E. B. Waller the Association proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year. The new officers are as follows: President, Edgar C. Mason, '87: Vice President, Frederic Lee Webb, '02; Secretary, Samuel T. Wilson, '78. The Executive Committee for 1902-3 consists of John C. Crawford, '97; Miss Edythe Goddard, '97, and Miss Helen Minnis, '98.

After a short address from Mrs. Keith Follett, '81, on the subject of the President Bartlett Memorial Fund, the company adjourned to the banquet hall and enjoyed the feast of good things provided for the promotion of good fellowship.

Mr. Mason made a happy toastmaster, and presided over the destinies of the occasion without the slightest suggestion of the dignity that chills.

The speeches of the evening were: "The Ideal Alumnus," Frederic L. Webb, '02; "Ghosts," Miss Cora Bartlett, '80; and "The Young Lady in Business," Miss Margaret Rowan, '87; Mr. James A. Goddard, '71, and Miss Henrietta Lord, '00, were the members of this year's Executive Committee who were present at the meeting of the Association. The others, John N. Ritchie, '98; Mrs. Pearl Andrews Ritchie, '01, and R. P. Walker, '94, are now residents of Manila, P. I., teaching in the United States schools.

Miss Ellen Alexander, Rev. R. W. Post and Rev. H. M. Welsh were the members of the '99 class on the Hill during the week.

Kin Takahashi, '95, is seriously ill at his home, in Japan.

'97 had quite a reunion this year. Four representatives were present: Misses Edythe Goddard, Nell McSpadden; Messrs. John C. Crawford and Edward Montgomery.

Rev. Judson Miles and Miss Mabel Mc-

Neal, '93, people of Hyden, Ky., spent a pleasant season with the old Hill friends.

Hon. T. N. Brown represented the '77 class, and was quite a prominent figure at the Association. It was through Mr. Brown's efforts that the time of the alumni meeting has been changed from evening to afternoon to make it more convenient for the alumni to attend, and also not to conflict with the hours of the College Social Reunion, Commencement night.

Several classes were represented by but one member. These were '80, with Miss Cora Bartlett, of Teheran, Persia; '98, Miss Helen Minnis; '88, Mrs. Edgar Mason; '87, Rev. Edgar Mason; '74, J. Monroe Goddard; '81, Mrs. Keith Follett.

Messrs. William Bartlett, William Henry, William Hammontree and Miss Lena Hastings, kept '01 in remembrance.

The Alumni Quartet, Rev. Messrs. John G. Newman, '88; John Creswell, '87; John Eakin, '87, and H. A. Goff, '85, are having great success in their work in New York this summer. They were lionized at the General Assembly and New York churches. Their latest invitation is to spend the summer in evangelistic work in Philadelphia, singing in the great tent meetings about to be held there.

Miss Margaret Rowan represented '87, and Miss Mary E. Caldwell was the representative of '91.

Mrs. Nellie Cort and Dr. S. T. Wilson represented the famous old '78 class.

Next year should see present three times the number of alumni that came this year to the gathering of Old Grads. Let each one of the old students use his efforts in awakening an interest and enthusiasm in the Association and College affairs.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College was held Tuesday morning, May 27. The following members were present: Rev. J. M. Alexander, Rockford; Dr. R. L. Bachman, Knoxville; Hon. T. N. Brown, Maryville; Major Ben Cunningham, Maryville; Dr. C. A. Duncan, Knoxville; Rev. W. A. Ervin, Rockwood; Rev. Charles Marston, Maryville; Colonel John B. Minnis, Knoxville; Joseph A. Muecke, Kingston; Rev. E. C. Mason, Knoxville; Rev. J. N. McGinley, New Market; Hon. W. A. McTeer, Maryville; Rev. J. H. McConnell, Maryville; Dr. J. M. Richmond, Knoxville, and Dr. J. W. C. Willoughby, New Decatur, Ala.

In the absence of the President, Rev. W. H. Lyle, D.D., Dr. C. A. Duncan presided. A resolution, expressing sympathy with Dr. S. W. Boardman on account of his recent illness, was passed.

Dr. Willoughby and E. C. Mason were appointed a committee to convey to Professor Sherrill, resigned, an expression of the appreciation of the Board for his faithful and efficient services as Professor of Greek. The Executive Committee was appointed, and consists of the following members: Hon. W. A. McTeer, Hon. T. N. Brown, Rev. J. H. McConnell, Rev. J. M. Alexander and Rev. W. R. Dawson.

It was resolved that the Board of Directors hereby puts on record its hearty approval of the movement towards consolidation or confederation of the three Colleges within the bounds of our Synod. The Board also expressed its full and complete approval of the work done by President Wilson while soliciting for the College, and also for the advancement and improvement of the work of the College.

The Faculty was authorized to grant free certificates of graduation to every one who satisfactorily completes the preparatory curriculum.

It was decided that hereafter the prices of the rooms in Baldwin and Memorial Halls for students will range from $12 to $18 a term. After acting upon the various reports submitted by the different officials and committees, the Board adjourned to meet again in January.

Maryville College Monthly.

VOL. IV. JUNE, 1902. No. 8.

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BAINONIAN, - - HELEN E. ERVIN
ALPHA SIGMA, - FRANK E. LAUGHEAD
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Maryville, Tenn.

Entered at Maryville, Tenn., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FUNDS OF THE MARYVILLE COLLEGE.

PERMANENT FUNDS.

ENDOWMENT PROPER.

Amount last year		$247,364 19
Notes secured by first mortgage		209,352 40
Subscription notes		623 00
Purchase money note		1,800 00
Knoxville City Bond		500 00
Smith Fund, invested in Wisconsin Central Railway—		
Bonds	$15,000 00	
Stock	15,000 00	30,000 00
Overdrawn 1900	$1,129 27	
Overdrawn 1901	1,485 84	2,615 11
Electric light plant		2,500 00
		$247,390 51
Less overdrawn		26 32
		$247,364 19

The income from the above funds is in the following condition:

Bearing interest at 6 per cent, per annum, payable semi-annually—

Notes secured by first mortgages	$209,352 40
Subscription notes, no security	623 00
Purchase money note, lien retained	1,800 00
Knoxville City Bond	500 00
Total	$212,275 40

Bearing 4 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually—

Preserved Smith Fund invested in first-mortgage bonds on the Wisconsin Central Railway, in custody of Professor Henry Preserved Smith, Special Trustee, under the provision of the donation	15,000 00

Stock in Wisconsin Central Railway, no dividends now being paid—

Preferred stock	$	7,500 00
Common stock		7,500 00
	$	15,000 00

This stock is also held by Professor Henry Preserved Smith, Special Trustee, under the provision of donation.

Overdrawn—		
1900	$	1,129 27
1901		1,485 84
	$	2,615 11
Electric light plant		2,500 00
		$247,390 51
Less overdrawn		26 32
		$247,364 19

The present condition of the income on the above—

Active and bearing 6 per cent. per annum, paid promptly	$204,075 40
Bearing interest at 6 per cent., but payment suspended by reason of litigation and settlements of estates	8,200 00
Active bearing 4 per cent. per annum	15,000 00
Unyielding, railway stock	15,000 00
Overdrafts	2,615 11
Electric light plant	2,500 00
	$247,390 51
Less overdraft	26 32
	$247,364 19

CAMPUS, GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

The campus and adjacent grounds consist of 232 acres, originally costing	$ 8,568 00
Improvements on streets, grading and walks	1,250 00
Total	$ 9,818 00
There are nine buildings and out-buildings, costing	$ 87,700 00
Laundry, added this year	600 00
Total	$ 88,300 00
Water supply improvements cost	$ 2,700 00
Grand total	$100,818 00

GENERAL EXPENSE.

Received from—		
Contributions	$ 875	00
Diplomas	55	00
Heat	565	25
Interest	13,513	73
Lights	328	00
Loan expense	375	00
Laboratory fees	161	00
Music	248	75
Picked up	142	92
Pasture	41	15
Refund	174	32
Rooms	496	25
Rents	151	00
Transferred	160	92
Tuition	4,709	50
Total receipts	$21,997	79
Disbursed to—		
Advertising	$ 190	46
Annuity	399	84
Clerical	2	75
Campus	512	79
College Monthly	112	50
Draying	16	30
Evangelistic	54	65
Expense of soliciting	226	35
Executive Committee	20	05
Freights	55	16
Fuel	1,587	78
Insurance	20	10
Janitress	74	50
Lights	40	35
Matron	17	00
Miscellaneous	174	53
Postage	116	90
Printing	163	25
Refund	60	81
Repairs	1,465	06
Salaries	11,995	70
Sanitary	92	55
Stationery	18	40
Science Department	429	21
Supplies	538	10
Sweeping	59	85
Swift Memorial	795	00
Taxes	24	00
Telephone	54	58
Y. M. C. A.	45	30
Total expenses	$19,363	82
Paid loan from Loan Library $ 433 89		
In treasury 2,200 08	2,633	97
	$21,997	79

There is due from expense fund—

To endowment fund, 1900	$1,129	27
To endowment fund, 1901	1,485	84
	$2,615	11
To Swift Memorial (June 1)	750	00
Total	$3,365	11

Deducting from this the amount in the treasury, there still remains for the past three years a deficit of $1,165.03.

CASH BALANCE.

J. G. Craighead, Int. Fund	$ 45	00
Expense fund	2,200	08
Willard scholarship	15	00
Lamar Library Fund		86
Lamar Library Interest	30	78
Loan Library	525	91
Total	$2,817	63
In bank	$1,631	74
In till	1,143	07
Endowment overdraft	26	32
Adams overdraft	16	50
Total	$2,817	63

Respectfully submitted,

BEN CUNNINGHAM, Treasurer.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE Y. M. C. A.

The past year has been a successful one in the Y. M. C. A. from a financial point of view. The Budget adopted by the Association at the beginning of the collegiate year called for an expenditure of $200. Not only has this amount been raised, but omitting the item of $58 collected for the College for heat and lights in Bartlett Hall, the receipts for the year amount to $61.63 more than the sum required to meet the items specified in the Budget.

The following is a statement of the condition of the treasury at this date:

MISSION FUND.

Dr.—		
To total receipts from subscriptions	$ 50	75
Cr.—		
By amount for support of native worker in China	50	75

ASHEVILLE CONFERENCE FUND.

Dr.—		
To total receipts from subscriptions	$ 28	52
To gross receipts from Commencement social	27	95
Total	$56	47
Cr.—		
By expense at Commencement social	$ 15	70
By program fees for three dele-		

gates to Asheville		15 00
Balance on hand (for expenses of delegates to Asheville)		25 77
		$56 47

FUND FOR FURNISHING PARLORS, BARTLETT HALL.

Dr.—

To receipts from checkroom	$17	35
To gross receipts from Rogers' lecture	14	60
To rent of auditorium and parlors of Bartlett Hall	12	10
To rent of sleeping rooms in Bartlett Hall	86	75
Total	$130	80

Cr.—

By amount paid to college for fuel and lights in Bartlett Hall	$ 58	00
By expenses Rogers' lecture	5	95
By amount paid for bookcase	11	50
Balance on hand (to be expended this summer in furnishing the parlors in Bartlett Hall)	55	35
	$130	80

GENERAL FUND.

Dr.—

To balance from last year	$ 11	64
To amount received for membership fees	48	95
To sundry receipts	32	66
Total	$93	25

Cr.—

By amount paid for blackboard for Bible study class	$3	00
By cash paid for books for Y. M. C. A. Library	8	82
By amount expended for Bible study and mission study text books, to be sold to members of the Bible and Mission Study classes	34	68
By sundry expenditures	23	21
Balance on hand	23	54
	$93	25

SUMMARY.

Cash in treasury, September, 1901	$ 11	64
Total receipts during the year	319	63
	$331	27
Total expenditures during the year	$226	61
Balance on hand	104	66
Total	$331	27

H. J. BASSETT,

Treasurer of the Y. M. C. A.

Maryville, Tenn., June 3, 1902.

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